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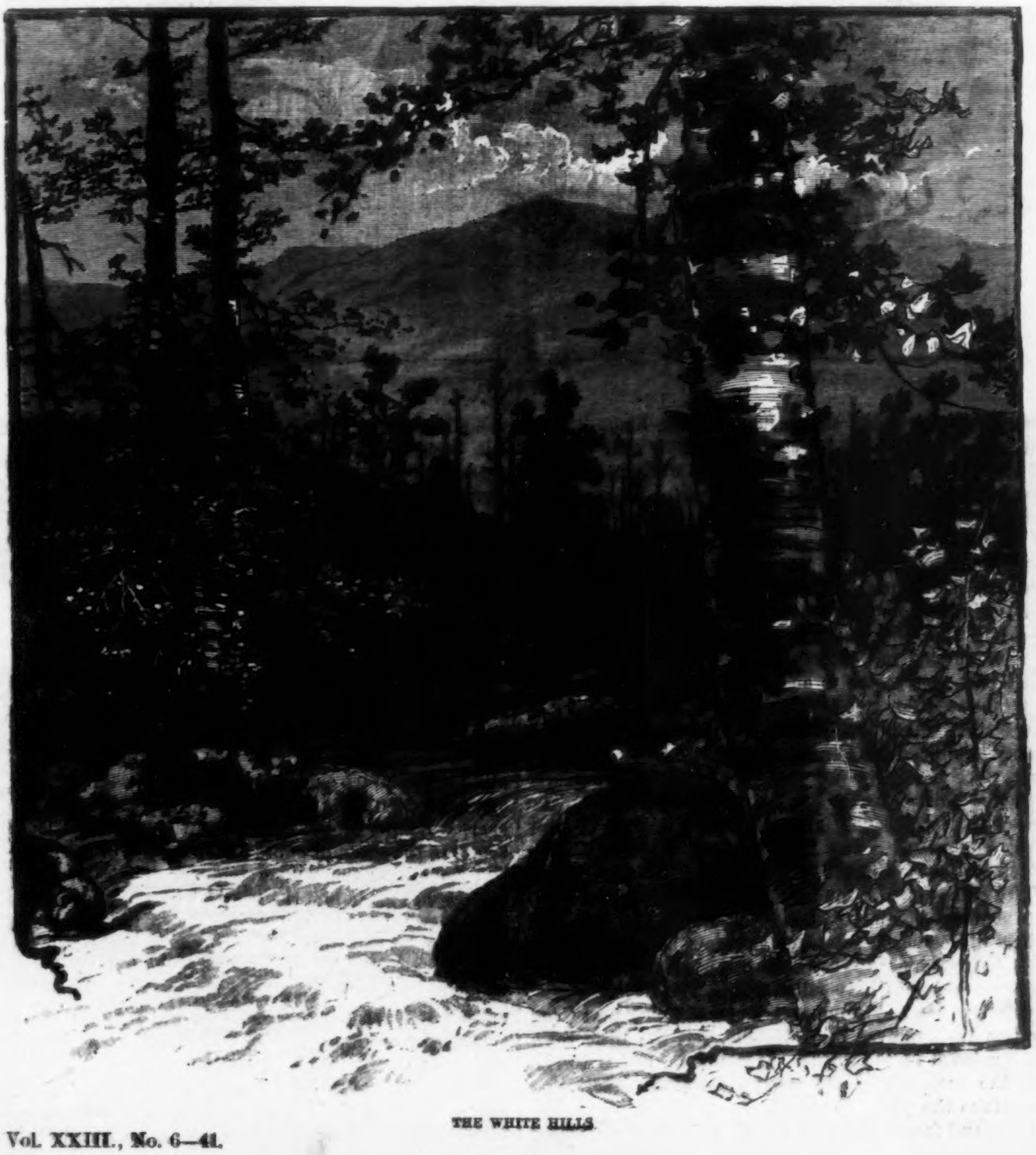
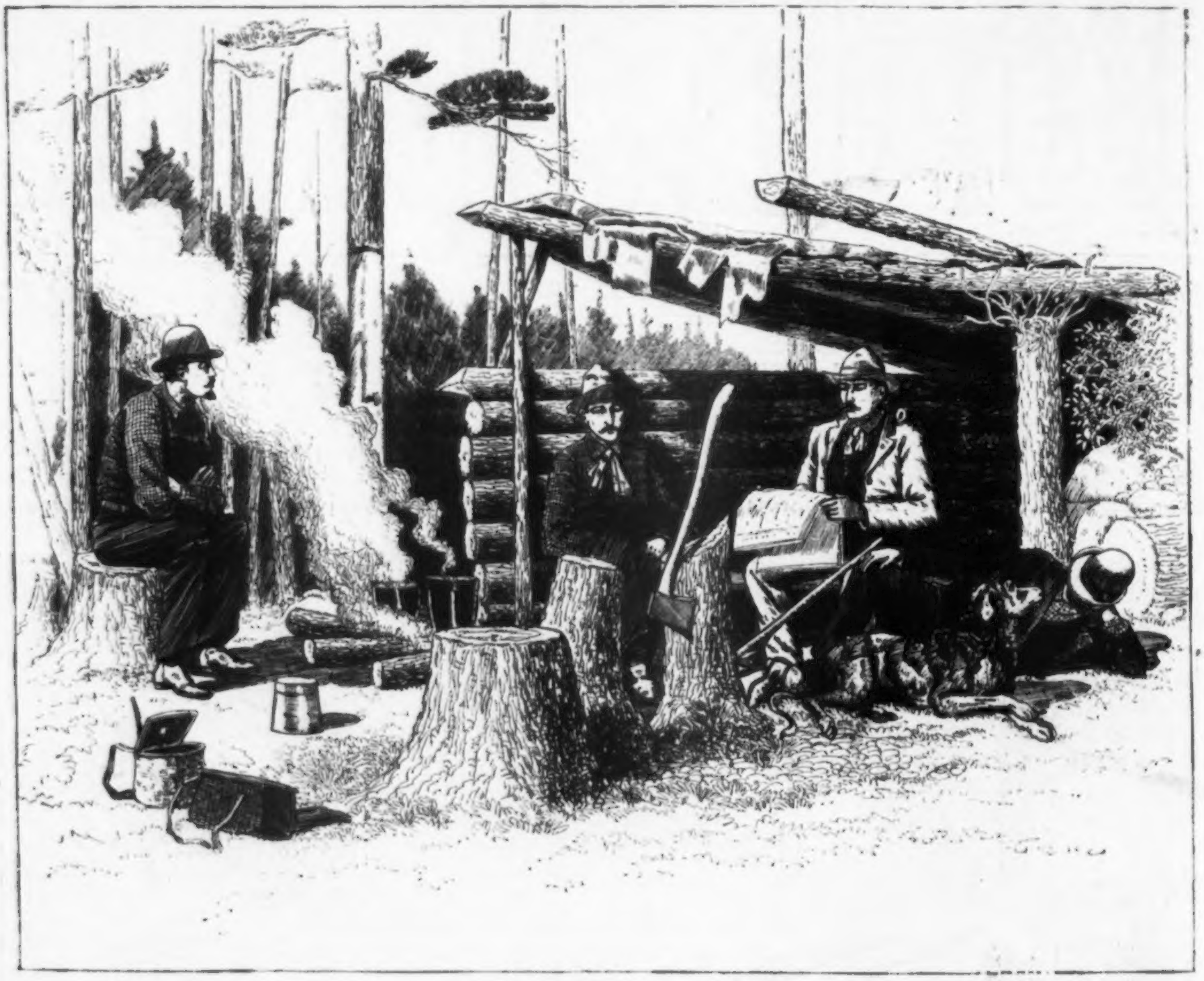
CAMP-LIFE AMONG THE WHITE HILLS.

By Charles Bacon.

ALTHOUGH it is commonly thought that, in these days of Summer pleasuring, the White Mountain region is as well known as Broadway, yet, for once, common opinion is in error. The wilderness where Crawford hunted and Starr King tramped may be smaller nowadays, but it still remains a natural paradise like those old parks of



THE WHITE HILLS.



IN CAMP.

Asia Minor, in which the ancient Persian kings hunted the wild beasts of the forests. Extending over an area of more than thirty square miles, the wilderness is the home of deer, catamount and bear. Its mountain heights are clothed with forests never touched by the ax of the lumberman. The streams which drain the highlands are brawling torrents, in whose swift rapids and eddying pools speckled trout swarm in countless numbers. Enthusiasts sometimes come here in Summer with gun and rod, and trappers often make their way over the mountains on snowshoes in Winter, but, for the most part, this region is an unvisited shrine of Nature.

To the south of this *terra incognita* is the little town of Waterville, where less than thirty inhabitants wring a scanty livelihood from an unwilling soil. They would be sadly poor if it were not that many visitors are yearly attracted thither by the cool air of the highlands. The valley is picturesquely situated within a wall of four great mountains. The bald crest of Mount Osceola, which Professor Hitchcock has called "The gem of the White Hills," lies to the north. On the south and west, the rounded summit of Sandwich Dome and the long ridges of Tecumseh intercept the view, and on the east rises Tripyramid, down whose steep sides three well-known avalanches have fallen within two decades.

One hot day last Summer, a small camping party, led by two lusty natives of Waterville, left the little town for a sojourn in the woods. It would be unfair to violate the *incognito* of the woods, therefore description must take the place of names.

First and foremost was the poet and *littérateur*, whose long limbs and bulky frame bore faithful testimony to his forceful verse and vigorous prose. As might be guessed from his size and weight, he was slow of movement; yet he insisted upon the honor of leadership, on the ground that only a man of avoirdupois has wisdom enough to set and maintain a slow pace. He quoted in support of his theories of woodland traveling the well-known lines:

> "Hold fast your aims, the mongrel's jaw may slip,
> But crowbars can't unlock the bulldog's grip."

Next in order was the artist, or, rather, as he called himself, and was by profession, a photographer. But he was a capital sketcher, and might fairly have claimed the higher title. A man of ruddy face and ruddier hair, in creating him, Nature evidently intended to see how fierce a specimen she could form; but to her confusion, he became a knight of the camera, and a long experience in soothing the alarm of babes under the fire of the sun gun, and smoothing the ruffled tempers of dissatisfied customers, has made him the gentlest of the tribe of Rufus.

The lawyer was thin, nervous, active, impatient. Those who live by delaying the business of their fellow-men are always restive when they are made to take their own medicine. Besides, freedom from the confinement of an office will make any one feel that the days are not long enough for the multitude of pleasures which one always wishes to crowd into a vacation.

Without a physician the party would have been lacking in the "unities," and, to avoid this difficulty, the commander of the rear-guard was a hectic disciple of

Galen, who had just recovered from a serious illness. His pale, yellowed cheeks bore pitiful evidence of the dangers he had escaped. This trip was taken largely on his account, and he certainly deserved the credit of being one of those who knew enough to follow the sarcastic monition, "Physician, heal thyself."

The guides were an odd sight, enough to attract a crowd in a dime museum. Sacks of provisions hung from their shoulders, resting on backs and stomachs. Bundles, frying-pans and implements of the woodland kitchen were tied to every part of their bodies to which strings could be fastened. As they plodded steadily along, without halt under these seemingly impossible burdens, while the adventurers followed with difficulty, though their burdens were trifling, one could not repress a feeling of envy of their strength and endurance.

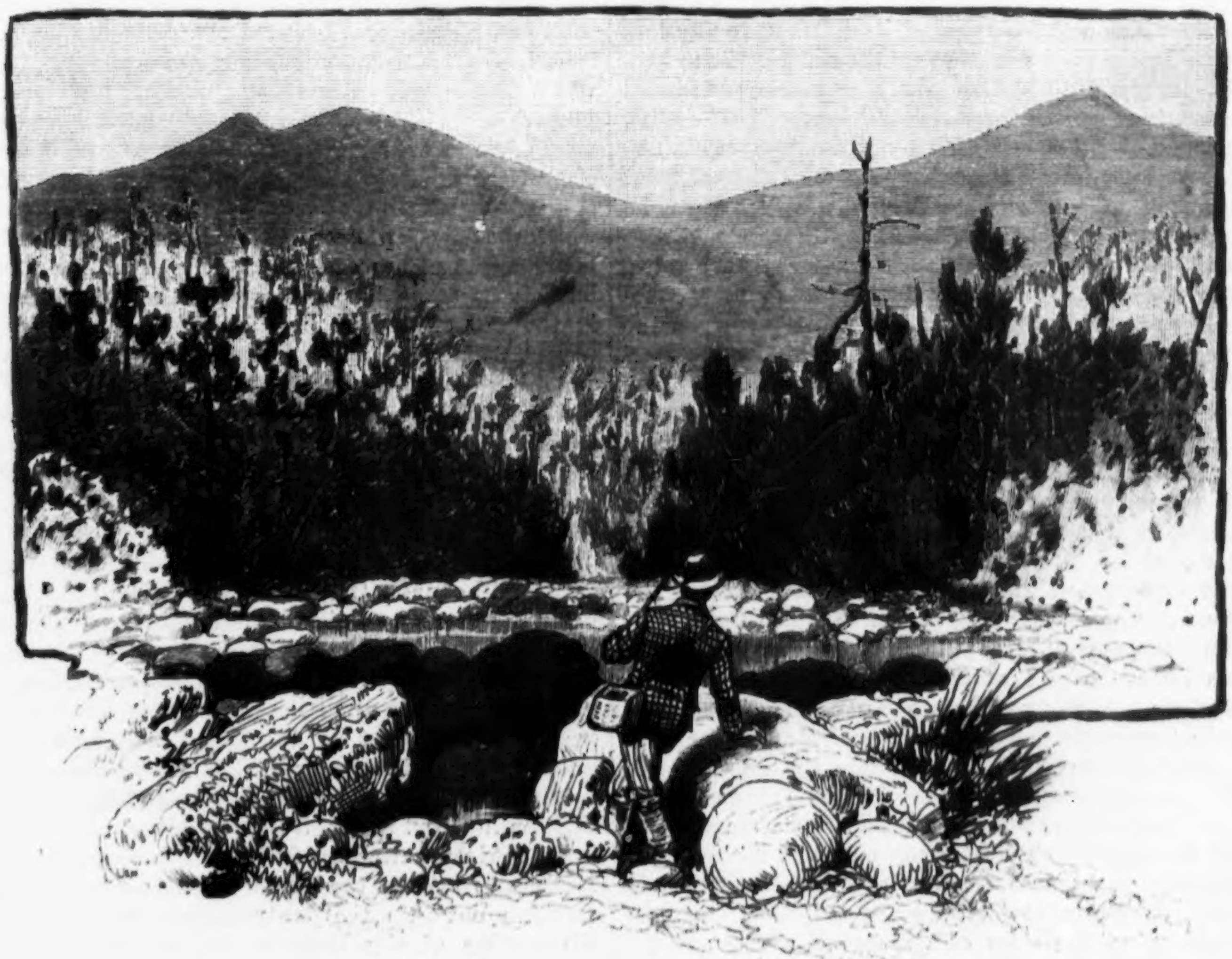
In this region every move from place to place involves a "carry." Elsewhere, boats and canoes take sportsmen over long, still rivers with ease, but here the brawling torrents prevent that method. The traveler must go on foot, and may be thankful if he does not have to climb over mountain-ridges and through thickets of undergrowth. Tramping like this brings honest dew to the brow. The guides sweated like butchers as they puffed along under their burdens. In fact, when the provisions were unpacked at night—please do not call this indelicate—the purely animal odor of perspiring man, like the old definition of all ill odors, was "made audible through the nose" from the bread and eatables. However, little need be said on that score. The adventurers were too hungry to mind a little thing like that, even in connection with what they called their "grub stake," after the Philistine custom of Western prospectors.

The expression, "a little thing like that," was once used with telling effect at a poker party in a city club. To the astonishment and disgust of the players, one man was seen taking practical measures to avoid bad luck. He was a jolly, companionable sort of a fellow, of whom better things were expected.

"How could you, Jim—how could you?" his friends said, sorrowfully, though they were angry, too. To this question the unscrupulous fellow answered, with well-assumed surprise: "Why, boys, you don't mean to say that you mind a little thing like that?" The *naïveté* of the reply was overpowering. Remonstrance was forgotten, though of course the offense was visited with the summary punishment due to this greatest of sins against club law.

A trip to the White Hills is nowadays a simple matter of a few hours' ride in a Pullman car; but thirty years ago, when Porte Crayon visited Mount Washington, he endured as many discomforts as old Sam Johnson suffered during the "Journey to the Hebrides." In those days a large part of the trip was made by stage-coach, and sometimes by bridle-paths. There were many of the latter, among them the trail from Waterville to Crawfords, built by an enterprising inhabitant, who hoped by its aid to turn the little town into a hotel centre. Of course the advent of railroads "split his dish." The woodland byway was soon filled with an undergrowth of moose-bush and spruce. The "blazes," or ax-marks, which formerly guided travelers, were blackened with age. However, Nature always deals kindly by forest paths, and the old trail is even now clear enough, for a large part of the way, to be followed by a good woodsman.

Along this old byway the adventurers moved as fast as they could in the sultry woods. It was sultry, for



THE OSCEOLA, FROM HANCOCK VALLEY.

though the air blew freshly through the dewy tree-tops, the Summer sun warmed it into quivering heat long before it reached the brows of the trampers. They walked in Indian file, of course, for in the woods the path is rarely wide enough to permit walking abreast. The first five miles was along Mad River, the brawling torrent which Longfellow made the subject of a great brook song. Tennyson sung in babbling rhyme the music of the brooklet, but our American poet in this poem versified the roar and dash of the rapid and the cataract.

At times the trampers "took to the woods" to avoid tangled masses of fallen trees lying across the old trail, or places where the unruly waters had encroached upon the footway. Nearly all this part of the journey was a steady ascent, for the Mad River Notch has an altitude of 2,000 feet; but the rise was gradual except in a few places, where the long mountain-shoulders plunged down to the stream. Two hours of steady tramping brought the party to the ponds which are set like diamonds in the centre of the Notch—two mirrors of forest-tinted waters framed by mountain-heights. On one side steep cliffs, rock-ribbed and glistening, fortify the eastern peak of Osceola. One might easily imagine it as another Ehrenbreitstein of unconquered honor, a protection and pride of our own land. On the other side the steep wooded slope of Kancamaugus, marked by long green scars of healed wounds of Nature's infliction, is reflected in the placid waters.

For years these ponds have puzzled anglers among the White Hills. To all appearance they ought to be the home of monstrous trout in untold numbers, but though many parties have tried their luck with worm and fly, few good strings have ever been taken. This is accounted for in many ways. Some say that the fishermen are unskillful; others, that the hills resound and echo the voices and footsteps of intruders so loudly that the fish hear and are warned by the noises. It is probable, however, that, like many promising financial schemes, they look better than they are. At all events, experienced trout fishermen have given them up in disgust. At long intervals a whacking creel full of trout is brought in which the owner caught (or says he caught—there is a difference) in those waters, and this serves to keep up an interest among the green hands.

After a short stop for rest, during which the photographer captured a couple of views with the camera, the journey was resumed. The poet objected, but was overruled. The way now led into the pathless woods. The carpet of moss and leaves which Nature spreads over the rocky soil of her wilder scenes was soft and yielding under foot. The old forest, never touched by woodsman's ax, was nearly free from undergrowth. Of course occasional thickets of moose-bush had to be avoided, boulders and ledges encircled, and trees dodged, but for the most part walking was quite as easy as along the old path. It was tiresome, of course. The muscles of men accustomed only to the level pavements of city streets do not take kindly to the irregularities of the forest floor. After two hours of walking, mostly downhill, the trampers reached the Hancock Branch, a sparkling, rapid stream which empties into the East Branch of the Pemigewasset. It takes its name from Mount Hancock (namesake of the Revolutionary statesman), one of the largest though least known of the White Hills. It is unknown because few can afford the week's trip necessary for a climb to its summit, and fewer still care to clamber up the sides of a mountain whose summit is covered with so dense a growth of trees that no view is to be had. This stream drains the watershed of its western slope. Mile after mile the unpolluted water plunges down the mountain-sides, now leaping over cataracts or dashing against boulders; again rushing in deep, swift rapids or resting in shady pools. When evening began to deepen into night the poet and his friends were glad to find themselves in a little clearing on the lower part of the stream, where, years ago, a surveying party made a woodland home. Perhaps the guides were best pleased of all, for they threw down their burdens with sighs which showed that, lusty as they were, the day's work had taxed their strength.

In the centre of the open clearing there was a bark shelter of the kind familiar to lovers of the woods. Two stakes are driven into the ground about twelve feet apart, and a long pole laid into crotches at the top of each. From this horizontal pole a roof of hemlock bark is made to slope at an easy angle backward to the ground. The sides are sheltered by a pile of small spruce-trees. Fill such a shelter as this with a deep bed of hemlock boughs, and build a rousing fire in front, and the inmates will be warm and dry, though the winds blow and the rains pour.

The poet threw himself upon the soft couch with the excessive enjoyment of rest only known to men of great avoirdupois, and watched the lawyer and doctor busily working about the fire and unpacking the eatables. These professional gentlemen were men of business. When they wanted a thing and knew how to get it, the maxim, "God helps those who help themselves," guided their conduct. They wanted something to eat at this time, and that wish accounted for the generous assistance they gave to the guides. Ere long, supper was announced. Trout fried with salt pork, rashers of ham, potatoes baked in hot ashes, and hot pancakes with maple syrup—a rather commonplace supper in a restaurant, but, with the well-earned appetites of men turned back from civilization to the simplicity of savage life, it was a noble meal. Woodland cookery is a science. To prepare a savory dish in a well-appointed kitchen is a mere affair of experience, but to overcome all the obstacles of the woods and accomplish the result without the ordinary appliances, demands a fertility of resource which few men possess. The lawyer could talk for hours about dishes easily cooked with simple utensils, but his experiments presented such astonishing results in the way of doughy hoecake, trout baked in newspapers, which flavored their contents with printer's ink, and other like disasters, that he waived his claim to the white linen apron and paper cap. However, he made a famous stroke in cooking trout on heated stones according to the Indian receipt, but all other duties of the *cuisine* were given over, by consent, to Charles and Levi, the guides.

By this time night had closed down upon the campers. In the hill country the sun hides behind the mountain-peaks in the early evening. For a time the golden shafts of sunlight shone upon the ridges of green forest to the east, but the deep shadow of the western heights rose higher and higher upon the green curtain until the distant trees were lost in darkness. One by one, poet, artist, doctor and lawyer, rolled up in blankets, like the swathed forms of Egyptian mummies, sought rest and oblivion in sleep. Now, it is not the easiest thing in the world to sleep during the first night in the woods. One is prone to look at the blazing fire shooting long sheets of flame out into the darkness; the stars twinkle in the patches of sky between the tree-tops; the wind moans and shrieks; the stream, bubbling softly at first, increases in noisy violence in the stillness of night.

Near by, owls hoot dismally, and afar off there come from the forest sounds like the shrill cry of the catamount or the resonant growl of the bear. Many years ago a party in camp in a wilderness were foolish enough to drink an unconscionable amount of distilled fire-water, whereby a lively dispute arose over some unimportant matter. After the altercation had been carried on some time, one inebriated gentleman rose in grave disgust, worthy of that famous wit, George Selwyn, and announced that he proposed to sleep outside, where he would be undisturbed by wranglers. No one objected, but after half an hour spent in the cold, the deserter, half frozen and disgusted with himself, returned, saying that he was afraid to stay outside longer because the wild-cats were screaming near him. Very little was said at the time. It is unkind to rub a sore while it is still open, but one can easily guess that he will be an old man before he hears the last of that wild-cat story. The adventurers of this party were not over-imaginative, but as all these sounds jarred upon their ears and the surroundings impressed sensations of novelty upon their minds, they grew more and more wakeful in spite of the weary journey just ended. Then, too, a cheerful story told by the poet, of a man peacefully sleeping beneath a great tree, which tottered and fell upon him in the darkness, awakened another notion of danger—remote, indeed, but seemingly one against which man, sleeping at night in the forests, is impotent.

Sleep was impossible. One by one the campers rose and began to talk. A pack of cards was produced, and the quartet fell to at the American game of poker. Now, of course, the moralist will hold up his hands with pious horror, but it may be maintained that, when the players sit bolt upright with no support for the back, when the table is a bed of boughs and the chips are matches, and when there isn't a cent within twenty miles, the game is innocent enough to be recommended by John Knox to submissive catechumens. It was a comical game. Chips were lost or used to light pipes, although they were supposed to have a monetary value. The game lasted an hour. It could not be said that any one acquired wealth at it, for the doctor, having won most of the matches, yawned widely and tossed the evidences of his winnings into the match-box.

"Two o'clock in the morning," he said, looking at his watch. "My usual bedtime. I sha'n't stay up later for all the money in camp."

This, of course, was a broad hint that the game was for love, and it ended in a laugh.

"This is kind," murmured the poet, bringing out a bottle. "Here's to the doctor's health."

The campers "took their medicine," and passed it along to the guides with an astounding result.

"If you're willin', gentlemen," said Levi, politely refusing, "we'd ruther hev a drink in the mornin', afor' breakfast."

It was a perfectly natural thing for him to say. Although in these degenerate days drinking before breakfast is a cardinal sin, the sober old heroes of former days thought the "morning horn" a necessity of life. Levi was their legitimate child in this, if in nothing else. He might have taken his drink at other times, but knowing that the supply was limited, he considerately asked for his "poison" at the time he liked it best. In point of sobriety, these guides were perfect, and, as many a woodland adventurer will testify, sobriety is a virtue not always found among guides. Many a man can recall Summer trips which were utterly spoiled by woodland servants who drank all the whisky in camp, and in consequence became as hilariously and offensively familiar as a drunken coachman. After this interlude camp was quiet. The poet soon dropped off into gentle slumber. The guides, stretched out at full length beyond the fire, seemed to sleep as well as at home. The others rested silently, watching the glowing embers of the dying fire. They rested, but could not sleep, and the first rays of the morning sun were welcome as a change from the dull obscurity of night.

At about four o'clock the next morning the camp was again alive. There was no great alacrity about turning out, for all felt heavy and stupid from lack of sleep. For the first time, the question of ablutions was important. It was cold, and of course the water in the brook was colder still. At first the poet was inclined to think washing unnecessary.

"What's the use of washing, anyhow?" he said. "You know the old saying: 'A man doesn't get dirty while he is asleep.' That's good philosophy."

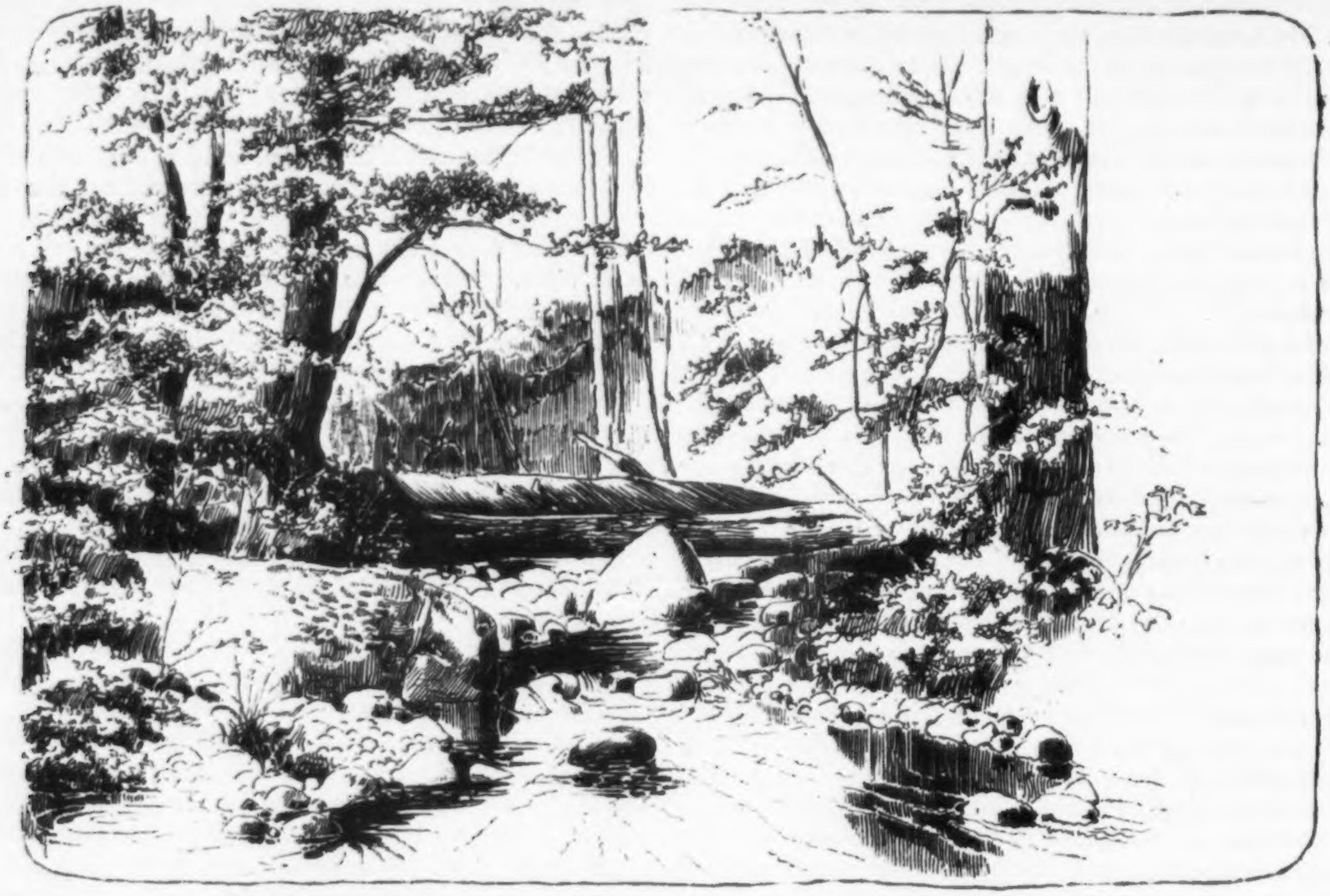
But he was overruled by the others, and all scrubbed their hands and faces in the chilly water, and were refreshed by it.

By five o'clock breakfast was over, camp-traps packed, and the party again on their way. At this time the trampers learned, to their annoyance, that the guides were not well informed about the day's journey.

"We can take you to Brown's camp," said Charles; "but the only path we know is up the brook. We wouldn't dare try short cuts through the woods."

That settled it. Trampers always have to let guides choose their own courses, though the proposed journey may be uncommonly difficult. The bed of a mountain-torrent is no easy footway. It winds to and fro, turning and twisting without rhyme or reason. The lawyer estimated that five miles along a brook would be equivalent to about one as the crow flies. Besides that, while the watercourse of a mountain-stream is ordinarily 2 or 3 feet wide and half as deep, it usually has a bed 30 or 40 feet wide, swept out by Spring freshets. Every storm multiplies the swift-running streams, bringing down soil, rocks and trees, and leaving a broad, open track paved with irregular boulders. At intervals along the open way one sees places where huge trees, collected in tangled network, have, with the sand and mud swept down by the floods, formed natural dams, over which the water falls in foaming cascades. Sometimes, also, the stream leaves its narrow channel, and, spreading out like a fan, becomes a wide course of shallow rivulets.

Up the long stretch of the open brook the adventurers made their way as best they could, jumping from rock to rock and wading through the stream, or balancing on huge fallen tree-trunks. As morning waxed into day, the sun poured down more and more hotly upon them. It was hard work, and they often found it pleasant to stop and rest in shady places. The monotony of the acrobatic performance was sometimes varied by entering the woods and walking beside the stream, but the undergrowth near the water was so thick and tangled that this soon proved more difficult than the rocks and boulders. At times, too, they rigged up fishing-tackle and killed trout for the day's use. The trampers no longer walked in a body. A day in the woods had made them confident in their power of looking out for themselves, and, therefore, while they usually kept in sight of one another, each chose his own route. All along the path upward were innumerable outlooks to the west and south. The bulky mass of Moosilauke and the lower hills of the wilderness stretched out before the eye like scenes in the Mexican Cordilleras, while, nearer, the great tract of black forest, broken here and there by spots of green,



TROUT-POOL.

where fires had raged, seemed a mantle for the nakedness of earth. The poet wished to stop at every outlook, but like the rest, he was hungry, and all pressed on until, after a long six hours' jaunt, they reached the base of the cascade, which, a nameless gem of the woods, marks the spot where Brown, the last famous guide of this locality, made his Winter home. The tragic episode which made him shun his fellow man is known to few, and now that he rests in Mother Earth, it should be forgotten. Many a man has secrets gnawing at his heart which he would fain hide with himself in the darkness and silence of the forest. It is enough to know that for years the man led a quiet, useful life, and died esteemed by all who knew him. There is a cenotaph at Waterville which serves "to keep green the memory of William E. Brown, a faithful mountain-guide, a brave soldier, a manly Christian." It was erected a year ago by a few of his friends and patrons. This little log-hut, roofed with split slabs, far in the wilderness, was his storehouse and home. Hither he brought sacks full of spruce-gum to be cleaned and sold. Here he tanned the skins of mink and fox, caught in his traps. He had the pathfinding instinct to a wonderful degree. With no apparent means of finding his way, he would push onward, swiftly and without deviation, to any given point in the woods. Probably close observation of woodland phenomena had given him rules of woodcraft by which he performed these feats of leadership. The hut was still furnished with the few necessaries of his simple life. The deerskin in which he slept was in the corner, and pots, kettles and pannikins hung on pegs driven into the logs. It was curiously evident that the hut was built in Winter, for the stumps of the trees in the clearing were nearly eight feet high. Therefore he must have been on snowshoes on deep snow when he felled them.

The adventurers were little disposed toward activity when they reached this spot. Two days of hard walking and lack of sleep put them in proper shape to enjoy the blessings of rest. Their ankles and knees were tired, and the poet, after a careful examination, announced that the blisters on his feet were large enough to have a value in money. The others dried their shoes and stockings before the fire and waited impatiently for dinner. The details of camp-life are so monotonous and commonplace that little need be said of the second day and night in camp. To be sure, the strangeness of the surroundings was forgotten, and all went early to bed and were soon asleep. The catamount might have howled and the bear might have growled, but they would not have disturbed the slumbers of those tired mortals.

Night passed by only too quickly, and when, at early morn, Levi roused the camp by passing around plates filled with baked beans, even that dish was scarcely attractive enough to induce the sleepy ones to "shell" out of their blankets. However, once out in the fresh air, their spirits revived, and after breakfast, trout-fishing was the order of the day. Perhaps no creature appears in so many different varieties as the White Mountain trout. For instance, some years ago the lawyer saw "Mountain Trout" printed in capitals on a hotel bill of fare at a well-known resort. Of course the traveler should always eat macaroni in Italy, roast beef in England, and trout among the hills, so he ordered the dish. His astonishment may easily be imagined, for the fish presented was a skin-denuded, heavy-finned creature with a bull neck and no body to speak of.

"What do you call that thing?" the lawyer asked, angrily.

"Mountain-trout, sah."

"Not a bit of it. That's a mud-pout. Don't you suppose I know a pout when I see him?" irascibly.

"You is mistaken, sah," the waiter answered, mildly. "Dat's trout. It says so on de bill."

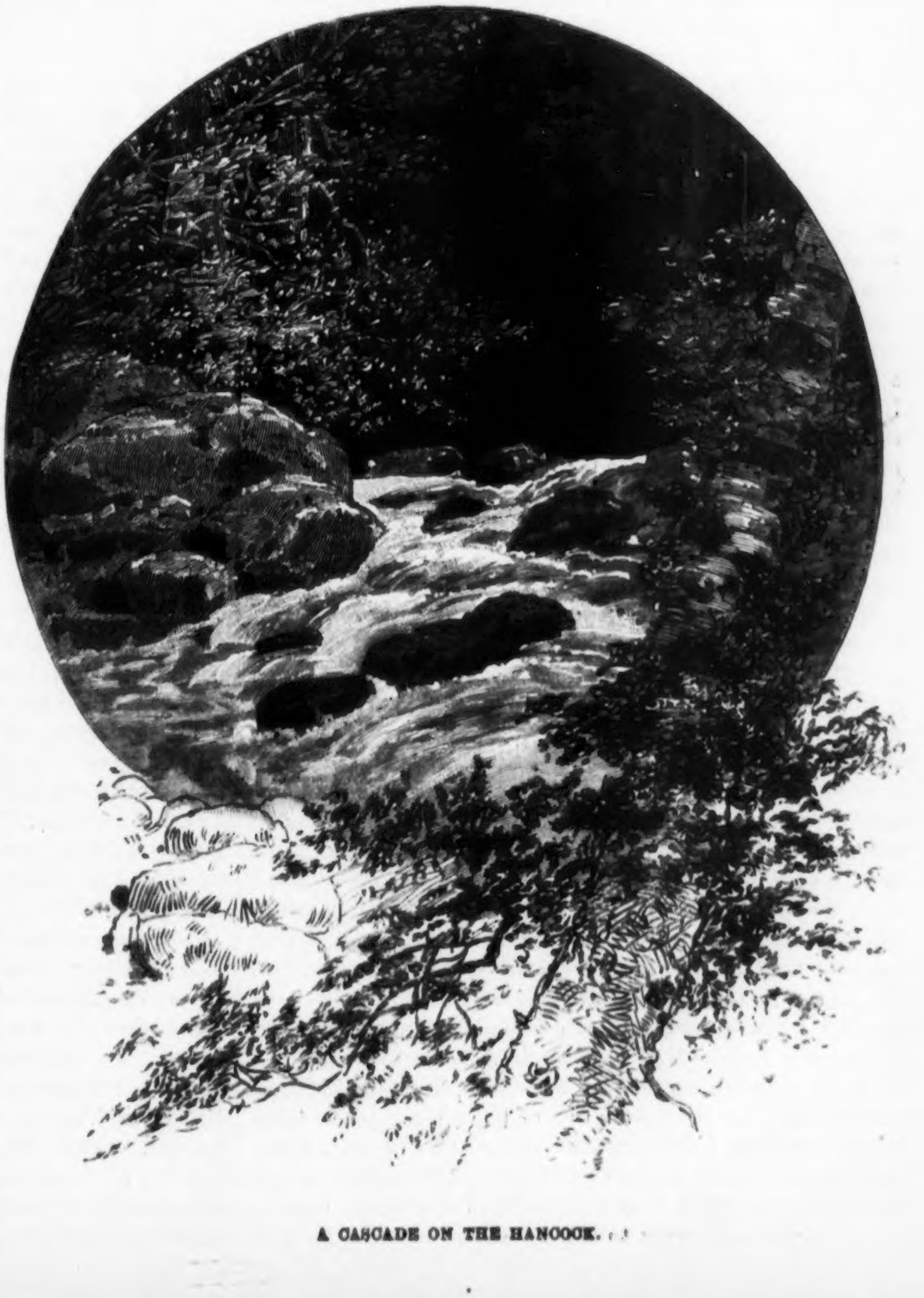
That settled it. The lawyer ate his dinner without further protest beyond muttering his pleasure that the innkeeper had not seen fit to serve whales under the name of the kings of fresh-water fish. This impudent swindle is perpetrated everywhere. The bull-head and the perch most commonly masquerade under the nobler name, but the climax of impudence was reached by a landlord who served, head and all, the cooked body of a garbage-eating, piratical pickerel for "mountain-trout." But the trout of the Hancock Branch are the true species. Indeed, no other fish could live in those icy, rushing waters. There are few large ones there, the food supply being too limited for many of the vast number of finny inhabitants to grow to great size. It is considered a notable feat to kill a pound trout in this region. Indeed, tradition records few of that size caught within late years. It may be petty sport compared with the fishing in the Adirondacks and at the Rangely Lakes, but nevertheless, for amateurs, the capture of a good string of these little fellows demands enough patience and skill to bring it within the limits of honest sporting. More than that, it is merciful to kill the speckled swimmers. They are so numerous in these unfished waters that, if the brooks are not thinned out at intervals, the trout must either starve, or feast, like cannibals, on their kind.

Worms were used for bait. The sportsman's lip may curl, but one cannot throw a fly without large space; and the bushes and trees beside these brooks would destroy a fly-fishing outfit in ten minutes, and put the disciple of Izaak Walton into a state of profane wickedness highly detrimental to moral improvement. The poet liked it, but then his notions of angling were derived from boyish experiences with a bent pin for a hook and a cork stopple for a bob. He also thought that in trout-fishing, as in other kinds, the angler should find a good seat, light a pipe, and wait for bites—a comfortable method, but not highly successful with the most active and timorous of the finny tribe. However, he suited himself, and as he cared little for sport, he doubtless enjoyed the day quite as much as the others.

Up and down the stream doctor, lawyer and artist tramped all day, throwing their flies into rapids, eddies and pools with famous results. The brook swarmed with trout, and one could not fail to catch three or four in nearly every promising hole. The poet, to be sure, stood motionless beside each spot long after every trout had been frightened by the shadow of his bulky form, and had darted away to their safe hiding-places among the stones; but whenever he took one his pleasant face would beam with innocent happiness. There were some mischances, of course. The artist broke his pole by excited jerking at a supposititious "whacker," which proved to be a sunken log. Another fisherman, dead to every sense of prudence, jumped into a deep hole after a little fish which had narrowly escaped the hook. The drenching cured him. No other mishaps were recorded.

Day after day passed by in the restful monotony of camp-life. Several hunting trips were undertaken, but without results. Traces of bear and deer were seen everywhere; indeed, sometimes, the hoof-prints of the latter were made so nearly at the time the hunters found them that the water was still muddy where the pretty creatures had stepped. Long lanes, well beaten by deer-prints, led through the forest. These "runs" are too familiar to need description. One day a sad tale of the tragedy of a dumb creature's death was seen and read in a deer's leg, broken above the shank, held, as by a vice, by the huge boulders among which the unfortunate animal had incautiously stepped. One can easily imagine the long-drawn agony of its death, but the picture is too horrible. Let the curtain be drawn. Plenty as they were, doubtless often watching the hunters curiously from hiding-places, the expedition was barren of results so far as killing is concerned.

The ascent of Mount Carrigan from the valley of the East Branch was next on the programme. Traps were again packed, and another "carry" commenced. At this time the fatal defect of the expedition appeared. The guides rebelled against the loads they had to carry.



A CASCADE ON THE HANCOCK.

There was nothing for it but submission, and, like many other labor employers, the campers gave in and consented to carry a portion of the burdens. Compasses were brought out, and a course taken through the woods. For ten weary hours the adventurers pushed their way through the woods, over small mountains, now climbing over piles of trees felled by whirlwinds, and again crawling on hands and knees through tangled undergrowth. It was heart-breaking work, but at last they made their way around Mount Hancock, and reached the broad, shallow, swift and noisy waters of the upper fork of the East Branch, at the centre of the wilderness. There was plenty of trout-fishing there, and many slothful days passed by with few adventures worth noting. To be sure, the one cruel incident of the trip occurred there. One morning, while the lawyer was loitering along the river, he saw a black object swimming across. Seizing a stick, he shouted to the others, and ran down to head the beast off. The dangerous animal—a hedge-hog—reached the shore, shook himself like a dog, and scuttled away under a stump for safety. The guides came with their axes, and then and there the deed of blood was done; not to the satisfaction of the campers, for it is not pleasant to see the life punched out of a harmless creature, but the whole cruelty was committed before there was time for protest. Thus, the only result of the trip, in the way of game, was the mangled body of a creature, useless for food, which might far better have been left to its innocent life in the woodland.

"Pride," it is said, "goes before a fall." It was left to the doctor to verify the saying. Fable says that somewhere near the East Branch there is a pond alive with large trout. The doctor had often talked about it with the guides, and, it afterward appeared, had thought he knew its location. One fine morning, thinking to steal a march on his friends and bring home a huge trout in triumph, he shouldered his creel and quietly announced that he was going a-fishing. It was supposed that he was going down the river, as usual, and would return at noon, but when the afternoon slipped by and the evening shadows began to fall, every one became anxious to know why he did not come back. Direful imaginings were in every mind, though each feared to speak his thoughts, lest he should uselessly alarm the others. To fall ill, sprain an ankle, or break a leg, are no unlikely accidents on a fishing trip. It would have been folly to have left camp and tried to hunt him up in the darkness, and, besides, no one could possibly have guessed his whereabouts. The hours of early evening were spent in planning scouting trips for the morrow, but all to no end, for at ten o'clock a crushing of footsteps was heard in the bushes near by, and the wanderer stumbled into camp and fell before the fire, exhausted. He was drenched, and his clothing was torn to shreds. He was covered with bruises and nearly famished. "For Heaven's sake, give me something to eat," were his first words. After his wants were attended to, the sorrowful tale was told.

"I suppose you fellows will call me a fool," he said, humbly enough. "I went off this morning to find that infernal Lost Pond. It will stay lost before I try to find it again. I had inquired about it, and I thought I knew exactly where it was. I've climbed a mountain more than ten miles high; I've been in a swamp where I had to wade through water two feet deep on a muddy bottom; I've been in all over two or three times; I've tumbled over logs, fallen on stumps and run against trees. My trousers are torn, so that I'll be arrested when I go home, unless I ride in a freight train and hang around the depot so as to walk to the house after dark. Do you hear that rain." (It was pouring down in sheets.) "You are comfortable and dry, but I was out in that deluge all day. My shoes haven't any more substance than a paper napkin." He paused for breath, and then went on: "It was all well enough when I'd given up finding the pond, for I turned back and reached the river easily enough; but when I struck it I'm blessed if I knew whether I was a mile above camp or two miles below it. There wasn't anything in the woods or mountains or the river to tell me where I was. I've chased up and down this river until I've made a path a foot wide on each side. That's right; laugh away, you grinning hyenas. That's kind and generous; just what an unfortunate expects of his friends. Now tell everybody about it. I tell you I've been lost."

After this long tirade, which, by-the-way, was by no means as ill-natured as it reads, he took a long and most justifiable pull at the canteen, rolled up in his blanket, and went to sleep.

His companions laughed. They couldn't help it, although they sympathized with his sufferings. Indeed, it is no joke to be lost in the woods. To the stranger the forest and hill have little individuality, and a man "turned around," as the common expression is, is only too apt to trust his own judgment in spite of the sun standing apparently in the wrong quarter of the heavens, and streams appearing to his bewildered gaze to be running up-hill. The scorner may smile, but he will not after an honest encounter with a strange country.

Directly south of the camp the huge mass of Carrigan loomed up into the sky. With a precipice for its western slope, and a long inclined plane on the eastern side, it is shaped much like the lion couchant of heraldry. The food supply, which commonly limits the length of camping trips, was so low that the adventurers knew they would soon be obliged to return to civilization. The few remaining days were, therefore, the subject of careful plans, among which one for the ascent of the "Watchman of the Forest" prevailed. After the usual routine of packing, the friends started up the steep mountain-side, leaving the guides to circuit the base with the burdens. In spite of the doctor's experience, they believed themselves capable of climbing a mountain without guidance. They were, for there was really nothing to do but walk up-hill until the summit was reached.

The ascent of any of the White Hills is not very difficult for men of sound wind and good thews and sinews. Of course the climber loses his breath on the first steep up-hill pull, his legs ache and his pulse beats feverishly; but the second wind comes quickly, and a new vigor animates the muscles if he has courage and a stout heart. The long stay in the woods and the constant exercise in the open air had abundantly fitted this party for the task before them. The way was steep and rough. Often the mossy covering of the rocks concealed deep caverns in the mountain-side, into which the unwary might easily fall. The trees and small growth, ordinarily an annoyance, were a valuable protection from this danger. Besides, they were the rounds of the imaginary ladder by which the climbers pulled themselves up over the steep places, like sailors climbing the rope ladders of a vessel. At intervals, high precipices of rocky ledges presented apparently insuperable barriers to progress, but by making long circuits, these difficulties were conquered. Often they had to push through acres of the pricky, clothes-tearing, skin-wounding scrub spruce-trees peculiar to high altitudes. Sometimes long "deer runs" made the way easy, but these would, with aggravating want of reason, end at the most difficult places. They noticed, as they toiled on, how the rarefied air affected vegetation, for the trees grew smaller and smaller with every long stretch upward. At last, however, the panting, perspiring mountaineers reached the summit.

Carrigan is seldom visited, for, though its altitude is nearly as great as Lafayette, it lies so far away from the common paths of travel that few care to take the trouble to go to its wilderness home. The view from this summit is unequaled on one point. It is the central spot from which all the range may be seen. Kearsarge, shaped like a sugar-loaf; the Giant's Stairs and the faceted summit of Chocoma appear on the east, while, in the distance, white-winged vessels flit to and fro in the harbors of Maine and New Hampshire. South, west and north is the wilderness of mountains and hills, green with Nature's unchanging verdure—massive monuments of the creative Power. High above them all towers rock-sided Mount Washington, while Lafayette, like an able lieutenant, commands the division of the Franconia range. Unfair comparisons are often made of this range with the great Sierras of the West. The Yankee hills have the grandeur of huge masses rising from the level plain, while the snow-clad pinnacles of the "backbone of the continent" so crowd the *mesas* (Spanish plains), that the beholder loses the sense of majesty which should impress him. Americans are rightly proud of both.

Why prolong the tale? Two days of steady travel brought the adventurers back to the land of post-offices, railroads and newspapers. Their clothing was dilapidated. Their shoes were split and worn by rough jaunts over rocks and wettings in the streams and dewy woods. They were bronzed and dirty, yet full of vigor and strength. Soap and water were necessities for which they had immediate use, but to those who have grown accustomed to the clean dirt (if there is such a thing) of the woods, bathing scarcely seemed as essential as the square meal of civilization. The woodland life, sleeping in the open air and exercising actively every day, had strengthened their lungs and hardened their muscles, while the change from the flurry and toil of professional work had rested and invigorated their minds.

The artist's experiment in transporting trout may serve to end this chronicle. On the last day of the trip he caught quite a string of trout, which he intended to carry to friends at home. The fish, nicely dressed and packed in cold moss, were placed in the bottom of his trunk, under a pile of clothing, and were straightway forgotten. At the urgent invitation of friends, he was induced to delay his return a couple of days, after which he hastily threw all his portable property into the trunk and departed. The rest of the tale is in his own words:

"Just before we reached the city, I went into the baggage-car for a smoke. There was an abominable smell. The baggage-master was holding his nose, and the trainmen, who usually loafed there, had gone elsewhere. I saw a long, narrow box on the floor, and of course, I thought some one had cherished the body of a departed friend just a trifle too long. Anyhow, I didn't say anything, and I didn't stop for a smoke either—decided I didn't want one very much. Before I got back to my seat, it occurred to me that the smell came from those infernal trout! Bless my heart, I hadn't thought of them before! What to do I didn't know. The hackman would take me for a Dutch emigrant with a cargo of Limburger cheese if I sent the trunk home by him. Well, it had to be done. So I gave the check to an expressman, and told him to handle the trunk carefully because it was full of curious fossils. He didn't know a fossil from a beefsteak, but when he lugged the trunk up to my room, he said that if I kept 'forsels' any longer the Board of Health would be after me. I thanked him, and said that no fossil was ever of any value until it was gamy. The minute he was gone I emptied the trunk and threw those rotten trout out of the window. The smell has not left my clothes yet, and I'd give two dollars to know just what grade of idiot I am."

QUEEN VICTORIA.

By Lily Higgin.

"Our little Princess," wrote Mr. Greville, in his diary, May 29th, 1829," "is a short, plain-looking child, and not near so good-looking as the Portuguese. However, if Nature has not done so much, Fortune is likely to do much more for her."

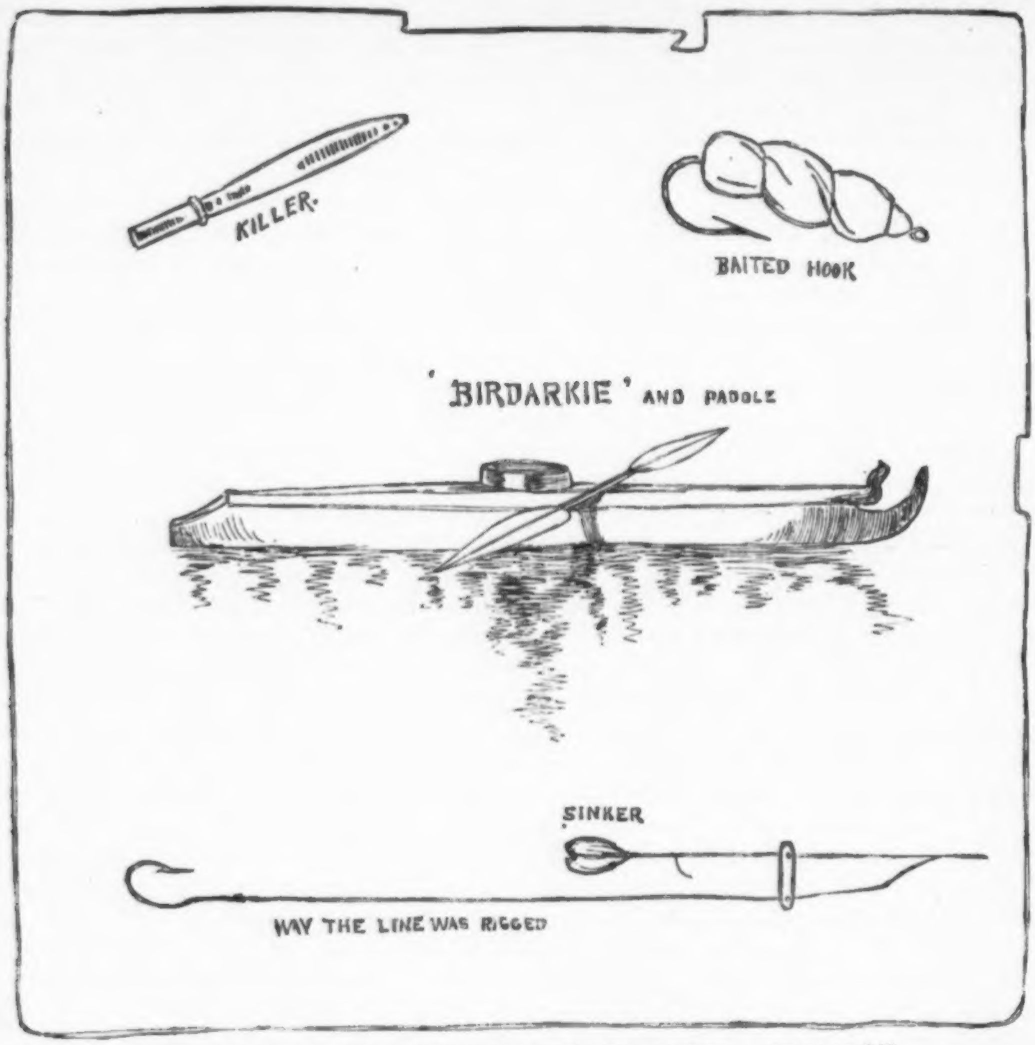
The Portuguese thus mentioned was the little "Maria" da Gloria, Queen of Portugal, who had succeeded to the throne on the abdication of her father, Dom Pedro, some three years previously. She was but one month older than the Princess Victoria, who, it was now becoming evident, was likely to become Queen of England; and the two children were dancing merrily together at some entertainment. It was, in fact, but eight years after that time that, at early dawn on the 20th of June, King William IV. passed away, and "our little Princess" was awakened from sleep to be told that she was "Queen of England."

Her first words to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who had come with others to announce her uncle's death, were: "I beg your Grace to pray for me;" and there and then they knelt to implore a blessing on the new Queen, and strength for the burden of care laid upon her. A little later, the same morning, she wrote a letter of loving sympathy to Queen Adelaide, to whom she was warmly attached, addressing it as usual, "Her Majesty the Queen." When it was suggested that it ought to be directed "Her Majesty the Queen Dowager," the girl answered: "I know it, but I will not be the first to remind her of her altered position."

It is not to be wondered at that a life and reign begun under such auspices should have resulted in gaining for the girl of eighteen called to be Queen over a great nation the love and respect of her whole people; given to her at first, perhaps, through the sympathy which all feel for the young when placed in difficult situations, but earned year by year, as life passed on, by the continuance of that simple modesty and constant thought for others which makes the whole world kin.

It is this abounding sympathy with others—the power of entering into their joys and sorrows, the true kindness of heart—which makes her remember every one who has ever been kind to her, and her touching gratitude for the love of her people, which, more than any other quality, has made her dear to them; although, as Queen, she has shown qualities which entitle her to respect and admiration, and the purity of her own life and of her Court has done much to raise the standard of morals in England, which had been disgusted and wearied with the debaucheries of the preceding Kings.

The strong power which simple kindness of heart has in wakening sympathy, and gaining a kindly judgment in return, is nowhere shown more forcibly than in the case of another Queen—the grandmother of the baby King of Spain—whose people could always find some extenuating circumstances in her otherwise miserable career because



CAMP-LIFE AMONG THE WHITE HILLS.—FISHING OUTFIT.—SEE PAGE 643.

she had gained their love, though not their respect, by ready sympathy and unaffected warm-heartedness.

The manner in which the Queen's mother brought up her daughter is matter of history—educating her with the greatest care and forethought for the exalted position which she was likely to fill, but keeping the child in absolute ignorance of her probable future dignity, lest it might make her vain or overbearing. The Duke of Kent was the favorite son of George III., and was superior to all his brothers in the qualities which command respect. He always had an idea that his brothers would die without issue, and used to show his baby girl, and say, jokingly, "Look at her well; she will yet be Queen of England." Less than a year after her birth, on the 3d of January, 1820, he died, of a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs, due to his staying playing with his child after coming in with wet feet from walking.

The Duchess of Kent was Louise Victoria of Saxe-Coburg, who had previously married the hereditary Prince of Leiningen, and had been left a widow with one child, Feodore, then about eight years old.

She was thus early left alone for the second time. "Almost friendless and unknown in this country," she writes, herself, "I could not even speak the language. I did not hesitate how to act. I gave up my home, my kindred, and other duties, to devote myself to a duty which was to be the sole object of my future life." How she fulfilled this duty, England knows, and in the love of the people for their Queen is always remembered the mother who, coming a stranger to the land, yet so nobly trained her child to be, above all things, an Englishwoman.

In a letter to Hannah More, written by William Wilberforce, the friend of Africa, we gain a pretty glimpse of the young widow with her child:

> "She (the Duchess of Kent) received me with her fine, animated child by her side, with its playthings, of which I soon became one. . . . She apologized for not speaking English well enough to talk it, but intimated a hope that she might speak it better and longer with me at some future time."

The Duchess of Kent and her two children lived in the ugly old Palace at Kensington, which stands as if forgotten by the world, almost without private grounds, looking out over the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens, away across Hyde Park, but with an approach at the back that is more like a stable-entrance than anything that could be called a palace. She lived the simplest of lives, nursing the little Princess Victoria at her own bosom, and attending personally to her washing and dressing. As the child grew older she had all her meals at a small table beside her mother. For ten years she never slept out of her mother's room. Breakfast was at eight o'clock; from ten to twelve the little Princess was regularly taught by the Duchess herself; at two was luncheon, afternoon lessons taking up an hour or so before the daily walk or drive. Sometimes, in the Summer evenings, the whole party would sit out under the trees on the lawn, and at nine the Princess went to bed. The rooms set apart for the Duchess of Kent occupied two sides of the Palace. Mrs. Brod, the nurse, to whom the child was devoted, is immortalized as "dear, dear Boppy." When not at Kensington the family resided at Claremont, now occupied by the young widowed Duchess of Albany and her children, or paid visits to Ramsgate, not then the haunt of "'Arrys from 'Ammersmith," where the little Princess might, be seen playing about, with her wooden spade, in "a colored muslin frock and wide straw hat," getting her feet wet by the waves, and altogether leading the same unrestricted, simple life as that of any common child.

Many are the little vignette pictures which may be gathered from personal reminiscences of the young Princess, to whom attention was early called on account of her being at least heir-apparent to the throne. Greville's opinion as to her plainness was not shared by others. A newspaper writer of the period describes her even as "remarkably beautiful, and her gay and animated countenance bespeaks perfect health and good temper. Her complexion is excessively fair, her eyes large and expressive and her cheeks blooming." Lord Albemarle gives a little picture of her in his "Autobiography." He calls her "a bright, pretty little girl, seven years of age," "impartially dividing the contents of her watering-pot between her flowers and her own little feet." The age, however, when Greville drew an unfavorable comparison between her and the child Queen of Portugal—

namely ten years—is not the most favorable to childish beauty.

As she grew up to womanhood there seems to have been but one opinion of her personal appearance. All agree in describing her as fresh-looking, sweet-faced, pretty and graceful, with a singularly clear and pleasing voice, which she still retains.

In her early days she would ask, "What good this? What good that?" when urged to learn her lessons, but she was soon interested in the pursuit of knowledge, and did credit to her mother's instruction.

It was not till she was past twelve years old that the Duchess of Kent consented to her being made aware of the possible dignity in store for her, and then it was done in a somewhat roundabout way. A genealogical table was placed, as if accidentally, between the pages of her history-book. From it she learned, for the first time, that there was no life between her and the King. Her conduct, on making this discovery for herself, was characteristic. "I will be good," she said. "I understand *now* why you urged me so much to learn even Latin. There is much splendor, but much responsibility."

On the day of her proclamation as Queen from the window of St. James's Palace she stood with her mother, surrounded by all the customary pageantry, while Garter King-at-Arms proclaimed her titles and estate, "To whom we acknowledge all faith and constant obedience, with all humble and hearty affection, beseeching God, by whom kings and queens do reign, to bless the Royal Princess, Alexandrina Victoria, with long and happy years to reign. God save the Queen!" Then the guns fired, bands struck up the national anthem, and the hearty acclamations of the people rent the air; in the midst of which the girl Queen broke down wholly, and, throwing herself upon her mother's neck, burst into weeping.

From the moment of her accession the young Queen made earnest efforts to enter into all the public business required of her. We have the records of her Ministers of her intelligence and of her desire to understand the matters they laid before her, and to act as became the great responsibility placed upon her. The most dreaded of all her functions was that of having personally to sign all death-warrants, which was at that time the duty of the sovereign. On one occasion she was pleading with the Duke of Wellington for the life of a man who had been sentenced to death.

"Have you nothing to say on behalf of this man?" she asked.

"Nothing, your Majesty. He has deserted three times."

"Oh, your Grace, think again."

"Well, your Majesty, he certainly is a bad soldier, but there was somebody who spoke as to his good character. He may be a good fellow in private life."

"Oh, thank you!" exclaimed the Queen, and, instead of signing the death-warrant, she wrote "Pardoned," before she placed her signature.

In November, 1837, the Queen attended her first Guildhall banquet, and signalized the occasion by creating the first Jewish knight in England—Sir Moses Montefiore—a fitting commencement of a reign marked by justice and liberality of opinion. When the old man died, recently, over a hundred years of age, the Queen was one of those who were most solicitous in her inquiries for him in his illness, and sent her representative to his funeral.

The coronation did not take place until the 28th of June, 1838. It was a day of great rejoicing, the spontaneous rejoicing of a great people than a state ceremonial. The coronation of George IV., whom all England loathed, cost £240,000, while that of Victoria, whom all England was learning to love, cost only £70,000. But London was filled with country people, arriving by coach and on foot; 400,000 were said to have come in for that day. The ceremony began in Westminster Abbey at 11:30, but from 4 A.M. the people who were fortunate enough to have tickets were in their places. As the Queen walked up the nave of the Abbey, the heavy coronation robes seemed to be too much for the slight, girlish figure, and she frequently raised them from her shoulders for a moment.

Five hours was the poor little Queen kept in these trying ceremonies! and when, at last, she escaped home, it was to cast crown and tiresome robes aside and give "Dash"—her favorite dog—his bath.

The story of Lord Rolle, who was over eighty years of age, falling down as he attempted to mount the steps of the throne to do homage, and of the young Queen jumping up to help him and to prevent his coming further, was just one of those—to her—ordinary incidents which gave a promise of her future to her people, and called forth their enthusiastic affection. It has become matter of history now, but to her people, who have known her kindness for fifty years, it seems the most natural thing for her to have done.

It was almost three years from the time of her accession that Queen Victoria—then not quite twenty—had to announce to her Council her intended marriage. She thus describes the scene herself: "Precisely at two I went in. The room was full, but I scarcely knew who were there. Lord Melbourne I saw looking at me with tears in his eyes, but he was not near me. I then read my short declaration. I felt that my hand shook, but I did not make one mistake. I felt most thankful and happy when it was over. Lord Lansdowne then rose, and, in the name of the Privy Council, asked that this most gracious and most welcome communication might be printed. I then left the room, the whole thing not taking more than two or three minutes. The Duke of Cambridge came into the small library where I was standing, and wished me joy."

The young Prince of Saxe-Coburg Gotha was born at Rosenau, three months after the Duchess of Kent had given birth to the Princess Victoria at Kensington. "When these two cousins grow up they must be husband and wife," remarked the old Duchess of Coburg, and, in spite of many obstacles, her dream came true.

CAMP-LIFE AMONG THE WHITE HILLS.—TROUT-FISHING.

The cousins had met first in 1836, during the lifetime of William IV., but their mutual affection seems to have sprung up at Prince Albert's second visit in 1839. Etiquette required that the Queen should be the one to make the proposal, and it was a trying ordeal for the young girl; although, no doubt, matters had been so far smoothed for her that it was not a very tremendous piece of boldness, after all.

England knew very little of the Prince except his personal appearance, which was decidedly handsome; but what it cared about was that it was a love match of the Queen's own seeking, and no state bargain. This was why he received such a hearty welcome to the country of his adoption, and why the rejoicings and the good wishes of the people at the marriage were so hearty and spontaneous. She was married on February 10th, 1840, her uncle, the Duke of Sussex, giving her away. Great were the festivities on that occasion. The theatres were all thrown open gratis, and through twenty-two miles of cheering spectators, and beneath innumerable arches, the young couple drove to Windsor, the Eton boys accompanying the carriage, "cheering and shouting as only schoolboys can," as the Queen herself said.

The wedding-cake was three yards in circumference, and weighed 300 pounds. It must have been a quaint-looking object, for on the top was a figure of Britannia blessing the bride and bridegroom, figures twelve inches in height, arrayed in the costume of ancient Rome!

The Queen's married life was, as we all know, a singularly happy one. She found herself shielded from many of the worries and anxieties which had hitherto tried her, and the affection between her and her husband grew, if possible, stronger with each year. Their tastes were similar. Both were good musicians and fair artists. The Prince Consort's first appearance in public, and the first speech he ever made in English, was at a meeting for the abolition of the slave trade in June, 1840. He soon began to make himself of note as a patron of art, and though placed in one of the most difficult positions ever occupied by man, and the object of suspicion to many who feared his influence over the Queen or his interference with matters of state, and who disliked his nationality, he passed through the trying ordeal with so much success that no one grudged him the title of the "Blameless Prince" or of "Albert the Good," by which he is now known. In that he made the life of the Queen happy, that he lightened her burdens, and, above all, that he, with her, brought up their children to believe

"'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith, than Norman blood,"

all England has reason to feel grateful to him.

The times have changed since royal people could imagine themselves of different flesh and blood from other people; but it is in England where their grave duties have been recognized—to use their influence and their leisure in forwarding all that is for the good of the many, and to set an example of that perfect modesty and kindliness of heart that mark "gentle folk." If there is no snob like the high-born snob for foolish insolence and ridiculous vanity, not the most rabid hater of all that is higher or better than himself can find a trace of such a feeling in any of the English royal family. It would be strange if it were so, for as the children grew up it was the constant practice of the Queen and Prince Albert to instill into them that their position required greater gentleness and a wider sympathy with others than were to be found elsewhere.

The two Princesses who were made to go into the servants' quarters to beg pardon of the housemaid, whose face they had blacked with her own blacklead brushes, "did not like it at all," though they did not mind having to pay for a new outfit for her with their own pocket-money; but it taught them a lesson they were not likely to forget. And this is but one of the many incidents of their home life which are told and remembered of the royal children. There is another of the Prince of Wales, when a child, being brought back to apologize to a small boy on the beach whose sand castle he had kicked down in mere wanton playfulness.

In 1848 the Queen purchased the estate of Balmoral, in the Highlands of Scotland, where she has ever since retreated for a portion of the year, to enjoy that perfect rest from Court cares and ceremonials which has always been so dear to her. Her own journal of "Our Life in the Highlands" has made every one familiar with the simple life she and her family have always led there, with her delight in the beautiful scenery of Scotland, and in the friendships which she formed with her tenants and the simple Highlanders. Her *incognita* journeys with the Prince Consort all have read of, and their thorough enjoyment of private life. But whether at Balmoral, at Osborne or at Windsor, the Queen has always made her people her special care, entered into their joys and sorrows, and made their interest her own.

At Osborne, in the Isle of Wight, where a portion of the year was also spent, was a Swiss cottage, which, with its grounds, was given to the royal children. In front of it are the nine flower-gardens of the nine children of the Queen. There are also the vegetable gardens where they worked under the direction of a gardener. In the cottage are a carpenter's shop for the boys and a well-appointed kitchen, larder and dairy where the princesses were taught to be good housewives. A museum of natural history and of curiosities collected by the family was also one of the adjuncts of the cottage. In this may be seen the clothes of two infants, sole survivors from a wreck, who were brought up by the Queen on the Osborne estate.

Politically, the Queen has been great, because she has known how to respect the Constitution and the liberties of England. By the expressed desire of William IV., Lord Melbourne undertook to give her thorough instruction in political economy and in constitutional government, and so well did he succeed in his task, that, as the Earl of Beaconsfield said of her, "the whole of the internal administration of this country greatly depends upon the sign-manual of our sovereign, and it may be said that her signature has never been placed to any public document of which she did not know the purpose, and of which she did not approve." There is not a dispatch received from abroad, or sent from the country abroad, which is not submitted to the Queen, and the Duke of Argyle has testified that "during all the years of the Queen's affliction, during which she lived in comparative retirement, she has omitted no part of that public duty which concerns her as sovereign of this country." It is true that since her widowhood she for many years deputed to the Princess of Wales the Court receptions and social duties, but even these she has resumed of late years, when it was evident that—popular and beloved as is the Princess of Wales—the people would not be content without their Queen coming among them as she had done in happier times.

Connected in the closest way with most of the foreign courts and principalities, never once has the Queen allowed her private feelings to influence, in the smallest degree, the decisions of her Ministers or the will of her people. She has preserved an absolute neutrality, even in cases where every one knew she must have strong personal feelings regarding events which were taking place on the Continent. Wherever her personal influence could be brought to bear in a good cause, without breach of this constitutional restraint, it has been exercised. In the Crimean War, the Queen wrote strongly to the general in command about the needless privations her soldiers were experiencing through a want of proper management and forethought. In 1861 the Queen and Prince Albert exerted their pacific influence in the settlement of the *Trent* affair, which would probably otherwise have developed into a war with the United States. When the draft of a treaty, arranging for peace and commerce between England and Madagascar was brought to her, she wrote on the margin, "Queen Victoria asks as a personal favor to herself that the Queen of Madagascar will allow no persecution of the Christians." When the treaty was signed and sent back it contained the words: "In accordance with the wish of Queen Victoria, the Queen of Madagascar engages that there shall be no persecution of the Christians in Madagascar."

What a contrast Queen Victoria presents to the so-called "great" Queen Elizabeth, who left her soldiers to die of cold and starvation in the Netherlands, whither she had sent them, rather than send them even the pay that was long due to them—from sheer penuriousness and love of money!

Outwardly, the Queen has been careful to observe the same strict neutrality with regard to her Ministers, but there has generally been a very good reason for the personal affection and respect she has felt for some of them, and she has known how to honor those who she knew had England's interests, and not their own agrandizement, at heart. Up to the time of her great sorrow in the loss of her husband, the Queen's life was filled with public duties, in making personal acquaintance with different parts of her realm, in receiving foreign potentates as well as in paying them visits with a view to establishing and preserving friendly relations with other countries.

There is a curious description in the newspapers of the day of her state visit to the City in 1854. She started from Buckingham Palace in full dress, and, wearing her crown and with sceptre in hand, at half-past two in the afternoon passed slowly between her cheering people. The dinner at Guildhall was at 5:30, and the royal people left the banquet at 8:30, about the time dinner nowadays commences. In 1843 she visited Louis Philippe of France at the Château d'Eu, and the next year he returned the visit. On June 21st, 1853, when there was a war scare, she reviewed her troops at Chatham, and her navy at Spithead.

Queen Victoria's first visit to Ireland took place in 1849, and in 1853 she went again to open the Exhibition in Dublin. Mr. William Dargan, who had spent a great part of his fortune in getting up this Exhibition in the hope of benefiting the country in which he was but a sojourner, having refused the baronetage which was offered to him, the Queen drove out to Mount Anneville, where he lived, some miles from Dublin, to visit his wife; an honor which was much more gratifying to him than a title which he had no son to inherit. Of the part which Prince Albert bore in the great Exhibition of 1851, and of its extraordinary success, it is not necessary to speak, but no single event has ever had a greater effect on the welfare of a nation. The Prince Consort's fostering care of art in England had been constant and earnest, but the possibility of comparing English products with those of other countries gave an impetus to art training which has revolutionized the country and enabled the English people not only to reach, but to surpass, the art productions of the countries which had hitherto held their monopoly.

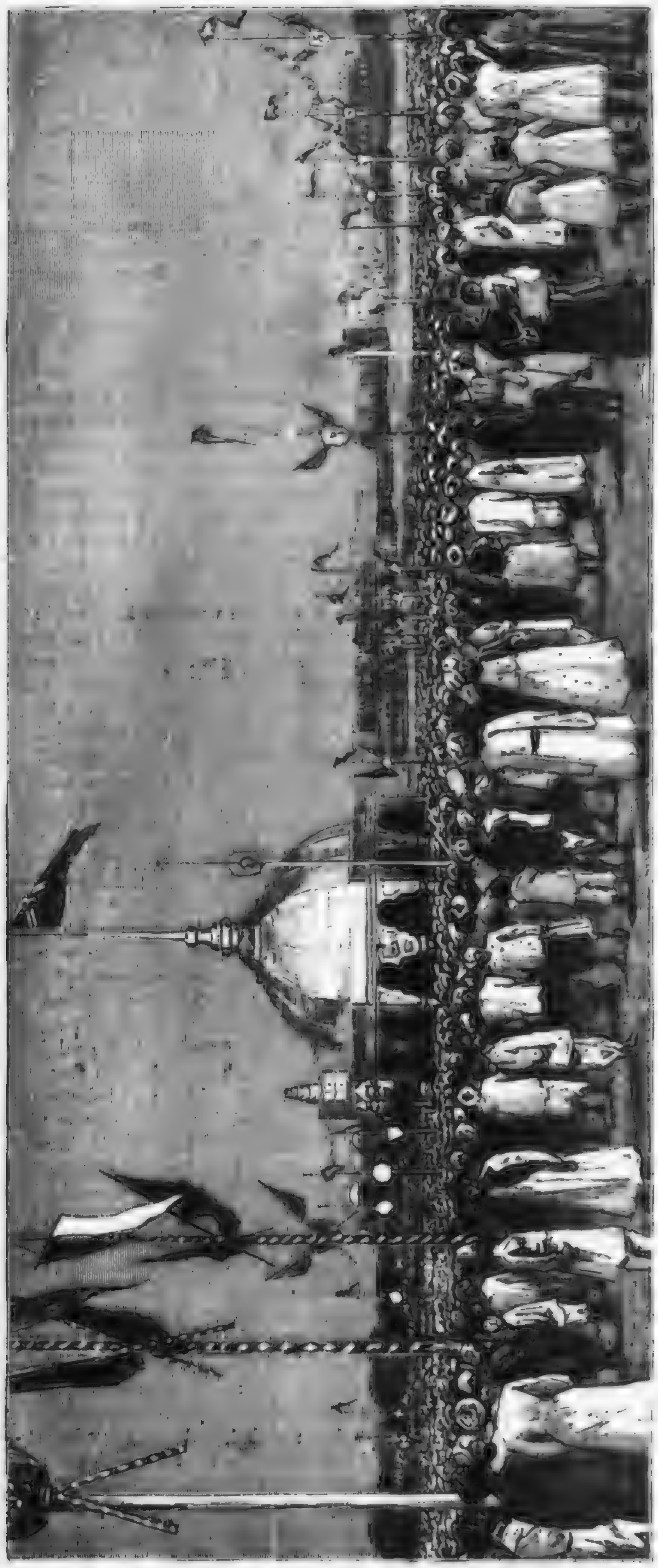
No one who was in England on that sad Sunday in December 15th, 1861, when the tolling of the church-bells at early dawn made known that the Queen was a widow, will ever forget it. The flags at half-mast; the dark December fog, seeming to sympathize with the feelings of the people; the universal sorrow. The question asked by all, "How will the Queen bear it?"—that was the chief thought, the great anxiety; for the home life of the royal family was familiar to all, and there was no one who did not feel the blow as a personal one. It was truly a nation in mourning. Once again, in 1872, the people shared her sorrow and her anxiety when the Prince of Wales hung between life and death from the same disease which had carried off his father. At length, on the very anniversary of the Prince Consort's death, the crisis was past, and a few weeks later the people who had crowded the post-offices and any place where the latest bulletins were posted, to hear each hour's report, crowded the streets to greet him and his mother as they drove to St. Paul's on "Thanksgiving Day," as it was called.

In the letter which the Queen wrote to her people two days later, she said: "Words are too weak for the Queen to say how deeply touched and gratified she has been by the immense enthusiasm and affection exhibited toward her dear son and herself, from the highest down to the lowest, on the long progress through the streets of the capital. . . . . . The remembrance of this day will for ever be affectionately treasured by the Queen and her family."

In this illness the Princess Alice, who, perhaps, was always the favorite of the nation, had joined with the Princess of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh in nursing him. It was remembered of her that when her father lay dying she had controlled her own grief to be able to play and to sing to him the music which he so much loved, and when her own sad death occurred, six years later, of diphtheria, caught in nursing her husband and children, the nation sorrowed as for a personal loss, and heard with pride that she had asked that she might be borne to the grave covered with the English flag. An Englishwoman before all things, simple and devoted in her life, spreading blessing and joy wherever she went, and as dear to her husband's subjects as to her own English people.

When the young Duke of Albany died so suddenly at Nice, he was mourned as much for his own sake as for the sorrow to the Queen. Already he had taken his place, which was, more or less, on the same lines as his father's in society. He was especially the patron of art, and the few speeches he had made in public had shown him to be possessed of that true liberality and republicanism which, as he himself said, "made him unable to conceive of any one being better than another in any sense but that of having acted better."

Never has there been a national catastrophe or a calamity in which Queen Victoria has not been ready with her sympathy, and help if needed. To the deposed Emperor of the French she was a warm friend, and her affection for the now widowed and childless Empress has been constant. When President Garfield was shot she was one with all the world in her anxious solicitude over the noble soul so long struggling between life and death,



THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.—GENERAL VIEW OF THE NATIVE FAIR, BOMBAY.

and when all was over she telegraphed to Mrs. Garfield :

> "Words cannot express the deep sympathy I feel with you in this terrible moment. May God comfort and support you, as He alone can."

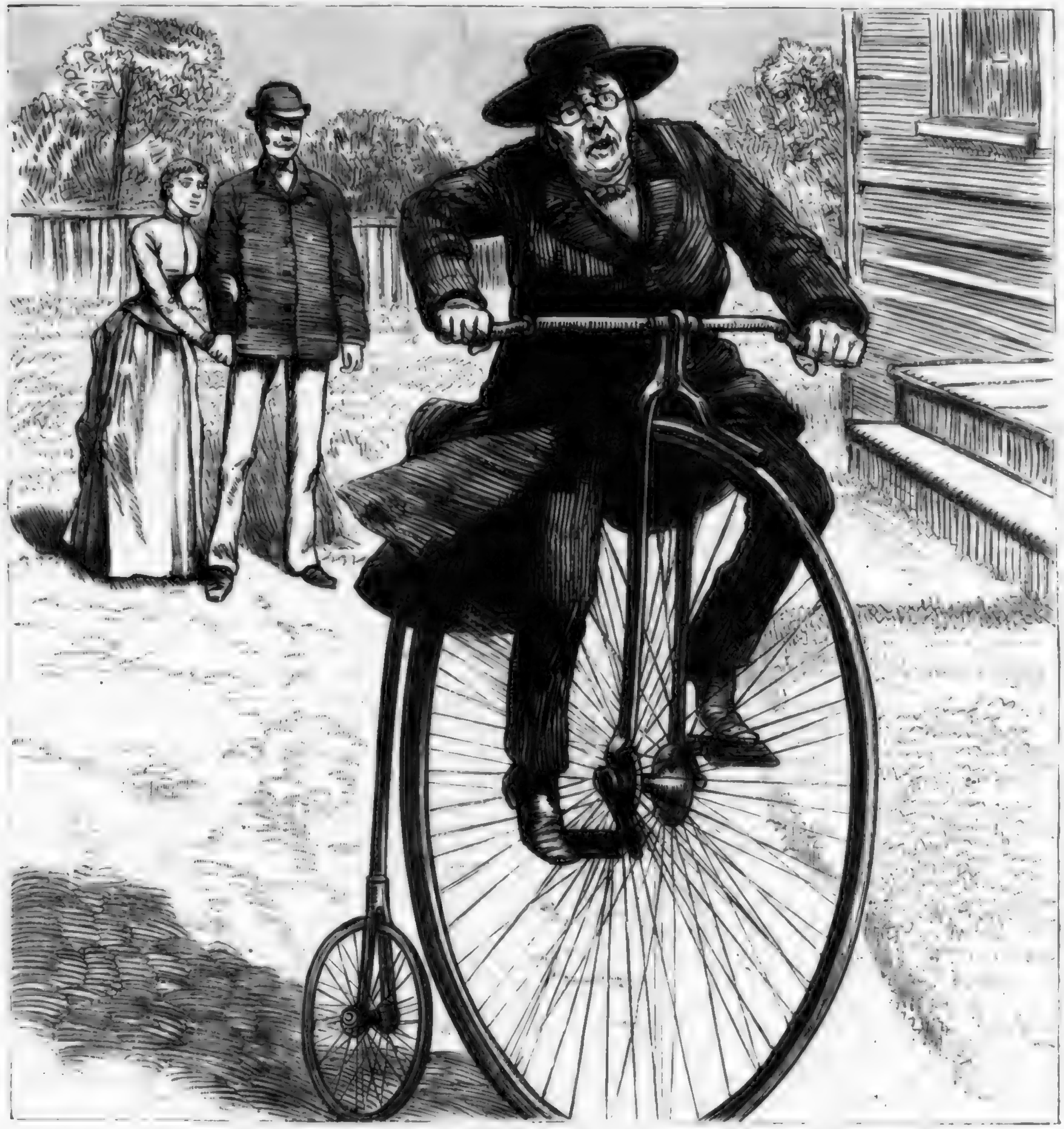
And she further wrote, herself, a sympathizing letter to Mrs. Garfield, as she had done twenty years before, when Abraham Lincoln was assassinated. But it is not alone in national but in private troubles, that she is first to sympathize, first to telegraph for details of a colliery accident or a shipwreck, first to send a word of comfort to the widows or friends. She has shown the like solicitude about all her colonies and her Indian subjects. On New Year's Day, 1877, Queen Victoria was at Delhi and other Indian cities proclaimed as Empress of India with much pomp and ceremony.

She was deeply interested in the success of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition held last year in London, and herself opened it with all the stately ceremony of former days. On that occasion, when she made a short address in answer to that of the Prince of Wales, the President of the Commission, her voice was as clear and bell-like as ever, every word being heard with the greatest distinctness. She was received with a perfect ovation by the thousands assembled, for it was the first great state ceremonial in which she had borne a part since her widowhood. Afterward she paid many visits to the Exhibition, and received her foreign subjects at Windsor.

The retirement in which the Queen has lived has been constantly regretted by her people, and it was in answer to their universally expressed desire that she began once more to take up the social duties which she had so long relegated to others.

If all England seems to be a little beside herself this Year of the Jubilee—if she is spared till June, the good Queen will complete the fiftieth year of her reign—it is not to be wondered at, for the nation is as proud of her as it is fond of her, and grateful for the peace and progress which have blessed her reign — a reign and a life which have been the fit sequence of that scene in the dawn of the June morning fifty years ago, when the girl of eighteen heard of the dignity that had fallen to her, and received it, saying : "I beg your Grace to pray for me !"

Our liberty turned, indeed, on a cup of tea. How great must have been the sacrifice of American dames of high and low degree when, a century ago, they had to make the terrible option between "Give me liberty !" or "Give me tea !"



A LEGACY ON WHEELS.—"THE REV. DAVID LYDGATE WAS MOUNTED ON A BICYCLE, AND WAS PRACTICING THE ART OF PROPELLING IT."

A LEGACY ON WHEELS.

By Frances B. Currie.

When Gabrielle Lydgate was twenty-one years old, her father's brother wrote a letter, in which he proposed making her his housekeeper. Her uncle was rich, while her father was an indigent Congregational minister. Her uncle's residence was a superb mansion in the City of Hartford—her father's, a shabby little parsonage in the village of Garth. Her uncle offered to provide her with excellent teachers, rich clothing and luxurious surroundings; her father could barely support her. Her uncle wrote that if she proved a valuable addition to his household he would bequeath her "an appropriate legacy." It therefore depended upon her conduct what that legacy should be. When her father died he would leave her an inheritance of poverty. Nevertheless, when Gabrielle read the letter, her inclination was to remain with her dear old father.

If she left home, her aunt, Polly Ann Pierce, must needs "keep house" at the parsonage. Mrs. Pierce had a system of housekeeping that would be trying to the good pastor's patience. Gabrielle shuddered at the severe "ridding up" his cozy study would be constantly receiving under her aunt's management. Mrs. Pierce was a maniac on the subject of ventilation, and preferred to live in a draft, while her unfortunate brother was subject to laryngitis, and was in constant terror of being rendered speechless. Gabrielle could imagine her aunt throwing open the doors and windows of the parsonage, thereby scattering the leaves of the minister's sermon broadcast over the garden, and giving him a miserable cold. Mrs. Pierce would make him don his old clothes every time he wished to lie upon a lounge, lest he should wrinkle his better ones. She would manage him just as she had managed the late unhappy Mr. Pierce. That unfortunate gentleman had lived only three years after he married Polly Ann Lydgate, and had died of nervous prostration—which, being interpreted, means that he was worried to death. Mr. Marmaduke Lydgate knew exactly what he was doing when he chose his niece for his housekeeper, and left the redoubtable Polly Ann to rule the parsonage.

In his supreme unworldliness, the Rev. David Lydgate never gave his brother's offer of "an appropriate legacy" a second thought. He remembered that his brother was an unhappy invalid, who had neither wife nor child to soothe his sufferings, and he believed that Gabrielle would be a comfort to him. She was a capital housekeeper and a tender nurse. She had rare musical talent that could not be cultivated in Garth, and her father realized that this offer would afford her the long-coveted opportunity for instruction. It appeared to him that Providence had prompted the invitation, and he therefore insisted that Gabrielle should accept it. She had never disobeyed her father, yet she would have broken her rule and staid at home but for a single consideration. She was anxious to earn her own living, and she believed she could accomplish this object if she knew more of music. She had witnessed all of her father's pathetic efforts to maintain a genteel appearance upon a salary that a mechanic might have scorned, and she was eager to lighten his burden. Her uncle's offer promised the desired opportunity.

She went to Hartford with her head full of plans and her heart full of compassion. Her heart ached for the lonely old man in the little parsonage, as well as for the other lonely old man who had for years been confined to one room of his Hartford mansion.

Gabrielle Lydgate was an attractive girl, with a spirited face, laughing gray eyes and a mouth that could be sweet or stubborn as her mood varied. She was a wholesome girl, with few foibles and a perfectly frank and genial nature. Her life of self-denial at the parsonage, and her habitual meeting with real difficulties, had made her more practical than most girls of her age. She was never hysterical, and never morbid.

She was very much astonished when her uncle described the nature of his malady. Marmaduke Lydgate was a hopeless hypochondriac. He had not crossed the threshold of his room for several years, and moved about that apartment with extreme caution. He was not too weak to walk, but he labored under the absurd hallucination that his legs had ceased to be flesh and bone, and had slowly changed into plaster-of-paris! He gravely described their extreme liability to be broken. He told his niece of all he had done to prevent this calamity. He had swathed the fragile members in layers of cotton batting, as he might have prepared a Parian figure for packing. Besides this, he had a dado of thick padding around the four walls and doors of his room, had the furniture upholstered to its feet, and had banished rocking-chairs from the apartment. Rocking-chairs, he said, had a nefarious habit of "barking" the shins of the unwary. This was a serious experience, even to a person whose legs were in their normal condition, but to a man who had legs of plaster he claimed that rockers were calamitous.

To this recital our practical Gabrielle listened with various emotions. Sometimes she felt convinced that her uncle was a confirmed lunatic and would be a dangerous person to deal with. Then she was inwardly convulsed at the absurdity of his delusion and of her own position. Her father had enjoined her to be a tender and sympathetic nurse. She had supposed that this sympathy would come spontaneously. Had her uncle been afflicted with mumps, with measles, or malaria, she might have successfully brought him through to convalescence. If he had broken a leg she might have helped a surgeon to mend it, providing it was an orthodox human leg; but she mentally acknowledged that she was not mechanic enough to mend one made of plaster.

I am afraid that Gabrielle was not always a credit to her father's teachings, for sometimes she entirely forgot to be sympathetic. Sometimes she was so affected by the comical figure that her uncle cut in his bulged-out clothing that she was nearly suffocated by suppressed laughter. Once she was obliged to seek refuge for hours in her room, because she was certain that if she faced the plaster gentleman she would arouse his fury and disgrace herself by an uncontrollable peal of merriment.

In spite of her irreverent disregard for her uncle's legs, Miss Lydgate contributed largely to that afflicted gentleman's comfort. In a short time his elegant but gloomy house began to assume the appearance of a home, his servants lost their slatternly look, and the domestic wheels of the household moved as if they had been newly oiled. She plunged into her musical studies with all the enthusiasm of an earnest aspirant, and made such progress that she was innocently proud of her achievements.

During this time a great many medical men visited Marmaduke Lydgate. He considered his disease a serious one. Any person who believed his body was changing from human flesh and blood to inhuman sand and gypsum would have been of the same opinion. He sent for every physician of note in his vicinity, and exhibited his bandaged limbs with pride. He took considerable credit to himself because he had a disease that the medical faculty could not cure. The doctors considered him interesting because his delusion was sincere. Some of them prescribed for the patient. Hot water, flagellation and physical exercise were recommended, but Mr. Lydgate would entertain none of these remedies.

"If you valued an image made of plaster-of-paris," he said, "you would never think of soaking it in hot water, nor of pounding it, nor yet of dragging it through the streets. My legs are quite as valuable as your image!"

One old practitioner became very much disgruntled over the state of affairs, and told Mr. Lydgate that his disease was wholly imaginative.

"Your legs are a heap healthier than your head," he said.

Gabrielle fancied that the doctors visited the plaster legs just as persons went to see the figures in Mrs. Jarley's Wax-works. They came often, looking tired and bored, but lost their apathy in the novel sick-room.

Dr. Guy Fletcher had become an *habitué* of the house, and had gained Gabrielle's esteem and the hypochondriac's liking. Fletcher was a young man with a keen, intelligent face and a strong, athletic body. Besides being a skillful physician, he was an enthusiastic wheelman. He considered Mr. Lydgate's self-imposed imprisonment a calamity, and was bent on curing the old man's disordered mind. His method was a novel one, for he prescribed a bicycle as a specific for the insidious disease. He argued that there was nothing in the action of propelling a bicycle to damage the destructible legs. He was a clever talker, and while his patient had no intention of risking a "header" on one of the much-lauded bicycles, he became interested in their use and manufacture. The two men held long conversations concerning the merits and demerits of "vulcanite handles," "detachable cranks," "suspension saddles," etc. Gabrielle often came in during these "bicycle meets," as she called them, and was glad at heart that her uncle had found a new theme for conversation. She had no idea what "elliptical hollow forks" were for, nor what Dr. Fletcher meant when he talked of "handle bars screwed to the lugs." She knew less about bicycles than about balloons, and much of the talk concerning the former was unintelligible to her. Nevertheless, she was profoundly grateful to hear anything discussed in lieu of the hackneyed legs. I am sorry to say that she had experienced desperate moments when she seriously thought of sticking a pin into one of the plaster members to prove that they were not as insensible as her uncle supposed.

In spite of her skepticism, Dr. Fletcher had become deeply interested in Miss Lydgate. Like most young men, he had his ideal, and Gabrielle seemed very like this interesting creature of his brain. His practice brought him in contact with so many nervous and excitable women that he would not marry any but one with a sincere and healthy mind. Gabrielle was refined, sensitive and pretty, and in these respects was still more like the "ideal." She was a country clergyman's daughter, and presumably poor; and Fletcher had resolved to marry no woman with a fortune. His brother had married an heiress, and his life with her had been specially unhappy. The heiress had a temper of her own, and was constantly accusing her husband of having mercenary motives for marrying her. Dr. Fletcher had a comfortable income, and he was resolved that, whenever he married, his wife should be dependent upon him for her support. He considered that his brother was degraded by living in grander fashion than he alone could maintain. After a time, when Dr. Fletcher had learned more of Gabrielle's character, he determined to ask her to be his wife. He sought her presence constantly, and wondered how she could keep her heart so blithe in her uncle's house.

Dr. Fletcher scored a wonderful success with Marmaduke Lydgate, for he persuaded him to go out of doors to visit an establishment where bicycles were manufactured. Fletcher went with him as a sort of bodyguard, for the old gentleman was weak from long inaction. The doctor was much elated at his success, and thought enjoyably of how amazed Gabrielle would be when she heard that her uncle had walked three blocks to look at a bicycle.

"I'll have the old gentleman riding one," he thought, delightedly, and he had a grotesque fancy that he would like to see the plaster-of-paris legs propelling one. "First he'll walk, and then he'll ride, just as in some remote period he learned to creep before he walked."

Gabrielle was out of doors, and did not see Fletcher's triumphant march from the house with the hypochondriac leaning on his arm. She had been walking briskly and setting the blood to flowing warmly through her veins. She was nearly home, when she stopped on the top of a hill to watch a party of children who were coasting. One chubby youngster, in a saucy Tam-o'-Shanter cap, offered to lend her his sled. Gabrielle hesitated. In Garth tobogganing was not fashionable, and coasting was a pastime permissible only to children. However, the descent looked inviting, and, as she had very few acquaintances in Hartford, she thought she would accept the child's offer and risk being seen by any one who knew her. She felt as light-hearted as a child herself, as she took her place on the sled and started it. She abandoned herself to the pleasure of the moment. She had an almost intoxicating sense of freedom as the sled gained velocity, and the brisk air blew her hair in her eyes and set the feathers on her hat in violent commotion.

She could not control the sled any better than she could have managed a locomotive. She could neither steer nor stop it as it rushed with the rapidity of a cyclone to the bottom of a hill. There it struck the curbstone, and, to her horror, brought up with a frightful jolt against a gentleman's legs, causing him to sit violently down upon the sidewalk.

Gabrielle sprang to her feet, in an agony of shame and remorse. She realized that she had run her sled against her uncle's destructible legs and knocked him down.

That was the end of her musical studies, and of her residence in Marmaduke Lydgate's house. He sent her home in disgrace to her father.

* * * * * *

When Gabrielle returned to Garth she found her father greatly embarrassed by the death of his horse. This animal had been named Old Hundred because it had taken the pastor's last hundred dollars to purchase it, and because it was supposed to be something like one hundred years of age. The Rev. David Lydgate believed his horse had died of old age, but Polly Ann Pierce was of a different opinion. She said that eight hundred dollars a year would not support a clergyman, his housekeeper and his horse. One of the three was bound to succumb, and, fortunately for the others, it chanced to be the horse who went under. He hadn't exactly starved to death, she said, but he had grown tired of living on hay while other brutes ate oats—just as Polly Ann had wearied of buckwheat cakes and longed for plum-pudding. He was a stubborn old brute, and he had resolved he would die rather than swallow another mouthful of his cheap fodder.

Mr. Lydgate's parish extended over an area of fifteen miles, and he was required to visit every member of his congregation. He did not know how to accomplish this feat without the assistance of a horse, and, as his funds were low, he could not replace his loss.

It is quite possible that the congregation would have presented their pastor with a horse, but for a sudden ambition that had sprung up in the parish to possess a church organ. Every church in the county excepting the Garth Congregational Church had an organ, and it seemed deplorable that this one place of worship should be so behind the others. For months no one who could play a church organ had lived in Garth, but when Gabrielle Lydgate returned from Hartford the congregation decided that she should be the organist. Hers was to be purely a labor of love, for the congregation that paid eight hundred dollars to its minister would pay nothing to its organist.

The instrument was purchased for eighteen hundred dollars, and by its purchasers was regarded as the most marvelous piece of mechanism ever invented. Gabrielle Lydgate was considered extremely fortunate in being permitted to touch its ivory keys, and even the man who was expected to blow the bellows for this sacred instrument was counted a very lucky fellow. Imagine the general consternation when Miss Lydgate flatly refused to play the organ, because she did not approve of its purchase. She said that an eighteen-hundred-dollar organ was incompatible with an eight-hundred-dollar minister. She said she would have nothing whatever to do with it. Then her mouth assumed an expression of stubbornness that augured ill for the musical treat that had been anticipated.

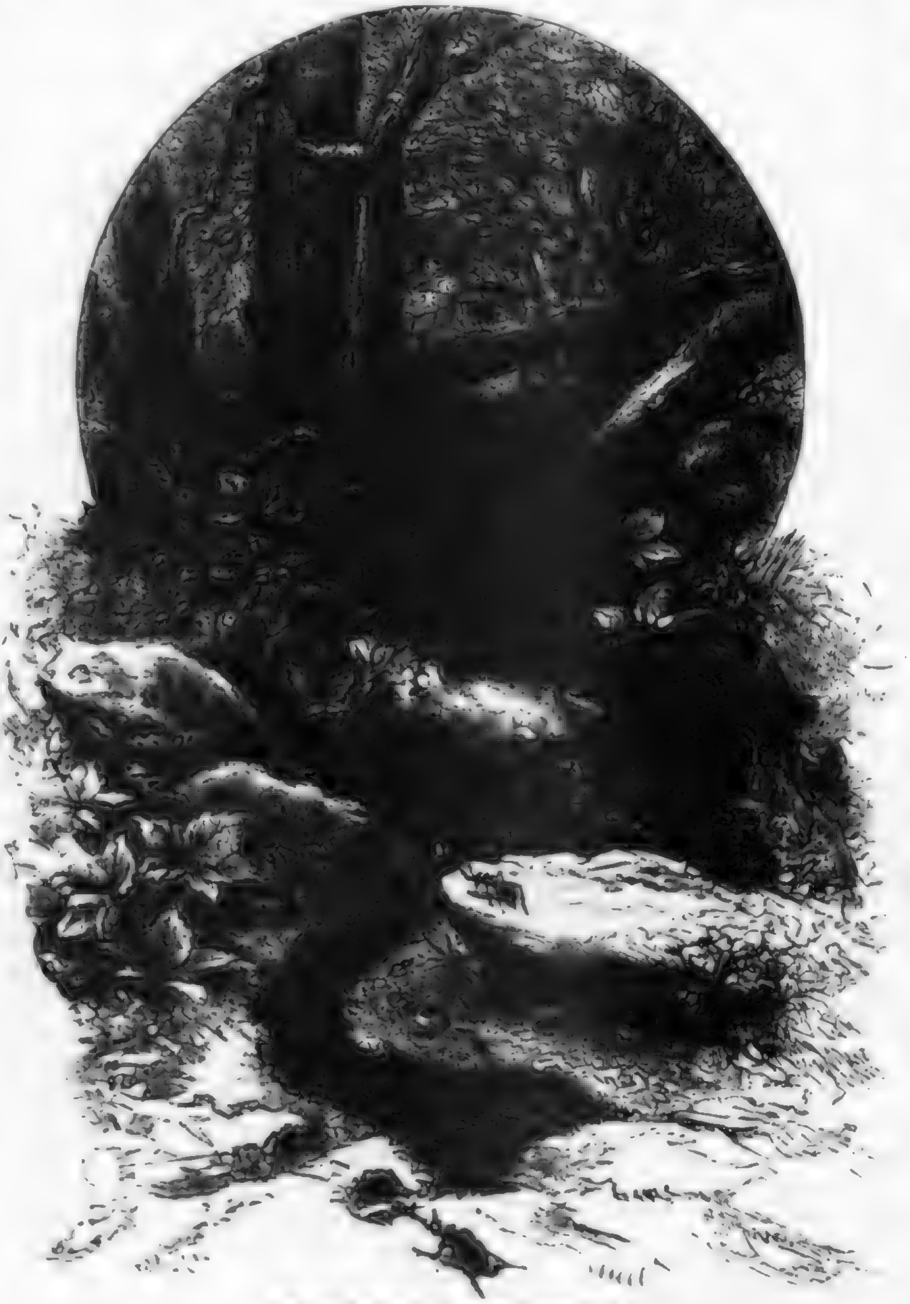
Gabrielle immediately became the most unpopular woman in Garth. While the organ was dumb its purchasers denounced her. Everybody declared that she ought to be made to furnish music for the congregation whether she wanted to do it or not. And while the people stormed about her, word came from Hartford that Marmaduke Lydgate had suddenly died of acute dyspepsia and had left her the promised legacy. Rumor stated that she was a rich woman, and could replace Old Hundred one hundred times if she was so disposed.

* * * * * *

When Miss Lydgate had aroused her uncle's fury her banishment had been so sudden that Dr. Fletcher had no opportunity to bid her Good-by. She had left no word of farewell for him, for in her overwhelming shame at her childish exploit she had no wish but that he would forget her.

Of course he did *not* forget her. No one could easily forget Gabrielle Lydgate, and she was seldom out of Dr. Fletcher's thoughts. His love for her had been of slow and gradual growth, but that had not rendered it less sincere, nor less abiding. He was an earnest man, with a determined will and a generous nature. His devotion to pretty Gabrielle Lydgate was no meagre offering. As soon as his professional duties permitted, he left Hartford and followed her to Garth. There he stopped at the village inn, and heard the gossip of the place; heard that the minister's horse was dead; heard of the new church organ and of Gabrielle's obstinacy; and, finally, he heard what troubled him exceedingly, that she had received a handsome legacy from the deceased hypochondriac. All his brother's unhappiness recurred to Fletcher's mind. He did not believe that Gabrielle would ever twit him with having courted her for her money, nor ever try to make him feel that he was financially benefited if she agreed to marry him. Still, he reflected, that he could never feel that he was master of his own house if married to a woman who could buy a better home than he provided, and he would miss what would be inexpressibly sweet to him—his wife's unlimited dependence upon him. He determined that he would not ask Gabrielle to be his wife until he had tried again to live without her. After having called to see her he would go back to practice in Hartford.

Suppose she cared for him! The thought quickened his pulses and started the blood to flowing warmly in his veins. She had appeared to like him. If she had read his heart and learned to care for him, could he sacrifice her happiness, as well as his own, for his prejudice against marrying an heiress? He determined to see her at once and to judge whether or not his love for her was returned. He went across the fields to the parsonage, approaching the house from the back and surprising Gabrielle in the garden. The atmosphere was cold, but she had gone out of doors to avoid her father. There were traces of tears upon her face that she did not wish him to see. Poor Gabrielle! The criticism she was receiving because of her obstinacy was depressing her. Some of the deacons of the church had declared that she was not a consistent member of their society. A Congregational church, they said, must be sustained by its members, and any member who refused to do the church a reasonable service ought to be expelled from its membership. A meeting was to be held for the purpose of deciding whether or not the pastor's daughter should be excommunicated, and it must be confessed that the sentiment of the congregation was against her.



ON THE WAY TO THE PARSONAGE.

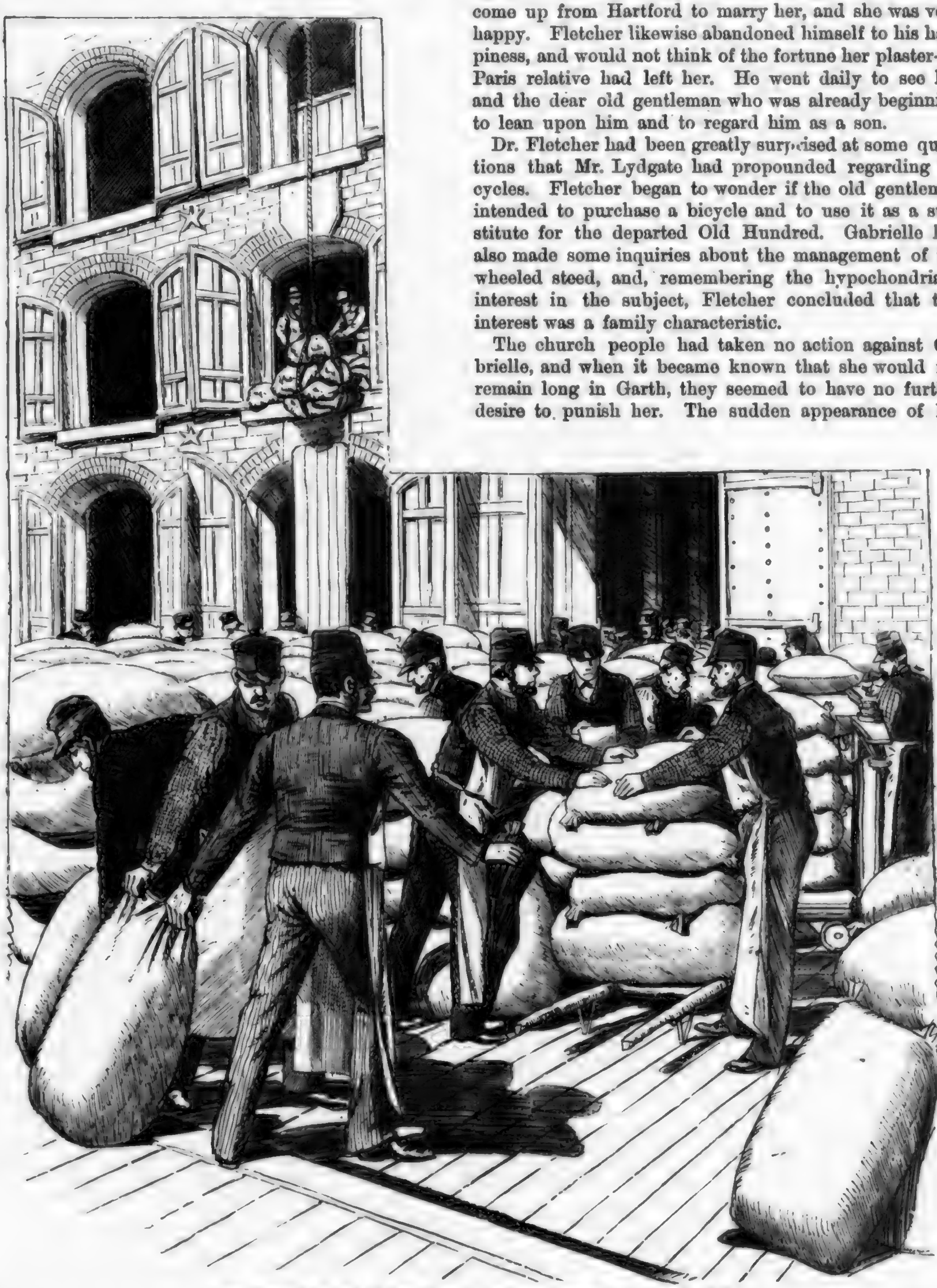
Dr. Fletcher was startled by the change in her. She had lost some of her pretty color, and the elasticity of her step was gone. Her eyes were downcast and tearful. She was dressed very simply, in a dark blue woolen dress, that was very unlike the costume of an heiress. The doctor forgot the objectionable legacy. He forgot his brother's unhappiness. He forgot his resolution to return home without telling her that his life without her was desolate, and that he was starving for her affections. He approached her suddenly, taking her hands before she was aware of his presence. He heard her stifled cry of joy at seeing him, and he broke all of his fine resolutions in a breath.

"Gabrielle," he said, "I can do without you no longer. I entreat you to be my wife."

Dr. Fletcher decided to remain in Garth for a month. The good pastor wished to become acquainted with his prospective son-in-law, and the doctor was in no haste to leave his betrothed. Gabrielle was her radiant self again. She was justly proud of the big fellow who had come up from Hartford to marry her, and she was very happy. Fletcher likewise abandoned himself to his happiness, and would not think of the fortune her plaster-of-Paris relative had left her. He went daily to see her and the dear old gentleman who was already beginning to lean upon him and to regard him as a son.

Dr. Fletcher had been greatly surprised at some questions that Mr. Lydgate had propounded regarding bicycles. Fletcher began to wonder if the old gentleman intended to purchase a bicycle and to use it as a substitute for the departed Old Hundred. Gabrielle had also made some inquiries about the management of the wheeled steed, and, remembering the hypochondriac's interest in the subject, Fletcher concluded that this interest was a family characteristic.

The church people had taken no action against Gabrielle, and when it became known that she would not remain long in Garth, they seemed to have no further desire to punish her. The sudden appearance of her lover had so aroused their curiosity that the gossips had no time to discuss any subject but the prospective marriage.



THE COFFEE TRADE OF NEW YORK.—STORING COFFEE.—SEE PAGE 663.

If there was any shadow on Fletcher's happiness it was his knowledge of Gabrielle's inheritance, and one day he told her that he was selfish enough to regret that she had received it. To his surprise she heard his confession without comment. When he had finished she asked him to accompany her to the garden, where he witnessed a performance that tried his risibles more than he dared to acknowledge.

The Rev. David Lydgate was mounted on a bicycle, and was practicing the art of propelling it. The bicycle was a tall one, and Mr. Lydgate was a very short man. He wore a broad-brimmed felt hat, long trousers and an ulster. He also wore his spectacles, and was greatly embarrassed by the weight and cut of his garments, and by the difficulty he experienced in keeping the glasses on his nose. Still, he declared that he was "beginning to get the knack of the thing," and that he would soon be an expert wheelman. When they had watched him for a few moments Gabrielle and the doctor re-entered the house. The girl's eyes were shining with amusement, but her mouth was preternaturally grave.

"Since we are so soon to be married," she said, "it is only right that you should read a copy of my uncle's will and know what my possessions really are. You have expressed a desire that they shall be so invested that I will have exclusive right to them, and that you shall be unable to profit by them. When you have read the will you may alter your mind."

"I have no desire to read it, Gabrielle."

"But I insist! If you do *not* read it I will not marry you."

He caught her in his arms and held her despite her resistance.

"You are mine," he said, "for I have conquered you, obstinate little maid though you are. It is too late to refuse to marry me. But come, I will read the will. If you are too rich for my comfort I will testify that your uncle was insane and incapable of making a will. Then his property will go to your father and aunt, who ought to have it."

He seated himself and spread the document out before him. It was a curious will, written in the testator's hand, and witnessed by his servants. It provided that the bulk of his estate should be equally divided between his brother, David Lydgate, and his sister, Polly Ann Pierce. Only the two final paragraphs of the will referred to Gabrielle. They were as follows:

> "To my niece, Gabrielle Lydgate, I bequeath the sum of one hundred dollars, which shall be found in the upper drawer of my cabinet, and which amount I desire her to receive as soon after this document is read as will be possible. The aforesaid one hundred dollars must be used for the sole purpose of purchasing a bicycle. This behest is made in fulfillment of my promise that I would bequeath to my niece what I considered an appropriate legacy.
>
> "I do solemnly believe and aver that the aforesaid Gabrielle Lydgate did willfully and recklessly attempt to break both of my legs simultaneously; and having seen her amusing herself at boyish pastimes in the *public* streets, I am convinced that her character is hoidenish, and her conduct unseemly. I therefore bequeath to my niece, Gabrielle Lydgate, the aforesaid one hundred dollars for the purchase of a bicycle, and I trust that this rebuke may teach her better behavior."

Fletcher turned quickly to see what effect this crazy document had upon Gabrielle's mind, and found her laughing.

"My father will not receive his share of my uncle's property for a year," she said; "but, since he can make better use of it than I, I have given him my entire fortune. He intends to use it as a substitute for Old Hundred until he receives my uncle's legacy. After that he will have a horse and resume his dignity."

"I cannot give your uncle's conduct the criticism it deserves," Fletcher said, "for I am too happy in knowing that the aforesaid Gabrielle Lydgate is as poor as a church mouse."

He had risen from his chair and had drawn her to his side, his arm encircling her waist and his eyes full of tenderness.

"She 'travels safe and not unpleasantly,'" he quoted, "'who is guarded by poverty and guided by love.'"

TERMINATIONS OF WORDS.

OUR writers are singularly inconsistent and confusing in the use of the terminations *ant* and *ent*. This is due to French influences, the French giving a certain preference to *ant* mainly in consequence of their pronunciation, in which *ant* and *ent* are not distinguished. In English *ant* and *ent* are distinguished, and in spelling the *ant* ought to follow the first conjugation in Latin, *ent* the second and third. Latent, mendicant, potent, ignorant, pungent, ruminant, dependent, visitant, prudent, merchant, absorbent, inhabitant, student, vagrant, president, arrogant, opponent, elegant, absent, observant, resident, and expectant, are all right. But defendant, assistant and tenant are wrong, defendent, assistent and tenent being justified by etymology. Worcester, who is very careful in such things and distinctly preferable to Webster, tries to discriminate between the nouns confidant, descendant, dependant, and the adjectives confident, descendent and dependent; but this differentiation is not justified in reason or fact. The French precedent is inconsistent and bad; usage is neither consistent nor specially good. For this reason one is justified in spelling defendent, especially as no careful speaker says defendant. At any rate, one need not respect the customary confusion in the endings *ant* and *ent*. A similar confusion reigns in the use of the endings *able* and *ible*. The point to get at in all such things is not a mere authority, but a good reason. If we demand a reason in religion, why not in spelling?

ANOMALIES OF ENGLISH LAW.—English law in matters of religion is well-known to be peculiar. No one will be much surprised to hear that by an unrepealed statute of the good young Edward VI., imprisonment for life is still a clergyman's punishment for persistently speaking against the Prayer Book, or that by an Act of William III., civil servants of the Crown who have been brought up as Christians must be adjudged incapable of retaining their appointments upon a conviction of having, even in the most private intercourse, denied the divine authority of Scripture; but few will read without astonishment that the Canon Law, though partly revised so recently as 1865, still forbids ministers to cast out devils *without episcopal license*, and that not even the Archbishop of Canterbury himself could allow persons ecclesiastical to wear light-colored stockings, or to board and lodge at an inn.

SOME workmen, while removing brickwork that had surrounded a tank in the late South Kensington Aquarium, found ten eels secreted in a crevice of the masonry, which was perfectly dry. The tank was removed eighteen days before, when the Aquarium had been dismantled, so that the fish must have been without water during the whole of that time. When placed in water they appeared to have been in no way injured by their terrestrial experience.

THE COFFEE TRADE OF NEW YORK.

By Oscar Willoughby Riggs.

One of the most interesting features of the trade of the chief city of the Republic, the Giant Mother of Commerce, as New York has not inappropriately been called, is the traffic in coffee. The number of steamers, large and small, of sailing-craft of all rigs, which come to the metropolis in a year, laden with cargoes of the famous berry, would make a procession of the mercantile marine well worth seeing. The coffee commerce is unquestionably one of the most important items in our foreign transactions.

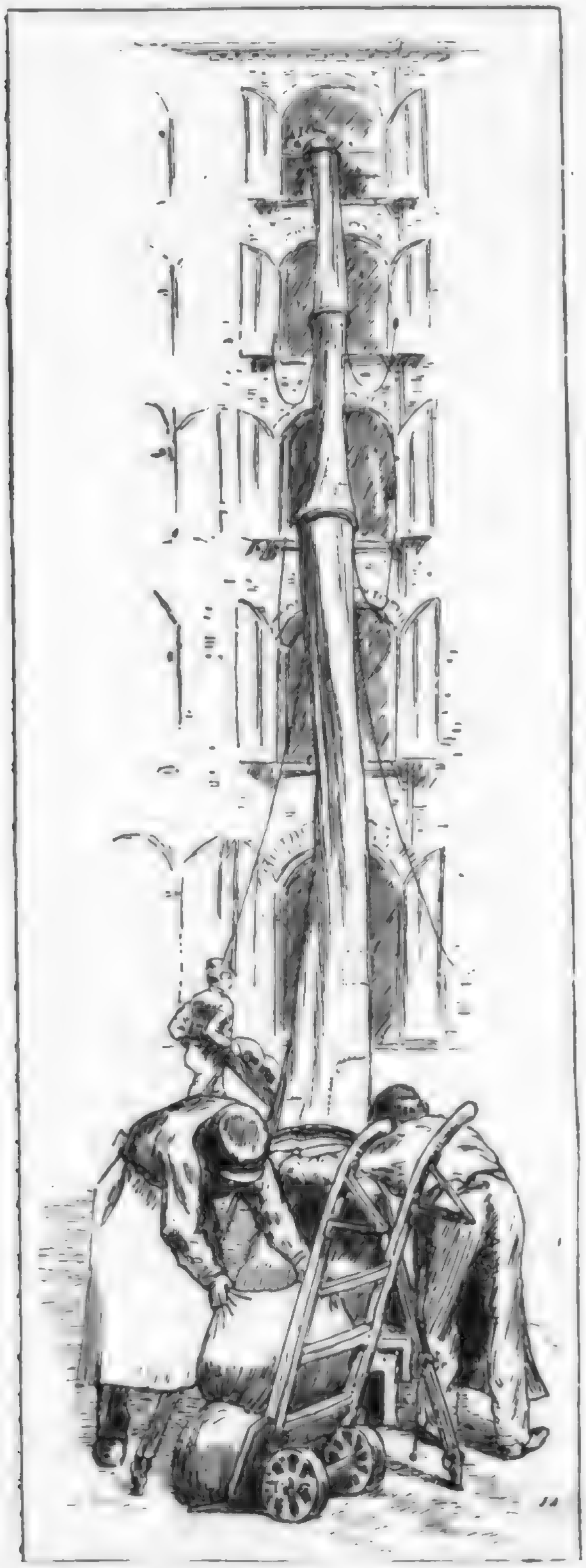
The coffee-plant is now naturalized in many countries, but it is a native of Western Africa, Abyssinia, and perhaps of Arabia. It was not known to the Greeks or Romans, but in Abyssinia and Ethiopia it has been used from the remotest ages. The plant is a tree that sometimes attains a height of 30 feet, but in general is from 8 to 12 feet high. It thrives best in warm spots on the slopes of hills and in rather dry soil. The flowers of the tree are white, and grow in thick clusters; the trunk is covered with gray bark. When cultivated the plants are raised from seeds in nurseries. When a year old, they are transplanted and set out in rows. Their upward growth is checked by topping, for convenience in gathering the fruit. They are in full bearing in three years, and may bear for twenty years or more. The plant is an evergreen. The fragrant, snow-white flowers are rarely ever entirely absent, though at certain seasons they are more plentiful and present a beautiful contrast with the dark, rich green of the smooth, shining, oblong leaves, four or five inches in length. The fruit is at first red, and, finally, a dark purple, and is much like a cherry. The fleshy portion surrounding the seeds is sweet and very palatable. Two of the coffee-beans known to the trade form the seed. Their flat sides are opposite each other, in the middle of the pulp, separated, however, by a thin layer of pulp, and by the tough membranes in which they are both closely enveloped. The pulp gradually forms a kind of shell or pod as the fruit dries, and this is removed by a process of curing when the time arrives to prepare the seed for market. Coffee may be gathered at almost every season, but the real harvests are usually two in each year. In Arabia, where there are no rains to beat it from the trees, it is allowed to remain till it is ready to fall, and is then shaken off. In the West Indies it is picked by hand. In Arabia the fruit is dried in the shade, and the pulp is removed by the hands. In South America, and in the East and West Indies, the method of curing followed is to expose a layer of the fruit, several inches in thickness, to the heat of the sun, in order to produce fermentation; the moisture having disappeared, the dried fruit is passed between a fluted roller and a breast-board and the pulp is washed away; when the seed is dry the tough membrane, already mentioned, is separated by a heavy roller; the chaff is removed by winnowing. During the drying process the fruit is placed on mats, or large floors, and is frequently turned.

Coffee is adulterated with chiccory-root, dandelion-root, carrot, peas, barley, buckwheat, rye and corn, but chiccory is most extensively employed for adulteration, and its use for this purpose was legalized in England in 1853. Some persons prefer a little chiccory in their coffee. The only nutriment chiccory contains is sugar. It is extensively cultivated in Europe, both for its leaves, with which to feed cattle, and for the root, to adulterate coffee; the root is long and carrot-like, of a dirty or brownish-yellow color and white within; the stem is from 2 to 5 feet high, and the leaves resemble those of the dandelion; the large flowers are of a beautiful blue color. Sometimes the leaves are used as a salad. The chiccory-roots are dried and roasted in iron cylinders, kept revolving, as in coffee-roasting; during the roasting two pounds of lard or butter for every one hundred pounds of the root give it the general appearance of coffee. To some persons the taste of chiccory is very disagreeable, and when largely used it may produce diarrhea. Nearly every one has seen the common wild chiccory-plant growing on roadsides and the borders of fields; the usual name when thus seen is succory. It is a native of Europe, and has been naturalized in the United States.

Coffee loses 16 per cent. in weight by being roasted, but gains 30 per cent. in bulk if roasted till it has a reddish-brown color; 20 per cent. is lost in weight by roasting it till it is of a chestnut-brown color, but the bulk is thereby increased 50 per cent. The agreeable brown is greatly increased by roasting, but the percentage of what is called caffeine, the distinctive property of the coffee-bean, is thereby greatly reduced. There is less tannic acid in coffee than in tea. Unlike strong infusions of tea, which sometimes unfavorably affect the bowels, genuine coffee is harmless in this respect. Some physicians recommend coffee as nourishing, refreshing and exhilarating, but when used in excess it is very injurious, and persons of a certain constitution are always affected by it.

Java or East Indian coffee has large yellow beans; Surinam coffee has the largest beans; Rio and Jamaica coffee are smaller and green. The bulk of the importations into the United States is from Brazil, but there is also a large coffee trade with Central America and the East Indies. In Arabia and different parts of the East coffee is drunk in a thick decoction of the unroasted seeds. For the Sultan of Turkey's coffee, the pericarp of the cherry-like fruit with the dried pulp roasted is used. Coffee-leaves are sometimes used as a substitute for tea. If dried and boiled in water they yield a drink of a deep-brown color, in taste and odor not unlike a mixture of tea and coffee. The natives of Sumatra, for instance, use coffee-leaves in this manner.

The trade in Mocha coffee is one of the most interesting features of the traffic in the famous berry. In 1884 the total importations of Mocha coffee into the United States were 14,713 bales, of which 14,587 came to New York; in 1883 there were 15,890 bales, of which 14,136 were received here. From 1,000 to 1,500 bales arrive monthly at New York. These so-called bales are really bundles composed of smaller bales; the bundles contain two quarter bales of 80 pounds each, or four one-eighth bales of 40 pounds each, the weight of the entire bundle being 160 pounds; the bales are of Arabian grass, and make a beautiful package, finely suggestive of the Orient and its rich merchandise. Sometimes steamers bring Mocha coffee direct from Aden to New York, but the most of it is first sent to London, and there it is transhipped to this port by the regular London steamers. The trade is now almost entirely by steamers, though formerly sailing-craft, taking several months for the voyage, arrived with large cargoes of the famous berry, sometimes as much as 700 or 800 bales. Almost every steamer from London brings Mocha coffee to New York; sometimes not more than 20 bundles, but occasionally as much as 1,000 of these bales, or 160,000 pounds, worth, at the retail price at which it is sold in the fashionable grocery stores of uptown New York, about $50,000. The coffee is brought to London by the Peninsular and Oriental steamers. About 100,000 bundles are exported annually from Aden, and of this quantity some 40,000 are sent to Marseilles, which absorbs the bulk of the exports to Europe. It is a great favorite in France; this country is the next largest consumer, and then comes England. Some goes to Boston, Philadelphia and San Francisco, but New York, as already stated, receives the most. It is eagerly purchased.



REMOVING COFFEE.

A well-known broker said: "A few large grocery houses uptown sell genuine Mocha coffee; they buy the real article and readily obtain a high price for it. But not one-fiftieth part of the coffee sold in New York as Mocha or Java is genuine. France takes most of the Mocha crop and Holland the bulk of the Java. France, however, uses more chiccory than this country. French people like a strong coffee; they have no special method of preparing their Mocha, nor is any practiced in this country. French coffee is simply very strong."

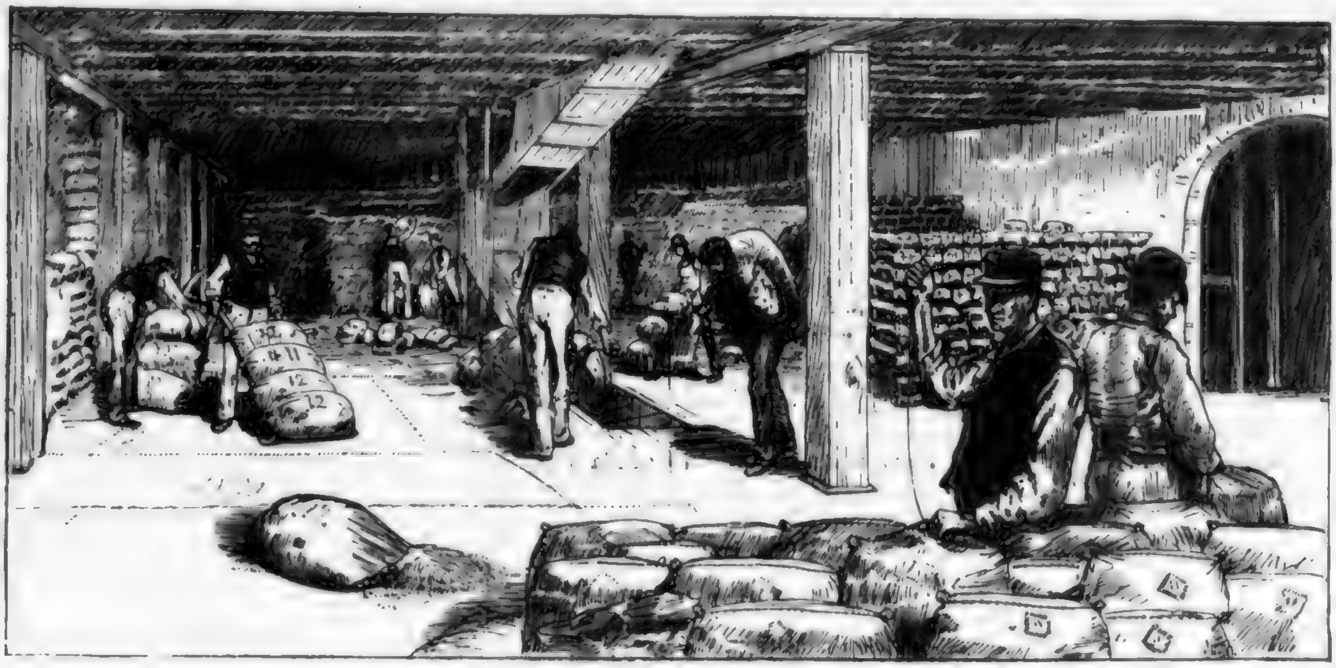
It is not unusual in the French restaurants of New York for cognac to be drank with the coffee after burning off the alcohol.

Mocha coffee is known by its small beans of a gray color inclining to greenish, and is the best known. Very little is received in this country in comparison with the imports of other kinds, but about 1,600,000 pounds are annually imported at New York, and fully five times this quantity, or at least 8,000,000 pounds of mixed coffee, or perhaps of coffee having not a trace of the Arabian bean, are sold as Mocha. The merchants of Aden, whence it is shipped, also import coffee from Rio de Janeiro and Santos, and have at times so heavily adulterated the Mocha with the Brazilian that English and American merchants have sent up an angry protest, and there is reason to believe that the abuse has been, in a measure, corrected, at least so far as the Arabians are concerned.

Mocha, or Mokha as it is also called, is the principal seaport of the Province of Yemen in Arabia. It is situated on the Red Sea, and is the most celebrated coffee mart in the world. It has a population of about 7,000. Vessels drawing over 12 feet of water are obliged to anchor outside the shallow bay formed by two well-fortified promontories. The glaring white houses of lofty height and adorned with stucco ornaments, the official edifices and the mosques are the interesting features of the town. The celebrated coffee is brought from the interior of Arabia, and though the commerce has greatly declined within the last twenty years, the annual exports are still said to average 10,000 tons. Most of the coffee is sent to Jiddah, Suez and Bombay.

It is a curious fact that, while most other nations prefer Mocha coffee, the English prefer either Ceylon, or what they term "Blue Mountain" Jamaica. Wealthy Parisians pay high prices to secure Mocha coffee, but in France, generally, the largest consumption is of Rio, Ceylon and Jamaica.

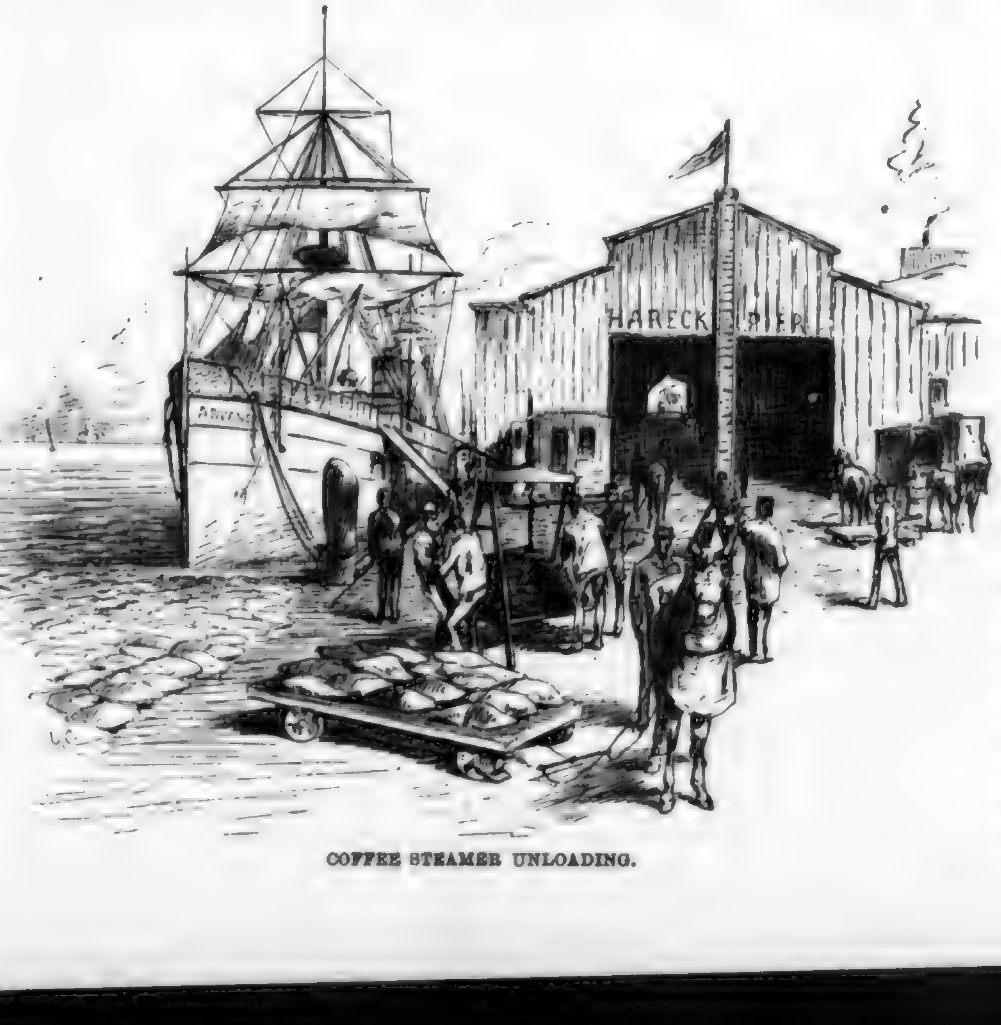
Brazilian coffee, which, as we have seen, forms the bulk of the imports to this country, is generally consumed as Mocha, Java and every other kind but Rio, the trade name in the wholesale market. The steamers come to New York from Santos, calling at Rio de Janeiro, in from 18 to 24 days. There are still sailing-vessels in the trade, but steamers secure the most of the traffic. Of these, about one hundred come to New York with coffee cargoes in the course of the year, many of which are known as "tramps"—that is, steamers of no regular line, but scouring all seas for business. The name is really a misnomer, for, unlike the tramps on shore, they are not averse to work, but, on the contrary, seek it in all seas and all climes. A steamer seldom brings more than 35,000 bags; some of the sailing-vessels—the *Ptolemy*, for instance—bring 18,000 bags. The business in coffee in New York is conducted on a different plan from that followed in former times. Brokers in lower Wall Street formerly sold whole cargoes at a time to jobbers and large grocery houses here. Now the number of importers has greatly increased, and much of the business is done directly with merchants in Rio de Janeiro. There is a tendency in trade to dispense with the services of



A COFFEE WAREHOUSE.

brokers as far as possible; that is, in legitimate transactions. The broker is becoming more of a power in speculation. There is a Coffee Exchange, for example, with some 400 members. At first coffee merchants sneered at it as a mere gambling resort, but they now patronize it extensively.

It is always of interest to note one of the hundreds of great steamers which come to New York during the year from every clime with a thousand rich products of the field or the factory. As we are considering the coffee trade just now, let us note this huge Brazilian steamer, the *Tycho Brahe*, named, it will be seen, after the celebrated astronomer. She can carry 32,000 bags of coffee of 130 pounds each, but this time has brought only 11,000 bags. The remainder of her freight-room was taken up with hides and wool, obtained at Buenos Ayres. The coffee was taken on at Rio de Janeiro. The *Tycho Brahe* can make from 190 to 267 miles a day, the speed depending on the weather. The steamers usually have fine weather between here and Rio de Janeiro, a distance of about five thousand miles. As soon as a Rio steamer arrives here a small army of 'longshoremen swarm about the vessel in the work of unloading her. With the aid of the steam-winch from six to seven thousand bags a day can be unloaded. The 'longshoremen receive forty cents an hour, and usually earn about four dollars a day. Formerly the wages were much smaller, but a trade union advanced the rates, and the shipping and warehouse agents were obliged to pay them. In Rio the 'longshoremen are all negroes, and they work for about one dollar and twenty-five cents a day in our money. The great steamer has discharged her Brazilian cargo, and is now taking on another, to consist of cotton, oilcake, tallow, provisions, glassware and general merchandise for Liverpool. There is a rattling of winches, the puffing and hissing of steam, the rumbling of handcarts along the dark covered pier, and the steamer is being loaded with surprising rapidity for her voyage across the Atlantic. An officer, with a face well bronzed by exposure in South Atlantic seas, talks with the writer about the steamer, and at the same time keeps tally of the merchandise which is being hoisted aboard. I notice that the officers and men on these great steamers have a rather depressed bearing; there is not the slightest indication of



COFFEE STEAMER UNLOADING.

the traditional jolly tar. The life is hard, the pay is low, and neither poor Jack nor his officers know how long this rough existence is to last.

On one side of the pier is a broad lighter, and compressed bales of cotton are being raised from the hold by the means of a hand-winch, which is worked in much the same manner as a hand-car on a railroad, by three muscular men. Other men on the pier receive it as it is swung up to them from the bareheaded, red-shirted men in the hold, and then it is wheeled over to the other side of the pier and taken on board the steamer. On the other side of the pier is another lighter, squatting like a patient dromedary while its load of merchandise is transferred to the steamer. The pier presents a busy scene.

The 'longshoremen wear canvas aprons and checked "jumpers," or short cotton jackets. Some are brawny, and show powerful arms, while others show the effects of years of hard work and exposure and not altogether temperate habits. They seem to have plenty of work, for four steamers, on an average, arrive at the Martin stores every week. The afternoon sun is now low in the west, and the long piers and the great warehouses look gloomy in the gathering dusk. It will soon be time for the tired laborers at the steamers and in the chilly and sombre storehouses to cease their work for the day. On the morrow they will take up the same labor, and so, year after year, these humble toilers pursue their hard calling till the human machine is worn out, and younger and more muscular men take their places, to follow the same hard round of existence.

Most of the steamers that come to the great warehouses on the East River front come from Rio de Janeiro, the largest of coffee marts. Rio de Janeiro is the capital of Brazil, and the chief city of South America, and has a population of 228,743. Its principal exports are coffee, cotton, sugar, rum, timber, hides, tallow, aqua marine, gold, diamonds, topazes and amethysts. It has one of the finest harbors in the world. The Bay or Inlet of Rio contains many small islands, and is 17 miles in length and 11 miles in extreme width. The streets of the city are narrow and ill-paved. It is exposed to suffocating heat, relieved only by a sea breeze in the middle of the day. There are numerous churches, plain externally, but richly decorated in the interior. There are also numerous colleges and academies, a large library, a botanic garden, an *alcala* or theatre, and many other public buildings of interest. The Imperial Palace is a plain brick building, which suits the tastes of the democratic Emperor, Dom Pedro, who was very popular in New York when he visited this country some years ago, and when he went about with no more attempt at state than an American President, and perhaps not so much.

Most of the so-called Java imported into the United States is really Sumatra coffee. Auction sales are held in March, June, September and December at Padang, the largest shipping port of that island. Usually about 100,000 piculs—mats of 66 pounds—are sold at each of these sales, and it is from that port that a considerable portion of our supply of what is ordinarily termed Java coffee is obtained. The steamers that bring this coffee to New York are usually chartered at Batavia, in Java. They may take a little Java coffee on board there and then they go to Padang, Samarang and Pasaeroan, in Sumatra, and receive the bulk of their cargoes. The largest cargo ever brought here was 43,796 mats. The average cargo is about 20,000 mats. The coffee trade with Java, Sumatra and Macassar is carried on partly by sailing-vessels, mostly barks of from 800 to 1,000 tons each, of which about twelve arrive during a year.

Batavia, the most important mart of Java, has a good harbor, which is not only extensive, but safe. The exports are chiefly coffee, sugar, spices, hides, indigo, tin, rice and arrack. It has a population of 99,100. It has a stadt-house, an exchange, numerous churches, a mosque, several Chinese temples, a gymnasium, a botanic garden, a large club-house, and, in some of the streets, horse-railroads, while, in others, there are canals in the Dutch style. It is the capital of the Dutch East Indies. Java coffee was, originally at least, raised from Mocha-seed. Samarang is another large coffee mart in Java. The trade of the island is largely in the hands of the Dutch and Chinese. Four times a year there are auction sales of East India coffee held in Amsterdam, Holland, at each of which about a hundred thousand bags are sold. The result of the sale is cabled to New York, and often has a considerable effect on the market here. These sales are under the authority of the Netherlands Trading Company, one of the oldest commercial organizations in existence. For some centuries it has been a power in the world of trade.

The shipping element in trade is nearly always the most interesting, and it is well worth a little tour of investigation. Here is the German bark *Nebo*, anchored at one of the warehouse docks of Brooklyn. She has just unloaded a cargo which comprised 20,000 mats of coffee, of about 66 pounds each. This large cargo was unloaded in four days. She also brought a considerable quantity of gum copal, a resinous substance, used chiefly in the manufacture of varnish. The bark, a stanch vessel of 590 tons register, made the voyage from Java to New York in 105 days; the previous voyage took 118 days, the winds not being so favorable. She had good weather on both trips. This wanderer in far seas had a crew of thirteen men; only one is now visible about the vessel, most of the men being off in the city enjoying the life of landsmen till the cargo is taken on board for another trip. On the after-deck a man with something of the appearance of the traditional "lone fisherman" is filling the *rôle* of sea-tailor, so to speak; or, in other words, he is mending a portion of the sails with stout needle and twine. A portion of the cargo of coffee lies on the long pier, and 'longshoremen are trundling it into the warehouse. They put eight of the fragrant mats into a number of boxes, on as many hand-carts, and then rush off to the storing-room, perspiring with their labor. The cargo of the bark was obtained at the ports of Macassar and Batavia. When she leaves New York she will probably take petroleum to London or up the Baltic, but eventually she will be likely to find herself in far East Indian waters again, and will bring another cargo of coffee to New York. This round of labor on the seas may be repeated for many years before the good vessel becomes unseaworthy, or is lost in some gale on the rude Atlantic.

The trade in Maracaibo coffee is steadily growing, and is now a very important item in the coffee commerce. The same line of steamers stop at Maracaibo, La Guayra, Porto Cabello and Curaçoa, and make the trip to New York in about ten days, sometimes bringing as much as 25,000 bags of coffee, weighing 130 pounds each, including washed Caracas.

Maracaibo, the principal seaport of Venezuela, has a population of about 22,000, and exports, besides coffee, tolu, copaiba, cocoa, timber, hides, fustic, and other products. It is in a hot, but in the main not unhealthy, climate, and stands on a sandy tract. It has a good harbor, many fine buildings, a college, two hospitals and an asylum for lepers. The magnitude of its coffee trade is seen in the fact that last year Maracaibo merchants sent 252,224 bags of the berry to New York alone. La Guayra, another Venezuelan port, also sends a large quantity to New York every year. It is of interest to learn that this port was nearly destroyed in 1812 by an earthquake. For nine months in the year the heat is so excessive as to produce malignant fevers. It has narrow, tortuous and ill-paved streets, and altogether is not an attractive city. It exports coffee, sugar, cotton, indigo, cocoa, and other valuable products, in considerable quantities, notwithstanding the fact that its harbor is exposed to winds which keep it in constant agitation, so that the port is not liked by mariners. Porto Cabello, also in Venezuela, is preferred by mariners to La Guayra, and a large quantity of coffee is annually received from that port. One company has four steamers in the trade, ranging in size from 500 to 2,000 tons, and they are very handsome vessels. Everything and everybody must have a name, but why the lurid title of "Red D," with all its Satanic suggestiveness, was ever applied to this line of steamers is one of the mysteries of commerce.

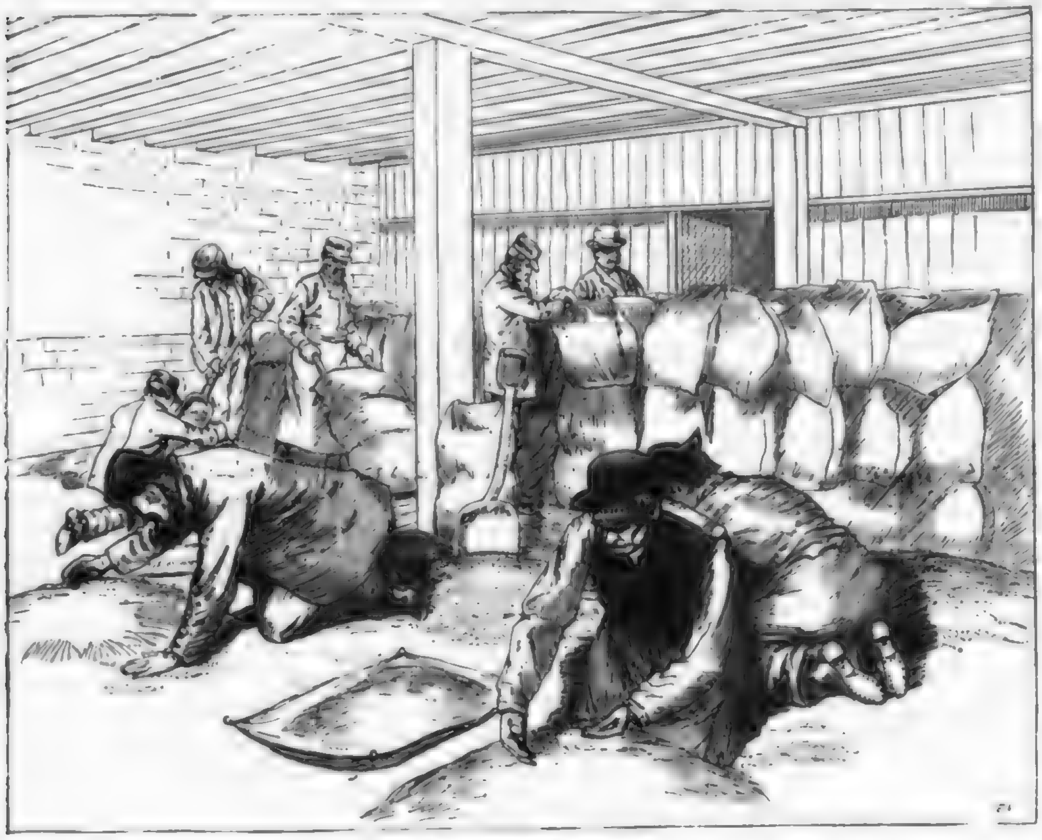
The steamer *Philadelphia* unloaded a large quantity of coffee not long ago at one of the great wharves on the Brooklyn river-front. She is of 2,000 tons capacity, and makes a fine appearance. She is a new American steamship, and was built especially for the Maracaibo trade. In addition to coffee, she brought some specie, deerskins, hides, goat-skins, straw hats, aloes, and seventy-three turtles to be offered up in ministrations to the palates of New York epicures. We find the steamer, after entering the gate to the piers, at the foot of the steep hill which terminates Montague Street on the Brooklyn river-front. There are crowds of men all along the great stretch of wharves, busy with a hundred occupations in the great business of the port. Bags of coffee are being sent down from the fourth story of one great warehouse through a canvas pipe, which bears the warning word "Danger," to hurry careless laborers away from possible harm. This pipe extends from the uppermost story of the warehouse to the edge of the pier, and if by an accident the 130-pound bag of coffee should break through at a point where a section of the canvas is joined with another, the consequences to a passer-by might be serious. The bag descends with a shriek to a small platform, and is trundled off to another part of the pier. This coffee is stenciled for shipment to Toledo. A steam-winch close by is puffing and snorting and perspiring in its work of lifting bags of coffee to the upper stories of the same warehouse. On a covered pier close by thousands of bags of coffee are piled up. This is Rio coffee, and the air is strongly impregnated with its pungent odor. One steamer has just unloaded 11,000 bags, and another that brought 24,000 bags is now being relieved of her load.

A sharp-featured young man calls out, "No. 5!" and a 'longshoreman steps quickly up, shoulders a bag of coffee and takes it a few feet off, and adds to the growing pile. A steady stream of men do likewise, each responding to his number. Along the open wharf horses are drawing low carts loaded with mats and bags of raw sugar, which will find its way to one of the great Williamsburg refineries, and in some spots men are engaged in taking it on board large barges; and here the pier is stained with the saccharine product. Here and there are piles of fustic and logwood used for dyeing, boxes of raisins and lemons, bales of Sisal hemp and barrels of French walnuts.

Very little Ceylon coffee is now received at New York. Formerly the imports were large. The crop is now small, and most of it is sent to England. African coffee is received here by way of London. It is raised in Liberia, and is generally of poor quality. The dealers, therefore, use it for mixing with better descriptions of coffee, and many a householder has tasted the African bean in contented ignorance of the fact. Some coffee comes from Manila in the vessels that bring hemp and sugar from the Philippine Islands; but the imports are usually small. Some comes from Jamaica, of which Kingston is the principal shipping port. Mexico raises very good coffee, and a considerable quantity is annually sent to New York by steamers plying between Vera Cruz and the metropolis. There are three steamers in the direct trade, and Mexican coffee is also received, though in smaller quantity, in the New Orleans steamers which come to this port. These steamers discharge their passengers and some of their freight at wharves on the North River, down in the older regions of New York, not far from the former haunts of fashion, which are now given up to trade. But the coffee is stored in Brooklyn, generally in one of the great warehouses just under the celebrated Heights. Almost all the coffee steamers are unloaded there, and the scene is always an animated and interesting one. Some of the steamers, however, go directly to the pier of one of the great coffee-roasting companies in Brooklyn, which uses, in a single year, half a million bags, and has within fifteen years built up large fortunes for its members. There are some establishments where the raw coffee-bean is polished with the aid of soapstone and other substances, in order to give it a more presentable appearance in the wholesale market. The health authorities have felt obliged to interfere with this practice, it being alleged that deleterious chemicals were used in the polishing process. It is noticeable, however, that the business of polishing coffee has not been discontinued, and it is further averred that a poor grade is often made to appear, by this process, of far better quality than it really is.

The magnitude of the coffee commerce of this country is seen in the fact that the importations last year from Brazil alone were 3,148,418 bags, of which New York received 2,190,023 bags, or about 290,000,000 pounds. The supremacy of New York in the trade is shown in the fact that, whereas the importations of coffee into this country are mainly from Brazil, this port received 2,190,023 bags last year out of a total of 3,148,418 bags, or more than 66 per cent. The importations of Brazil coffee at Baltimore last year were 505,666 bags, or less than one-fourth of the receipts at New York, though Baltimore was once considered a rival of this market in the trade. The imports at New Orleans were 360,641 bags; at Galveston, 69,748, and at Savannah, 22,340. Not a little, however, was imported direct from Brazil by Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis merchants, and the coffee merely passed through New York *in transitu* to those enterprising centres of business. The direct importations by interior cities of various kinds of foreign merchandise are annually increasing, and are an indication of the growing wealth of this country, which enables interior merchants to dispense with New York capital and with the expensive services of middlemen. Still, New York has a powerful grasp on this important trade.

As our population increases the consumption of coffee increases. Thus, the sales of coffee in the United States in 1878 were only 142,650 tons; in 1879, 180,178 tons; in 1881, 168,267 tons; in 1882, 187,106 tons; in 1883, 204,092 tons; in 1884, 222,940 tons; in 1885, 240,967



SKIMMING COFFEE.

tons. As already stated, the bulk of our supply of coffee is obtained from Brazil. For many years the crop in that country was raised entirely by slave labor, as our cotton crop was formerly raised by those in involuntary servitude.

The question of slavery in Brazil has an immediate bearing on the coffee trade of that country. In 1826 Dom Pedro I. made a treaty with England for the abolition of the slave trade in Brazil. Dom Pedro III. emancipated the slaves of the Government in 1866, and in 1871 the Legislature provided for the gradual abolition of slavery throughout the entire empire. In two or three years there will be no slavery anywhere in Brazil. The effects of emancipation have been in the highest degree salutary, as must always be the case whenever a nation removes from its statutes any sanction of involuntary servitude. The impetus given to agriculture by the gradual abolition of slavery has been very marked. The laborers naturally show a greater interest in their work, and the crops are larger.

In 1885 the crop of coffee, for example, was 6,500,000 bags. In 1886 the crop was smaller, but this merely shows the natural and unavoidable fluctuations in industry. The tendency is toward a steady increase in the culture. Former slaves now own coffee plantations. The old slaveholders at length clearly see the folly of slavery. The construction of railroads is rapidly progressing, and a great future awaits Brazil. The annual imports of coffee into this country are valued at $50,000,000.

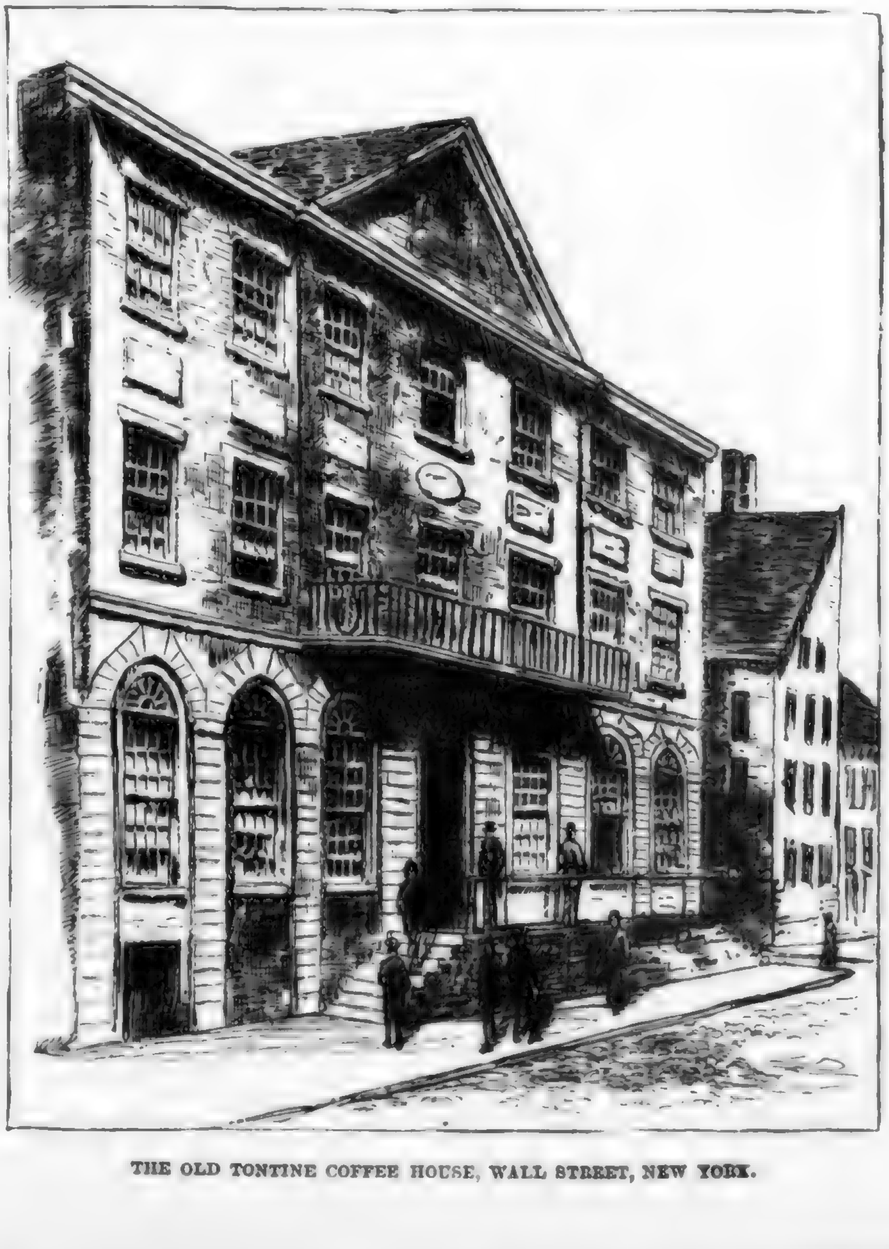
Judging from the limited knowledge which most persons have of the subject, there are only two or three kinds of coffee known to trade, but a glance at the statistics tells a very different and a not altogether uninteresting story. We have seen the magnitude of the commerce in Brazil coffee, and it may not be without interest now to turn to the exhibit of the trade in what is known as "mild" coffee. This term means any kind of coffee except Brazil, which is quite the reverse of mild. The imports of Java, last year, were 52,641 mats and 23,880 bags, and besides this, steamers and sailing-craft brought to New York 228,644 bags of Maracaibo coffee, 213,503 bales of Sumatra, 173,285 bags of La Guayra, 90,380 mats of Macassar, 76,540 bags of Mexican, 17,891 bales of Mocha, 13,320 bags of Jamaica, 12,994 of African, 10,147 of Hayti, 9,044 of Savanilla, 7,381 of Angostura, 3,302 of Ceylon, 2,215 of Singapore, besides 92,690 bags from various parts of Central America, too numerous to mention. Here are fifteen kinds of coffee known to commerce, and the number is really greater.

One of the important elements in the New York trade is the Coffee Exchange, in Beaver Street. The Exchange now numbers about 400 members, and Mr. Benjamin G. Arnold is its president. The trading brokers make the usual din heard in all the business exchanges, and the transactions are often large. On one day, in the height of great speculative excitement, they involved 131,000 bags; in dull times they sometimes reach only 2,000 bags. The Exchange pays $8,000 a year for statistical information about coffee, and for market reports from Rio de Janeiro, Santos, London, Havre, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and domestic centres of distribution. The various bulletin boards give the opening, highest, lowest and closing quotations in New York for the day, the prices for rings and margins, the receipts at Rio and Santos, the stocks, arrivals and deliveries at the principal markets in Europe and the United States, the consumption in this country and in Europe, the quantity of Brazilian coffee at New York and "afloat" for this market—which we see is 499,404 bags against 705,774 bags a year ago—the detailed exhibit showing that steamers are on the way from Rio to New York and other American ports with 66,000 bags, and sailing-vessels with 52,000 bags, while various craft are coming up from Santos with 50,000 bags more. The steamers on the way from Rio to New York are such large vessels as the *Teniers*, *Albers*, and *Kepler*, while the *Lassell* is steaming for New Orleans. One bark and a lugger are on the way to Baltimore, and numerous sailing-vessels, according to cable dispatches, are coming to New York. A dispatch from London gives the quotations, stocks and imports at that great market, and from Rotterdam is cabled the news that good ordinary Java is thirty-six florins a pound, and that "the market is firm and tending upward." A dispatch from Havre reports an advance in prices of one-quarter of a franc, and gives the quotations for various months, ending with the words, "Total sales to 4 P. M., 124,000 bags; market strong." There is, also, valuable intelligence from Rio de Janeiro, the market which is most closely watched by American and European coffee merchants; the estimates of the coming crop, the receipts for the day, the price of exchange, the stock of coffee on hand; and the current quotations there have very marked effect on the course of the coffee trade, both in this country and in Europe. Various large firms receive a number of cable dispatches from Rio de Janeiro daily, and a large business is transacted over the wire that stretches for so great a distance over the ocean bed. No tale in the "Arabian Nights" seems so extravagant as the sober truth of actual life that traders can talk to one another in words of fire when thousands of miles apart, and transact in an hour more business than they could formerly have accomplished in a month. The Exchange has its legitimate uses. It affords a ready market for the importer, and there the jobber can supply himself for months ahead. It tends to reduce the number of failures among persons engaged in the strictly legitimate branch of business. Mr. B. G. Arnold, who failed some years ago and lost a fortune of nearly a million of dollars while engaged in a coffee speculation, would have weathered the storm if there had been an Exchange where he could have sold the coffee for future delivery, instead of sacrificing it at auction. As Mr. Jay Gould once said in defense of commercial exchanges, "They make larger markets." But, like many other institutions which have risen up in modern times, they have their evils—namely, they produce undue fluctuations in prices, they encourage speculation, they produce gamblers who move in the best circles of society.

On the whole, however, the effect of commercial exchanges on the vast mass of the population is beneficial; a comparatively few are injured by the temptations to gamble, while these business organizations tend to encourage production through the facility with which a product may be sold either "on the spot" or for future delivery, and the ultimate effect is a cheapening of the price of various necessary articles of consumption. For this reason large firms often oppose business exchanges; they complain that "they make prices too low." The Importers' and Grocers' Exchange of this city has been nearly suppressed by a monopoly of sugar-refiners who rule the market with a rod of iron, who compel importers to bow before them like so many schoolboys, who regard brokers as so many serfs, and who wish to control the value of sugar by the methods of the Star Chamber. The Metal Exchange of this city has relentless enemies in large houses who are afraid of the democratic tendencies of exchanges, which are likely to sweep away old landmarks and monopolies and set up the rule of the majority instead.

On the Coffee Exchange the brokers require a margin in trading of one dollar a bag. The smallest lot in which a transaction is allowed is 250 bags; but a broker will sometimes sell, in a single day, among the shouting throng around the brass ring where the members assemble, as much as 50,000 bags, though this is exceptional. The percentage of actual deliveries on the so-called "sales" is very small. The business is mostly in "paper" coffee, and the contract is settled by merely paying the difference in the market price at the time of making the transaction and the quotation ruling at the date on which it is settled.

How different the Coffee Exchange of to-day is from the Coffee House of the old days of New York, long before speculation in coffee options entered the mind of the wildest business dreamer. One of the most famous of these old resorts of Old New York was the Tontine Coffee House, which was erected in 1794, when 203 shares at $200 each were subscribed for by an association of merchants. The name Tontine, by-the-way, is derived from Lorenzo Tonti, a Neapolitan, who introduced the kind of life annuity known as Tontine into France in the middle of the seventeenth century. The subscribers were divided into ten classes, according to their ages; received a stated annuity, and the death of each subscriber increased the sum paid to the survivors. The last survivor received the entire annuity of his class till his death. There have been Government Tontines in France and England which took the form of loans to repair the public finances. The erection of a building on the Tontine plan is the only way in which this method of financiering has ever been practiced in this country. The old Tontine Coffee House of New York was located at the corner of Wall and Water Streets, close by the ill-fated Marine Bank, which has in these latter days obtained such bad eminence in connection with the celebrated Grant & Ward failure, which swept away the fortune of General Grant and sent two "financiers" to prison. It was at the Tontine Coffee House that the first announcement was made, one July morning eighty-three years ago, that Alexander Hamilton had fallen in a duel with that restless schemer and Don Juan of American politics,



THE OLD TONTINE COFFEE HOUSE, WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

Aaron Burr. The stock-brokers and other business men, in 1792 and for many years later, regularly assembled at the famous coffee-house. The brokers sipped their coffee there, and talked about the prices of stocks and produce long before stock or produce exchanges, telephones, railroads and telegraphs had entered the imagination of men.

Another celebrated coffee-house was located in Bowling Green, and there the merchants met, 120 years ago, to protest against the Stamp Act, which stung the fiery colonists to the pitch of revolution.

It is of interest to notice that coffee-houses were established in Constantinople in 1554, in London in 1652, and in Paris in 1662. For many years the addiction to coffee-drinking was assailed by various writers as a vice, and the frequenting of coffee-houses was regarded as disreputable. But when fashion began to look with the eye of favor upon the coffee-house, it took on a more attractive aspect. In the old days of coaches in England, of cued and powdered hair, knee-breeches and silver-buckled shoes, of patched and rouged ladies in wonderful hoops and towering headgear, before the general introduction of newspapers, men assembled at the coffee-houses to learn the news of the day and discuss politics. Those were the days, so attractive in history and fiction, of broad, also roaring fireplaces; of boars' heads at Christmastide, brought by stately butlers into historic halls to the accompaniment of traditionary songs; of Yule-logs and wine and wassail for hearth and hall; of sack, and foaming tankards of "jolly good ale and old," and smoking joints of merry England's roast beef. The old coffee-houses of New York have been obliterated by the phenomenal growth of the city, and in a new and more enlightened age the coffee-house of former times has become merely a quaint and pleasant remembrance.

HIS PROMISE.

By Florence B. Hallowell.

"You know we're to go to the lighthouse to-morrow, Dolly?"

"Yes, I know it," and Dolly Tilberry, busy cutting out ginger cookies on the white pine table in her father's kitchen, gave her head a little toss that made her long curls fall all about her pretty, blushing face. Know it? Of course she did, and the knowledge had made her heart ache for days past. Not that she cared at all that she would not see again for months, perhaps, the tall, good-looking young fellow standing by her side. No; she had never appreciated Jack Wolf's devotion; her sorrow and blushes were for Luke Ryder, to whom she was to be married in the Fall. Very few of her friends approved of the match, for Luke could never keep a cent in his pocket, and believed in having a "good time" at any cost. But Dolly was her own mistress, and declared her intention to marry her lover, no matter what his faults. Luke loved her—there was no doubt of that—and, woman-like, she thought she would, as his wife, have no difficulty in molding him to her will. She was an energetic, practical little woman, and, having managed her old father all her life, she thought she could manage a husband as well.

Jack Wolf had loved Dolly ever since he had first seen her, and, though he knew from the first that his suit was hopeless, he couldn't help hanging around her whenever he had a chance, and the thought that he was to be separated from her for months gave him grievous pain.

"Are you coming down to see us start, Dolly?" he asked, after a pause, during which he had fervently admired the dexterity with which she cut out the cookies.

"Yes, I'll be there," answered Dolly; "but I'm provoked enough that Keeper Day is going off in a sailboat. It isn't safe. I wish he'd wait until the steamer is repaired," and a troubled look came upon the pretty face.

"He thinks he ought to go now. It may be some time before the steamer's ready. There ain't no danger, Dolly. It's only twenty miles."

"There's always danger on the water," said Dolly. "I wish——"

And then she paused and turned away her head, her cheeks crimson.

Jack drew a long breath.

"You wish Luke wasn't going. You'd like him to stay here, I reckon?"

"Well, that's only natural, ain't it?" and Dolly looked a little defiant.

"Yes, I suppose so," answered Jack, as he held out his hand. "I'll say Good-by to you now, Dolly, for it ain't likely I'll see you again."

"You don't mind the flour?" said Dolly, coquettishly, as she dropped the rolling-pin she had been using, and hesitatingly extended her rosy little hand.

Jack, smiling, caught it in a close clasp, and then releasing it with a look on his face which, had she seen it, might have touched Dolly's tender heart, was turning away, when the girl detained him.

"I want to ask you something, Jack," she said. "You won't think strange of it, I know. I—I want you to look out for Luke, and see that he don't get hurt noway," her voice breaking a little. "I know there's folks that says he'll never amount to much, but that ain't here nor there. I'm going to marry him, an' it would just *kill* me if anything happened to him."

Her eyes were full of tears as she finished speaking, and Jack, white to the lips, stood gazing at her as if turned to stone. He had never before seen her eyes wet, and the novel spectacle moved him deeply.

"I'll look out for him, Dolly," he said, in a low, choked voice. "Luke Ryder sha'n't want for a friend while I'm by."

"That's a promise, Jack?"

"Yes, it's a promise, Dolly."

She would have thanked him, but he did not give her time. Before she could speak again he was gone.

There was a large crowd on the shore of Mackinac Island the next day to see the departure of the boat. Arrangements had been made with a local steamer for the transportation of the keeper and his three assistants to the lighthouse, but her machinery became disabled, and as the time was near at hand for the relighting of the lake coasts, incident to the approaching opening of navigation, the keeper felt that he ought not to risk a long delay, and decided to make the trip in a sailboat. Jack Wolf, Luke Ryder and Dan Maloney were to accompany him, and were eager to be off.

Dolly had parted with Luke in the retirement of her own home an hour before the time set for the departure of the boat, and she had too much pride to show any emotion before those who could have no sympathy with her feelings. She stood apart, grave and silent, while the boat made its way through the mass of little bergs and floes which drifted for a long way out from the island shores, and when, at length, it reached open water and went flying on its way, she turned, and went home without exchanging a word with any one. Her mind was filled with a vague premonition of evil, and, had it not been for the comfort afforded her by that promise she had exacted from Jack, she would have been almost insane with anxiety.

The weather was cold; a gale from the southwest was blowing with frequent puffs and squalls, and the lake was full of ice, both fixed and floating. But for seven or eight miles the boat went safely on its way, and not one of the men on board gave a thought to possible danger.

They were all talking and laughing in the vain effort to forget the sad faces of the loved ones to whom they had said farewell, when it became necessary to shift the sail over from one side of the boat to the other to alter her course.

The fore-boom was longer than it should have been, and, in coming over, the end caught in the main halyards. At this juncture a great blast of wind from the west struck the detained canvas, and in an instant the horrified men were in the icy water, the capsized boat down on its beam-ends, and jumping about on the waves like an india-rubber ball.

The men struggled to gain it, however, and at length succeeded, all four clinging to the gunwale, with the waves dashing over them. It was a position which could not be maintained any length of time, for it involved a long stretch over the hull, the mast and sail holding the boat down sheer upon its side.

Appreciating the terrible danger of their position, Jack managed to get out his pocket-knife, and after a great deal of difficulty, and at the risk of losing at any moment his precarious hold, succeeded in cutting away the foremast.

This enabled the boat to right a little, and the men secured a better hold; but as they drifted almost immediately into rougher water, their danger was increased rather than diminished. At times the sea would break all over the boat in a perfect fury of foam, leaving the almost exhausted men gasping for breath.

"I can't stand this much longer, Jack," said Luke Ryder at last. "I'm getting so numb that I'll have to let go."

Jack's answer was to throw one arm about him, just above the waist. He remembered his promise to Dolly.

"I'll help you all I can, Luke," he said. "Don't give way. Think of Dolly."

The sound of that name seemed to give Luke new courage, but when, at the end of an hour, Maloney gave out, and, releasing his hold with an agonized shriek, disappeared for ever in the icy water, poor Luke gave a groan of despair.

"I can't stand it, Jack," he said. "I must let go."

But Jack held on to him valiantly, and he still maintained his grip on the boat, though he was conscious only at brief intervals. In a dreamy way he knew that Jack was telling him that he must think of Dolly, and for her sake must not give up. But he was too much exhausted to reply.

For nearly three hours the boat drifted slowly toward the shore, and then Jack, who felt that his strength was almost gone, uttered a desperate scream for help.

It was heard by three fishermen on the shore, and one of them at once undertook the task of rescue, though the only boat available was a small skiff, with which it seemed impossible he could effect anything, contending, as he must, with a formidable array of breakers thick with ice, and a rough sea rolling beyond.

But at length, after the most herculean efforts, he succeeded in forcing out the skiff to the wreck. Here he was in a dilemma. He could rescue only one at a time, and did not know which to take. But Jack, to whom even speech had now become difficult, made him understand by a motion that the keeper should be the first to go with him.

There was no time for parley, and the fisherman helped the keeper at once into the skiff, and telling Jack to keep up his courage, set out for the shore.

It seemed to Jack a long, long time before he saw the skiff returning. And then a great temptation assailed him. He was conscious that he could keep his hold on the boat only a few minutes longer, and that either he or the man he still supported must perish. Life is precious to us all, and as he looked down at Luke's white, set face, and realized that in this semi-conscious state death would be unattended with either agony or regret, he felt how hard it would be to surrender to him the chance of rescue that offered.

But all at once, like a vision, rose up before him the lovely face of Dolly Tilberry, with the tears in her sweet blue eyes, and he seemed to hear again the low voice saying, "It would *kill* me if anything happened to him."

Ah, Dolly, the memory of those few words turned the balance in favor of your lover in this terrible hour of Jack's temptation. He shouted to Luke, and pushed and pulled him until he was conscious, and opened his eyes.

"Listen to me," he said — his lips stiffened with the cold, moving slowly. "When you get home tell Dolly I kept my promise. Do you hear? That is all. Tell her I kept my promise. She'll understand."

Luke nodded, but did not speak. He could not have done so had he tried. Then the skiff approached, and Jack signed to the fisherman to take his companion.

"I can wait," he said, his voice sinking to a whisper, and the skiff again shot out for the shore.

Those were the last words any one ever heard brave Jack Wolf utter. Clinging for a few moments with a death-grip to the boat, he was washed in among the dwarf icebergs in the surf, and as the skiff approached the wreck for the third time, the rower saw the noble fellow let go his grasp and sink beneath the cruel waves.

* * * * * *

Three days later, Luke, safe at home again, and not much the worse for his terrible experience, gave Dolly the message which had been confided to him, and she knew then at how great a cost the man she had not loved had kept his promise.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

The life-story of Percy Bysshe Shelley, the most ethereal imagination of this century, and one of the few great lyric poets of all time, is a romance intermixed with elements of tragedy. It has been often told, and variously interpreted. We have Mrs. Shelley's eloquent and devoted tribute; the gossipy, discursive reminiscences of the poet's friends, Hogg, Peacock and Medwin; Trelawny's blunt and manly record of the friendship of the closing days in Italy; the results of the research and compilation of Mr. W. M. Rossetti, with his commentary; Mr. Buxton Forman's valuable collection of biographical material, employed by him in his edition of Shelley's complete works; Mr. John Cordy Jeaffreson's *soi-disant* "Real Shelley"; and lastly, Professor Dowden's judicial and authoritative "Life of Shelley." The latter is in reality, though not avowedly, a reply, and a final one, to the distorted and aggressive work of Mr. Jeaffreson. In the preparation of his work, Professor Dowden had access, through Sir Percy and Lady

Shelley, the present heads of the family, to the important Shelley papers at Boscombe Manor. This precious collection includes the journal of Mary Shelley, some unpublished writings of Shelley, and a large number of unpublished letters. From other sources, hitherto unknown, inaccessible, or not thoroughly examined, the industry of the biographer has unearthed numerous interesting details, which, while not altering the essential facts of Shelley's life as previously known to the world, effectually dissipate many of the dark clouds raised about them by ignorance, prejudice and slander. At the same time, Professor Dowden has shirked nothing in seeking and telling the truth about Shelley, without necessarily justifying all his words and deeds; the biographer's duty being, as he sees it, "to show precisely what those words and deeds were, leaving the reader to pronounce such judgment as may seem just."

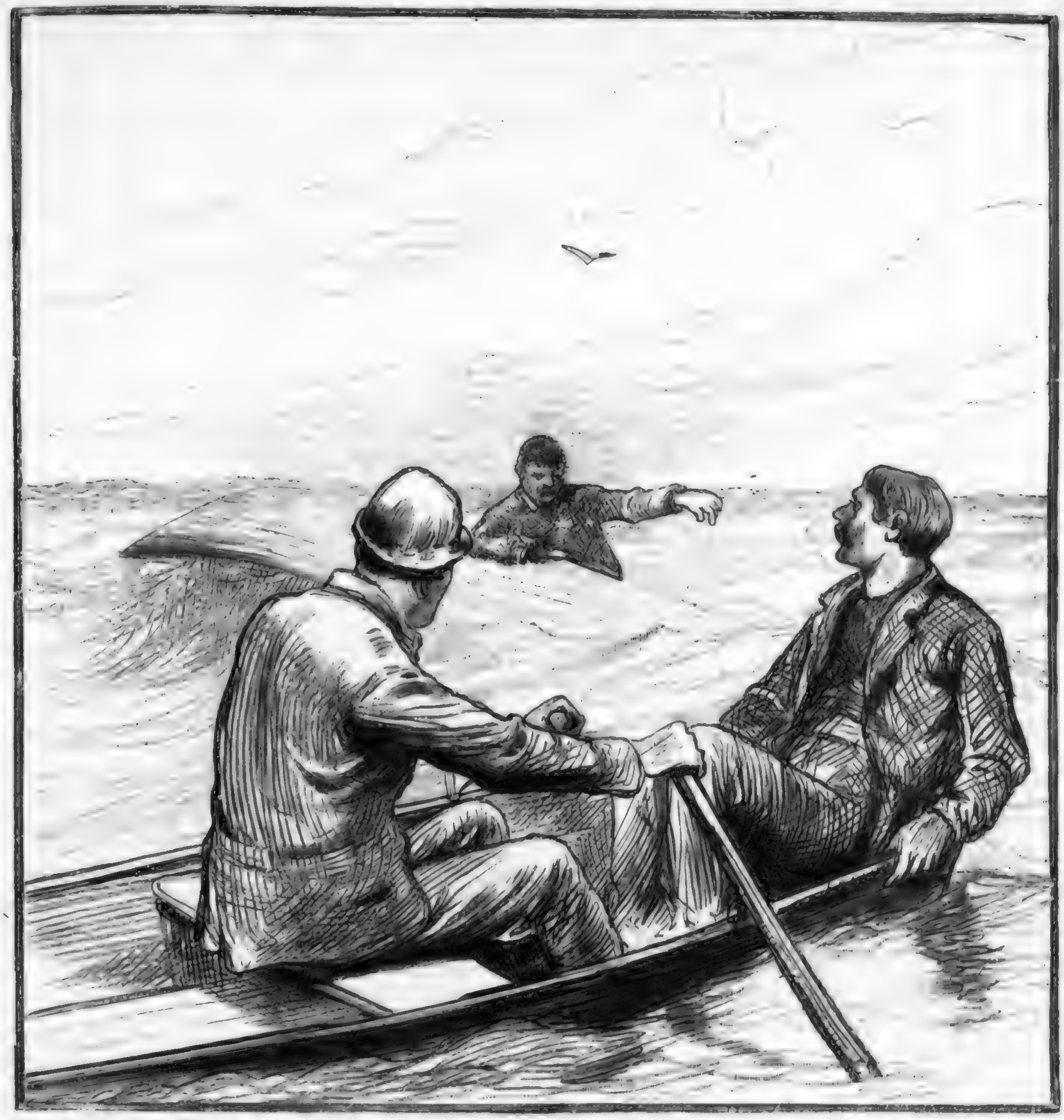
The Shelleys are an ancient family of Sussex. From an Edward Shelley of Worminghurst, who died in the year of the Spanish Armada, son of Sir John Shelley of Michelgrove, that branch of the family is said to have descended which, on the American side of the Atlantic, a hundred years ago, was represented by Timothy Shelley and by his son Bysshe (so named after his grandmother's maiden name), who returned to England, married two heiresses in succession, obtained a baronetcy for political favors expected by the Whigs, and lived long enough to hear of the poem "Queen Mab," written by his grandson and namesake, Percy Bysshe Shelley. The poet, writing of this paternal grandfather in 1812, says: "He is a complete atheist, and builds all his hopes on annihilation." Timothy Shelley, the son of stately, misanthropic old Sir Bysshe, was married, in October, 1791, to Elizabeth, daughter of Charles Pilfold, of Effingham, County Surrey, whose rare beauty descended to her children. We are told that she was a woman of strong good sense, and, though not a lover of literature, an excellent letter-writer. Her son characterized her as "mild and tolerant, yet narrow-minded." Timothy Shelley, who was nearly forty years old when his first child was born, was slight of figure, tall and fair, with the blue Shelley eyes. He is described as having had "a semi-illiterate regard for letters, and a mundane respect for religion"; a kindly, pompous, capricious, well-meaning, ill-doing, wrong-headed man." Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Shelley had their abode at Field Place, in the Parish of Warnham, Sussex; and here Percy Bysshe Shelley was born, on Saturday, August 4th, 1792.

A BROWN STUDY.

Shelley's early childhood was not solitary, for before he was nine years old he had four living sisters; and in 1806 his brother John was born. John Shelley lived to be a man of sixty, but was little of a companion to Bysshe, who was at home only for brief snatches of time after John had passed out of babyhood, and who left England for ever when John was a boy of twelve. Bysshe was the hero of his little sisters. He took them out for long rambles, and amused them in the nursery with fantastic sports and weird story-telling. On one occasion, while "playing the devil," he set a fagot-stack on fire, and excused himself on the characteristic plea that he wanted "a little hell of his own." The serious mood, too, was present in those early days, and he loved to walk out alone under the stars, contemplating and musing. At six years old he was sent to learn his *quies*, *quæs* and *quods* from the Rev. Mr. Edwards, a Welsh parson at Warnham; and four years later he appeared as a pupil at Sion House Academy, Isleworth, near Brentford, where Dr. Greenlaw and his assistants instructed fifty or sixty lads, chiefly of the middle class, in Latin, Greek, French, writing, arithmetic, geography, and the elements of astronomy.

Bysshe Shelley, the "new boy," was tall for ten years old, slight of figure, with a well-set head, on which abundant locks of a rich brown hue curled naturally; his complexion was fair and ruddy like a girl's, his eyes were large, blue and luminous. He was shy and innocent; and as he cared nothing for the games and strifes of the playground, he soon became an object of persecution. "He passed among his schoolfellows," says his cousin, Thomas Medwin, who was a pupil under Dr. Greenlaw at the same time, "as a strange and unsocial being." He was not a hard student in the routine of the school, yet he contrived to grow in scholarship, and stood high in the school before he left for Eton. He was a voracious reader, with a decided relish for the mysterious, romantic and blood-curdling. He also began to develop that taste for chemistry and scientific investigation which afterward got him into so many scrapes at Eton and Oxford.

Shelley's boyish handwriting may still be seen in the entrance-book of the Head-master of Eton College, under the date July 29th, 1804. Dr. Goodall, an excellent scholar, gracious gentleman and genial wit, was the Head-master at that period. A year before Shelley went to Oxford, however, the harsh and dictatorial Dr. Keate was advanced from the head of the Lower School to the place of supreme authority. Shelley's tutor was the kind, ponderous and dull Assistant-master Bethell, who afterward became Vice-provost. In some respects, Shelley's life at Eton was but a continuation of his life at Sion House Academy, only that five hundred obstreperous boys, instead of sixty, now surrounded him. Refusing obedience to the orders of his fag-master, Matthews



HIS PROMISE.—"'I CAN WAIT,' HE SAID, HIS VOICE SINKING TO A WHISPER, AND THE SKIFF AGAIN SHOT OUT FOR THE SHORE. THOSE WERE THE LAST WORDS ANY ONE EVER HEARD BRAVE JACK WOLF UTTER."—SEE PAGE 670.

(afterward known as author of the "Diary of an Invalid"), and proclaiming war against the fagging system, which seemed to him an organized tyranny, he could scarcely expect protection, should occasion for their intervention arise, from the elder lads of the same form as Matthews. Shelley, in fact, stood convicted as a rebel against authority; while to boys of his own standing, except a few chosen friends, his refusing to join in the common sports, his shyness, his singularity, his careless attire, his interest in strange studies, his gentleness united with an unusual excitability of temper, pointed him out as a proper victim on whom to wreak all the exuberance of their animal spirits.

Yet it would be an error to suppose that "Mad Shelley," as he was called, lived in isolation, or had no happy hours at Eton. He bore his part in the public events of that little world; he took long walks, boated, and even participated in the regattas.

His schoolfellow, Captain Gronow, declares that once Shelley appeared in the pugilistic ring, duly supported by bottle-holders and backers; he describes the tall, slender, unfledged poet, skill-less in the use of his arms, stalking around the lists and reciting in the verse of Homer defiant speeches of the heroes of Troy; and the story ends with the account of a divine panic which descended upon Shelley—dauntlessly courageous in all ascertained instances save this—upon discovery of the fell uses to which trained fists may be applied.

Shelley became, even at Eton, an eager and wide-ranging, if not an exact, classical scholar. He rose steadily from form to form. But perhaps his most important studies at Eton were those of his own choice, and not of compulsion. The grandeur of the verse of Lucretius and his daring conceptions held him as with a potent spell. Among writers in English, Franklin delighted him with his announcement of the victories of mind over matter; already he felt the strong compulsion of Godwin's doctrines in the "Political Justice." With Condorcet he dreamed of the endless progress of the race and of human perfectibility. He translated in his leisure hours several books of Pliny's "Natural History," being especially impressed by the chapter "De Deo," in which the Roman philosopher censures superstitious myths. He borrowed forbidden books on chemistry, magic and witchcraft, set up an electrical machine, and on one occasion conveyed a severe shock to the pompous Bethell—an experiment which did not advance Shelley in his tutor's good graces. He also cultivated a warm friendship with Dr. Lind, of Windsor, an old physician and Eastern traveler, and a kind of latter-day mage.

Such were the main influences by which Shelley's boyish mind was molded at Eton.

. The year 1810 was that in which Shelley removed from Eton to Oxford. He signed his name in the books of University College on April 10th, and, having matriculated, returned to Eton, to end his schooling there, in the latter part of July. The period intervening between this date and the beginning of the Michaelmas term at Oxford saw the future poet's practical beginning in literature. He wrote verses and romances of mystery in collaboration with his sisters, with his cousin Medwin, and with another cousin, the beautiful Harriet Grove, who was about his own age, and with whom he impetuously fell in love. With her he wrote "Zastrozzi," a boyish attempt to rival certain contemporary pieces of fiction of the pseudo-passionate and pseudo-sublime order. This romance was actually bought by a London publisher for forty pounds, and printed. The reviewers scarcely deigned to damn it. A sixty-four page volume of "Original Poems, by Victor and Cazire," also saw the light of print, but was suppressed by Shelley upon his discovery that his mysterious collaborator—who in this case was neither Medwin nor Miss Grove—had plagiarized from "Monk" Lewis. A romantic narrative poem, on the subject of the "Wandering Jew," and to which Medwin claims to have contributed two or three whole cantos, is perhaps the most important production with which Shelley's apprentice pen had to do at this period, though it was not so fortunate as the others in getting itself published. The subject was one of peculiar fascination to the young poet. It haunted his imagination for years; and portions of the earlier poem appear to have been afterward incorporated in "Queen Mab."

When Mr. Timothy Shelley took young Bysshe down to Oxford, in the Fall of 1810, he said to Mr. Slatter, bookseller and printer: "My son here has a literary turn. He is already an author, and do pray indulge him in his printing freaks." Little did the father think that, before many months had gone by, one of these printing freaks was to cause his son's banishment from Oxford, and to close against him the doors of his own home.

The venerable traditions of Oxford probably affected little the eager mind of the young revolutionist; while, on the other hand, the dissipations in vogue among a considerable portion of the undergraduates at that time—billiard-playing, drinking, driving tandem, emulating the neckcloths of the stout Court Adonis, and raising bills which they never intended to pay—possessed no attraction for him. The special charm of Oxford for Shelley lay in the comparative freedom of the student's life. He could pursue his favorite studies without interruption, and, in the citadel of his chambers, be poet, natural philosopher, metaphysician, in turns, as it pleased him. If he desired the companionship of some chosen friend, there was all the afternoon free for country rambles, all the long hours from five till past midnight for converse and debate. Such a friend he found in Thomas Jefferson Hogg, the son of a Tory gentleman of old family, residing at Stockton-on-Tees. Hogg, who had entered University College a short time before Shelley, is almost the sole witness on record for the poet's six months at Oxford. He was a youth of worldly tastes, keen intelligence and wit, an earnest lover of literature, and, for the time being at least, something of an enthusiast in poetry and philosophy. His well-known and highly readable narrative, while not at all scrupulous in matters of detail, is acknowledged to be an essentially true portrait of Shelley during his brief collegiate life.

Describing the appearance of his extraordinary guest, on the occasion of Shelley's first visit to his rooms, Hogg says: "It was a sum of many contradictions. His figure was slight and fragile, and yet his bones and joints were large and strong. He was tall, but he stooped so much that he seemed of a low stature. His clothes were expensive, and made according to the most approved mode of the day; but they were tumbled, rumpled, unbrushed. His gestures were abrupt, and sometimes violent, occasionally even awkward, yet more frequently gentle and graceful. His complexion was delicate, almost feminine, of the purest red and white; yet he was tanned and freckled by exposure to the sun, having passed the Autumn, as he said, in shooting. His features, his whole face, and particularly his head, were, in fact, unusually small; yet the last *appeared* of a remarkable bulk, for his hair was long and bushy, and in fits of absence, and in the agonies (if I may use the word) of anxious thought, he often rubbed it fiercely with his hands, or passed his fingers quickly through his locks unconsciously, so that it was singularly wild and rough. In times when it was the mode to imitate stagecoachmen as closely as possible in costume, and when the hair was invariably cropped, like that of our soldiers, this eccentricity was very striking. His features were not symmetrical (the mouth, perhaps, excepted), yet was the effect of the whole extremely powerful. They breathed an animation, a fire, an enthusiasm, a vivid and preternatural intelligence, that I never met with in any other countenance. Nor was the moral expression less beautiful than the intellectual." Shelley's chief physical blemish, it seemed to Hogg, was a high, shrill, discordant voice.

A little later the new friends met in Shelley's rooms—a place of indescribable confusion. "Books, boots, papers, shoes, philosophical instruments, clothes, pistols, linen, crockery, ammunition and phials innumerable, with money, stockings, prints, crucibles, bags and boxes, were scattered on the floor and in every place; as if the young chemist, in order to analyze the mystery of creation, had endeavored first to reconstruct the primeval chaos. The tables, and especially the carpet, were already stained with large spots of various hues, which frequently proclaimed the agency of fire. An electrical machine, an air-pump, the galvanic trough, a solar microscope, and large glass jars and receivers, were conspicuous amidst the mass of matter. Upon the table by his side were some books lying open, several letters, a bundle of new pens and a bottle of Japan ink, that served as an inkstand; a piece of deal, lately part of the lid of a box, with many chips, and a handsome razor that had been used as a knife. There were bottles of soda-water, sugar, pieces of lemon, and the traces of an effervescent beverage. Two piles of books supported the tongs, and these upheld a small glass retort above an argand-lamp. I had not been seated many minutes before the liquid in the vessel boiled over, adding fresh stains to the table, and rising in fumes with a disagreeable odor."

This meeting in Shelley's rooms confirmed an alliance between the two freshmen, who henceforth were inseparable. They spent almost every afternoon and evening together, at first from day to day, alternating from the rooms of the one to those of the other, but afterward regularly resorting to the young mage and chemist's cell, where at any moment he could start from his seat, seize his phials, his magnet, or some scientific divining-rod, and "ascertain by actual experiment the value of some new idea that rushed into his brain." These chemical operations, says Hogg, seemed to an unskilled observer to promise nothing but disasters. "His hands, his clothes, his books and his furniture were stained and corroded by mineral acids." Holes burnt in the carpet and enlarged by rents from the experimenter's foot revealed the scorched and blackened boards. Glasses, cups and plates were used indiscriminately with crucibles, retorts, and receivers to contain his villainous liquids.

After morning chapel (from which Shelley, as soon as the doors were opened, would retreat with precipitate speed), lectures, and some hours of private study, the friends would meet at one o'clock, and again in the evening after the public dinner in the hall. "I was enabled," writes Hogg, "to continue my studies in the evening in consequence of a very remarkable peculiarity. My young and energetic friend was then overcome by extreme drowsiness, which speedily and completely vanquished him; he would sleep from two to four hours, often so soundly that his slumbers resembled a deep lethargy; he lay occasionally upon the sofa, but more commonly stretched upon the rug before a large fire, like a cat; and his little round head was exposed to such a fierce heat, that I used to wonder how he was able to bear it. His torpor was generally profound, but he would sometimes discourse incoherently for a long while in his sleep. At six he would suddenly compose himself, even in the midst of an animated narrative or of earnest discussion; and he would lie buried in entire forgetfulness, in a sweet and mighty oblivion, until ten, when he would suddenly start up, and rubbing his eyes with great violence, and passing his fingers swiftly through his long hair, would enter at once into a vehement argument, or begin to recite verses, either of his own composition or from the works of others, with a rapidity and an energy that were often quite painful."

Each afternoon, at one o'clock, Shelley and his companion were accustomed to sally forth for a walk. "It was his delight to strike boldly into the fields, to cross the country daringly on foot, as is usual with sportsmen in shooting; to perform, as it were, a pedestrian steeple-chase." Shelley's ordinary preparation for a rural walk, says Hogg, formed a very remarkable contrast with his mild aspect and pacific habits. "He furnished himself with a pair of dueling-pistols, and a good store of powder and ball; and when he came to a solitary spot, he pinned a card, or fixed some other, mark upon a tree or a bank, and amused himself by firing at it; he was a pretty good shot and was much delighted at his success."

At Oxford, therefore, as at Eton, Shelley's mind moved upon lines of its own. No student ever read more ardently. A pocket edition of Plato, of Plutarch, or Euripides, without interpretation or notes, or of the Septuagint, was his ordinary companion; and he read the text straightforward for hours, if not as readily as an English author, at least with as much facility as French, Italian, or Spanish.

Shelley spent the Christmas vacation of 1810 at Field Place. The year for him came to a somewhat troublous close. There was trouble with his father, and more grievous trouble in the discovery that the young poet's letters to Harriet Grove had alarmed both her and her parents by their energetic unorthodoxy. It was growing a certainty that his first love could never be his.

In the matter of authorship, things were not so discouraging. The publisher, Stockdale, of Pall Mall, London, had been induced to undertake the publication, at the author's expense, of his latest attempt at romance. This was entitled "St. Irvyne; Or, The Rosicrucian," and its conception probably dated back to the Eton period. This work, which Mr. Forman conjectures to have been either translated or an imitation from the German, appears to have been almost as crude and incoherent as its predecessor "Zastrozzi"—whose obscure fate it shared. In November, before leaving Oxford for the holidays, Shelley had induced Mr. Munday to print, in a thin quarto, certain whimsical pieces in verse, labeled: "Posthumous Fragments of Margaret Nicholson; Being Poems Found amongst the Papers of that noted Female, who Attempted the Life of the King in 1786. Edited by John Fitz-Victor."

Peg Nicholson, the mad washerwoman, was alive and in Bedlam at the time, but Shelley figuratively killed her off, as Swift had dispatched the astrologer Partridge, to serve the purposes of his poetical masquerade. As to the contents of this volume, which appears to have obtained a certain success of curiosity with the Oxford gownsmen, the poems, whether burlesques or not, are neither better nor worse than the other pieces written by him, in all seriousness, about the same date. Mr. W. M. Rossetti has reprinted them all, we believe, in his edition of Shelley's works.

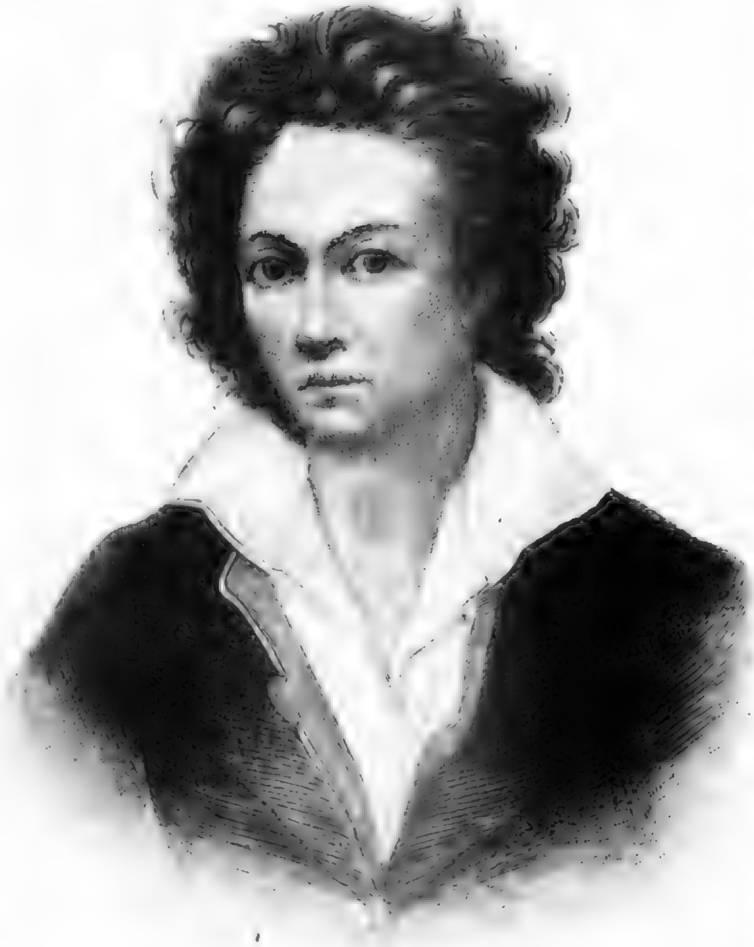
During the Christmas holidays at Field Place, the young Oxonian had undertaken to "enlighten" his father and mother upon the fallacy of certain orthodox beliefs, greatly to their uneasiness and alarm. It is easy to understand the trouble and difficulty of a father and mother with a son possessed by ideas which they regarded as fraught with evil for himself and others. Unhappily he was dealt with as a suspected and dangerous person, and was driven in upon himself to sustain and strengthen his spirit in opposition.

On returning to Oxford, in January, 1811, Shelley resumed his close companionship with Hogg. They still kept in a great degree aloof from their fellow-students, and were preoccupied with their own ideas and with their various literary projects. Shelley published and placed on sale "A Poetical Essay on the Existing State of Things," the profits of which, if there were any, were devoted to the benefit of Peter Finnerty, a patriotic Irish journalist who had been thrown into prison in England about that time.

Within a fortnight after Shelley's return to college, in January, 1811, appeared in the Oxford *Herald* an advertisement of "The Necessity of Atheism," as speedily to be published, and "to be had of the booksellers of London and Oxford." The pamphlet, for which probably Shelley had found it difficult to obtain a publisher, was issued from a provincial press by the Phillipses, printers, of Worthing, in Sussex. The author's name does not appear upon the title-page, but the signature, *Thro' deficiency of proof, An Atheist*, is appended to a brief notice placed before the text, and attributed at the time to Hogg, in which the author earnestly entreats those of his readers who may discover any defect in his reasoning, or may be in possession of proofs which his mind could not obtain, to set forth the same "as briefly, as methodically, as plainly, as he has taken the liberty of doing." Shelley's short and easy method with theists, starting from a false premise, "The senses are the source of all knowledge to the mind," briefly examines the evidence for the existence of a God derivable from the senses, from reason, and from testimony, and sets each aside as incompetent to establish a proof. It is free from passion, methodical in arrangement, clear and concise in style; but neither original in thought nor specially felicitous in expression.

The pamphlet caused a tremendous sensation in Oxford; but before it had been on sale for half an hour at the shop of Messrs. Munday & Slatter, certain orthodox dignitaries of the college had pounced upon the edition, and advised the booksellers to consign it to the flames—which they promptly did.

Shelley's authorship of "a prose pamphlet in praise of atheism" was noised abroad at least ten days before the college authorities were prepared to take public action. There were, doubtless, communications from dignitaries who had received copies of the pamphlet, accompanied by the letter from "Jeremiah Stukeley," the handwriting of which had been compared with that of Shelley, and found to agree with it, and big-wigs were laid together in consultation. Lady Day came (March 25th), a fine Spring morning. Hogg called earlier than usual that morning at Shelley's rooms—they had agreed to lengthen their hours of reading. Shelley was absent. What followed is told in the words of Hogg: "Before I had collected our books he rushed in. He was terribly agitated. I anxiously inquired what had happened. 'I am expelled!' he said, as soon as he had recovered himself a little—'I am expelled!' He sat on the sofa, repeating with convulsive vehemence the words, 'Expelled! expelled!' his head shaking with emotion, and his whole frame quivering."



PORTRAIT OF SHELLEY.

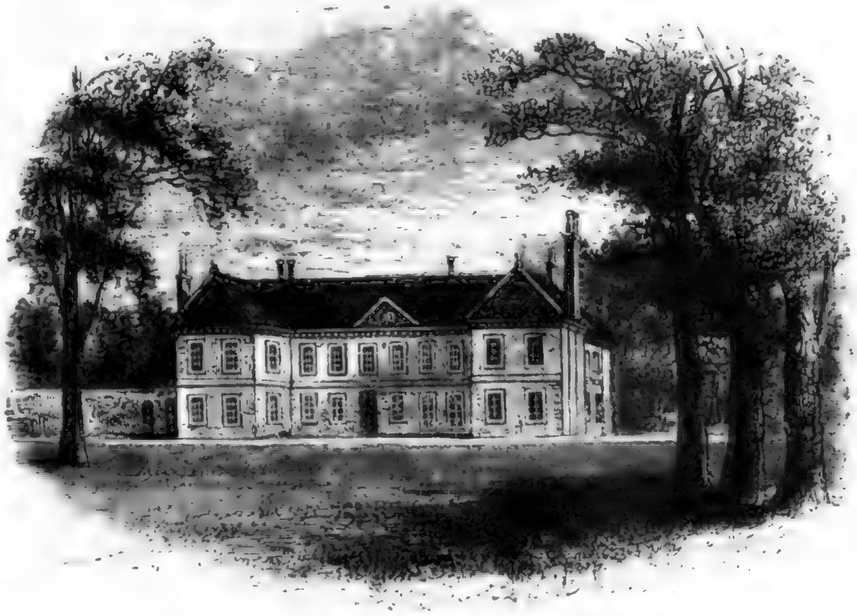
Hogg instantly addressed a note to the Master and Fellows, begging them to reconsider their severe sentence, and at the same time avowing his own responsibility. The result was that he was called up and questioned, and the same afternoon the announcement was posted in the college hall that Thomas Jefferson Hogg and Percy Bysshe Shelley were publicly expelled for contumacy in refusing to answer certain questions put to them, and for declining to disavow the obnoxious pamphlet. Had the discipline of University College in 1811 been stringent and directed by high aims, there would be less ground for objection to the severity of the punishment; but to sodden the brain in wine, to waste the strength of youth in riotous living, were venial errors; to fling out a boy's defiance against the first article of the Creed was a crime which merited nothing less than capital punishment.

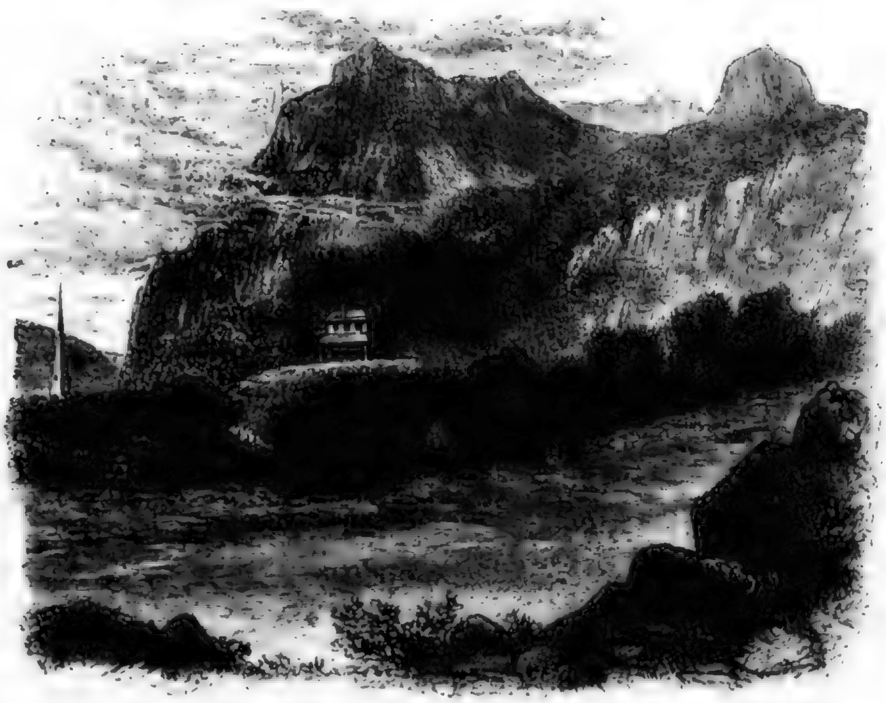
Shelley and Hogg, bidding farewell to Oxford, went down to London and took lodgings together. Mr. Timothy Shelley, learning what had happened, wrote to his son, bidding him to leave Hogg and repair at once to Field Place. This proposal being declined, he immediately entered into correspondence with the elder Hogg, with a view to the compulsory separation of "these youngsters."

On the second Sunday (April 7th) of the friends' sojourn in London, Mr. Shelley saw them at his hotel. After some not unkindly bluster, with sudden and oddly veering flaws of temper, he proceeded, over a bottle of port, to demonstrate, by a short and easy method derived from "Paley's Book," the existence of a Deity.

Shelley, believing himself deeply indebted to Hogg, and intellectually benefited by the companionship of this sharer of his disgrace, held out against his father's demands. He also refused to enter Whig politics as a follower of the Duke of Norfolk, to the added disgust of Mr. Timothy Shelley, Member of Parliament for New Shoreham. Young Shelley at this time contemplated studying medicine; but his supply of ready money was failing, and toward the middle of April Hogg went home. It was arranged that Shelley should follow him to York in the Summer, and that there they should re-commence their pleasant student life. Shelley's mother and sisters felt tenderly toward the forlorn rebel; and while they dared not openly take his part against his father, they sent him pocket-money, through one of the girls' schoolmates. This young lady was Harriet Westbrook, daughter of a coffee-house keeper in the city. She was a bright, blooming young creature, not quite sixteen years old, and had an unmarried sister—Eliza—who was thirty. A pleasant acquaintance ensued, and Shelley, according to his wont, soon had the two sisters absorbed in philosophical readings and religious arguments. "They are both clever," he wrote to Hogg, "and the youngest (my friend) is amiable."

Through the kind offices of Captain Pilfold, Shelley's maternal uncle, who had commanded a frigate at Trafalgar, and by the intervention of the Duke of Norfolk, the young exile was brought home to Field Place toward the latter part of May, and came to terms with his father. Two hundred pounds a year were henceforth to be his,

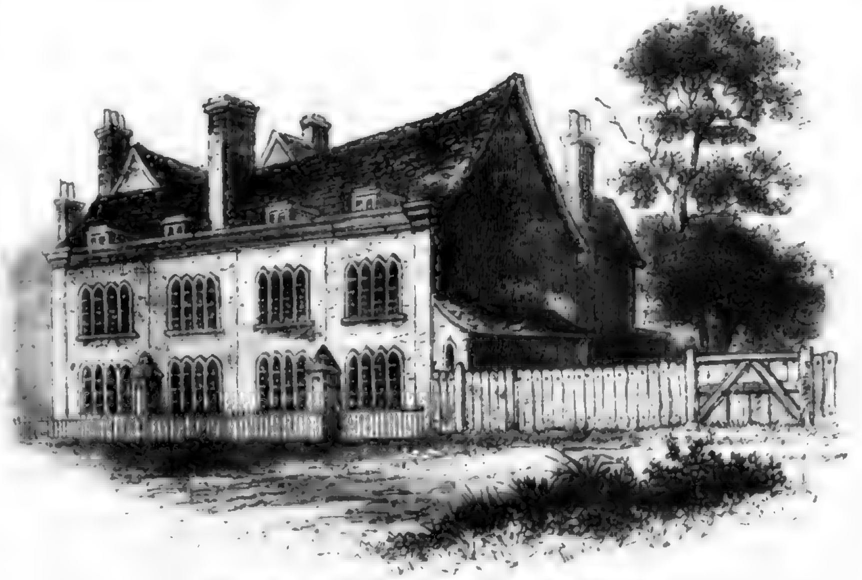

FIELD PLACE, 1812.


TANYRALLT.

unencumbered by conditions; he might choose his own place of abode, his own friends. Wandering about Field Place, for the time being, like a hermit, he read, mused, and wrote letters to Hogg, to the Westbrook sisters, and to Miss Elizabeth Hitchener, a studious and argumentative schoolmistress at Sussex. It was Shelley's intention to quit Field Place in July, and join his friend Hogg in York; but an invitation from his cousin, Mr. Thomas Grove, tempted him to visit the latter's estate, near Rhayder, in Wales. In midsummer, therefore, we find the young philosopher writing letters from amongst the romantic crags and mountain solitudes of Cwm Elan. He kept up a correspondence with the Westbrooks, and toward the end of July received a series of urgent letters from Harriet, who was about to be compelled to return to school against her will. She was wretched and in despair. She was of no use to herself or to others; would it be wrong to make an end of her useless life? should she resist her father and refuse to return to school? She would be guided by Shelley's advice. Shelley was a philosopher, but a philosopher of nineteen. A beautiful girl of sixteen, the victim of oppression, chose him for her counselor and placed her fate in his hands. Such an appeal could not fail to awaken all his chivalry. He instantly wrote to Harriet Westbrook, advising resistance, and soon followed his letter post-haste to London. His presence revived the drooping girl, but the responsibility of his position soon changed his enthusiasm to an uneasiness which he could not conceal. Writing to his friend Hogg of his devotion to Harriet, he says, "This, I fear, more resembles exerted action than exalted passion." Hogg urged the duty of a legal marriage, and Shelley brought himself to contemplate favorably the idea of a ceremony which, consistently with his peculiar ideas, already tinctured with Godwin's "Political Justice," he might hitherto have regarded with repulsion.

Having thus decided, he did not hesitate to act; and on the evening of August 25th, 1811, the willing Harriet having met Shelley and his cousin Charles Grove by appointment at an inn, the two young lovers flitted in the northern mail-coach for Edinburgh, *vià* York. Arriving in Edinburgh on the third morning after leaving London, the travelers, with such ceremony as the Scottish law required, at once joined hands as husband and wife. The united ages of bride and bridegroom made only thirty-five years.

Mr. Timothy Shelley suspended his son's allowance when he heard of the elopement; but Uncle Pilfold came


SHELLEY'S COTTAGE, GREAT MARLOW, BUCKS.

generously to the rescue. At the same time, Hogg ran up to Edinburgh for a holiday excursion, so that the early days of Shelley's honeymoon passed blithely enough. Five weeks were spent in reading, study, and excursions around picturesque Auld Reekie, and then Shelley and Harriet went back with Hogg to York. So began those restless and anxious wanderings which, in the case of our poet, were destined to continue, with scarcely an intermission, until the Italian waters closed over his head. What a strange, eventful history is that of the last ten years of Shelley's short life!

Miss Eliza Westbrook, who was later to become an element of discord, joined the household at York. Another episode at this time and place cruelly shattered one of Shelley's fondest ideals, and broke the strongest of the ties which attached him to his "soul's brother." This episode was nothing less than Hogg's avowal of a passion for his friend's young bride—an avowal which Harriet heard with indignation and loathing. The remorseful Hogg then made a clean breast of the matter, and Shelley forgave him. Nevertheless, something like an estrangement ensued, and in November Shelley removed with his wife and her sister to Keswick, in the beautiful lake country. Here the poet received the first inspiration of "Queen Mab," which, however, was not written and published until more than a year later. At Keswick, Shelley lived in seclusion at a pretty place called Chestnut Cottage. Not far away was the habitation of Robert Southey, whose personal acquaintance the younger poet made before the close of the year 1812. He also opened a correspondence with the great lawgiver and prophet of his ideal—William Goodwin, the author of "Political Justice." The following passage, from a letter written to Godwin, January 16th, 1812, foreshadows Shelley's next move: "In a few days we set off to Dublin. Our journey has been settled some time. We go principally to *forward as much as we can* the Catholic Emancipation."

Through the intervention of the family friend, the Duke of Norfolk, an arrangement had been finally effected by which Shelley could now count upon an income of four hundred pounds a year, independently of the small allowance which Harriet received from her father. His thoughts and hopes had for some time past tended toward Ireland, where, more than elsewhere, as he conceived, the struggle for political independence was being fought out. Early in February, therefore, he set out for Ireland, with his wife and sister-in-law, and equipped with a letter of introduction from Godwin to J. Philpot Curran, Master of the Rolls in Ireland. Of Irish parties and internal politics Shelley knew but little; he was not the first nor last of his countrymen who fancied that by a promenade in Ireland he could restore order from the chaos.

On arriving in Dublin, Shelley published an "Address to the Irish People," and scattered the pamphlets broadcast. He delivered an address an hour long at a grand Catholic Emancipation meeting, on February 28th, at which O'Connell was also one of the orators. But the letter of introduction to Curran somehow missed fire; Godwin himself disapproved of his enthusiastic young disciple's revolutionary proceedings in Ireland; and, as Spring approached, Shelley gave up his idea of forming "associations" among the poor Irish people, and turned his face toward England again. By the middle of April we find him, with his wife and her "illuminated" elder sister, once more domiciled in Wales, near Cwm Elan, where he had visited his cousin the Summer before. Here began his friendship with Thomas Love Peacock, then a bright youth of twenty-six, and a combination of the poet and the laughing philosopher. After a month or two of the Welsh retirement, the Shelley household moved to Lynmouth, in Devonshire, England, where they spent the Summer in almost idyllic happiness. The young poet worked on "Queen Mab," and disseminated a new "Declaration of Rights," in pamphlet form, by means of freighted fire-balloons, and flotillas of corked bottles, which he embarked on the Lynmouth beach, in the hope that favoring winds might waft them to where they would do the most good. In September the little household again migrated to Wales, accompanied by Miss Hitchener, and took up their temporary abode in the little town of Tremadoc, on the Carnarvonshire coast. Shelley rented the villa of Tanyrallt, perched on a high rock in the midst of noble scenery. Here the young poet-philosopher, always enthusiastic over any project for bettering the life of man, interested himself in the construction of an embankment which was to reclaim a large tract of sea-marsh. It was partly with the object of soliciting subscriptions for this work that he visited London in October; but the most important result of that visit was the personal introduction of himself and Harriet to the Godwin household. The latter consisted of the veteran philosopher and his second wife, their young son, Fanny Imlay Godwin (Mary Wollstonecraft's daughter), Jane Clairmont (daughter of Mrs. Godwin by her first marriage), and Godwin's only daughter, named Mary Wollstonecraft, after the mother who died at her birth.

The financial mission to London proving unsuccessful, Shelley returned to Wales, still entangled and perplexed in the embankment project, but "the happiest of the happy" at home with Harriet, and doing his best to relieve the distress of the poor of the neighborhood.

It was in February, 1813, that Shelley also undertook to raise £1,000 for Leigh Hunt and his brother, who had been thrown into prison for libeling the Prince Regent; but the brothers declined to let their friends tax themselves for this object. At his master's suggestion, the young disciple of Godwin entered upon a course of historical reading during the Winter, indulging his own tastes, meanwhile, with Kant and Spinoza. He also wrote a series of moral and religious essays, which never got into print.

Shelley's residence at Tanyrallt was suddenly brought to a close, in the last week of February, by a mysterious occurrence—a midnight attack by either a burglar or an assassin, which has been a source of perplexity to biographers. Whether the outrage was real, or only a creation of Shelley's overwrought and excitable fancy, is still a disputed point. Shelley was frequently a sufferer from the persecution of his own fantasies, against which his friend Peacock prescribed the materialistic remedy of "three mutton chops, well peppered"; for during the greater portion of his life the poet affected vegetarianism. At any rate, the Shelleys left Wales for Ireland, made a tour of the Lakes of Killarney, and a month later were back in London.

The Summer of 1813 was spent mostly in London lodgings, where Ianthe, the first child of Shelley and Harriet, was born, in June. He was extremely fond of the babe, and addressed to it a beautiful sonnet, which also expresses his affection for Harriet — an affection fated so soon to be broken. As the weeks passed, Harriet delegated the nursing of her child to a hireling, while a more positive source of annoyance arose in the fact that Eliza Westbrook, whom Shelley now vehemently disliked, over-asserted her authority as self-constituted guardian and superintendent of the household.

During this Summer there were excursions and visits to Bracknall, the Lakes and Edinburgh, and "Queen Mab" was printed, for private circulation only. About this time, too, appear the first unmistakable indications that the dream—for it could have been only a dream—of intellectual sympathy between Shelley and his wife was fast dissolving. Harriet, on her part, could not dwell for ever in a golden mist of liberty, equality and fraternity, subsisting on a vegetarian diet; and debts and duns were sorry accompaniments to the theory of human perfectibility. Professor Dowden not only accuses the girl wife of assuming an attitude of "hard alienation" toward her husband, but roundly asserts that "there is no doubt that she wandered from the ways of upright living;" and Shelley certainly believed as much at a period prior to the final separation. At the same time, various opinions and evidence to the contrary are recorded by Professor Dowden himself. The separation was, as we know, followed by a tragedy which clouded both Shelley's life and his reputation; but few who read the history of the case can avoid the conclusion of the biographer—viz., that, though Shelley's course was remotely an influence of perilous power to the unfortunate Harriet, by unsettling her principles and setting bad examples, he is free from immediate blame either for her conduct or her death. But Shelley has rarely been judged with impartiality, either for good or ill.

Returning to the narration of the events themselves, we find Shelley in London in June, 1814, and virtually separated from his wife. His revered friend Godwin being in financial distress, the poet undertook the hopeless task of raising a large sum of money for him; and the intercourse between the two became close. In one of his calls at the philosopher's house in Skinner Street, in May or early in June, Shelley's eyes first rested with interest on Godwin's daughter Mary, now just returned from a long visit in Scotland—a girl in her seventeenth year, with shapely golden head, a face very pale and pure, great forehead, earnest hazel eyes, and an expression at once of sensibility and firmness about her delicately curved lips. From her father she had inherited clearness and precision of intellect and firmness of will; from her mother, sensibility and ardor, with an imaginative power which quickened and widened her sympathies.

Shelley had never met a woman who united in herself so many high attractions as Mary; and assuredly she had never known a being composed of elements so fine and rare as those which made up the nature of Shelley. Before the close of June it was known and felt by both that they were in love, though they did not yet dare to dream of a possible union.

Meanwhile, Harriet had separated herself completely from her husband, and taken up her residence at Bath. On July 7th, it appears from the letters published, she writes to their mutual friend Hookham, the bookseller, in a tone of anxiety at the want of any news from Shelley for four days past. On July 8th Godwin remonstrates with Mary, and Shelley writes asking Harriet to come to London, where she arrives on July 14th. The charge of previous desertion made against Shelley is sufficiently disposed of by Harriet's letter to Hookham, and Shelley now seems to have tried to arrange a formal separation, and certainly told Harriet of his love for Mary Godwin. Harriet was indignant; but Professor Dowden very justly doubts, in the face of Peacock's testimony, "that Harriet consented to a separation, or yielded to it as inevitable, recognizing the fact that it would be final." On July 28th Shelley and Mary fled to the Continent, taking with them Jane Clairmont, "to rescue her from Mrs. Godwin's unphilosophic training."

Shelley certainly *believed* Harriet unfaithful before he linked his life with that of Mary Godwin. This is all that Professor Dowden considers established. "When Shelley parted finally from Harriet, he did so, as it were, under a judicial decree, not, indeed, in legal form, but issued—issued, as I believe, rashly—by himself, as judge in his own cause." Hogg, Peacock, Hookham, Leigh Hunt and others were convinced that Harriet was perfectly innocent. Professor Dowden's point is, that if Shelley was convinced, however erroneously, of her guilt, he naturally held himself free to form fresh ties.

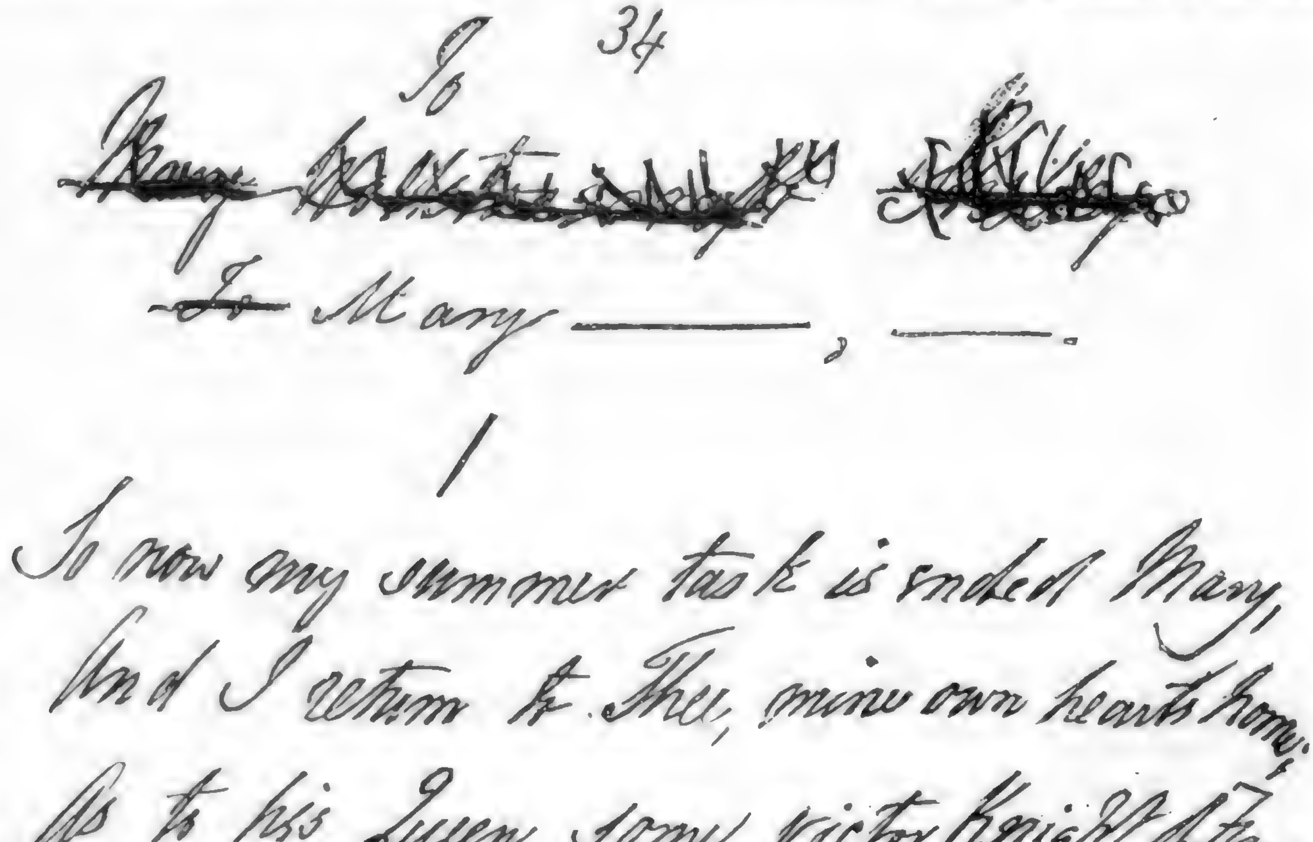
When Shelley fled with Mary and Miss Clairmont, to make an eccentric and adventurous tour through France and Switzerland, he did not, in the full sense of the word, desert Harriet. He left money for her at the banker's, which she drew and used. He wrote to her during his journey, and looked after her welfare upon his return to London in September. When, two months later, her second child was born, he owned it and provided for it. Shelley left the two children in Harriet's care, as he afterward declared in Chancery, upon her urgent entreaty, but with no idea of yielding his right over them except in their early years. When his father finally came to terms, he gave her money to pay her debts, and set apart to her credit £200 a year, a fifth part of his allowance.

About this time began the extortions of Godwin, who, though he now refused to hold communication with Shelley except through an attorney, drew upon him for large sums, which the poet raised at great sacrifice on *post-obits*. Well might Mary, in view of the strange inconsistencies of the vanity of virtue, utter the exclamation recorded in her journal—"*Oh, philosophy!*"

Ill-health, financial worriment and other troubles darkened the opening of the year 1815 for Shelley and Mary. On February 22d, or a few days earlier, a seven-months' babe—a girl—was born; but it lived only a few days. Things brightened, however, with approaching Summer, and Shelley took a country house on the borders of Windsor Park, at Bishopsgate, and near the sylvan Thames. Here he wrote "Alastor," which shows a marked advance upon his previous work, and may be regarded as his first high achievement in poetry. The death of his grandfather assured him a comfortable income, and he read, studied and wrote in comparative tranquillity through the Summer and Autumn. On January 24th, 1816, Mary gave birth to a boy—beloved of his parents, and a centre of hope and joy during a few years; beloved in memory and mourned for ever when those few years had fled—to whom the name of William, that of Mary's father, was given.

Godwin still refused to see Shelley's face or to take his hand, yet he still petitioned for Shelley's money.

The economical motives which determined Shelley, in the Spring of 1816, to withdraw from his native country are apparent, at least in part, to one who has read the letters to Godwin at this time. It is also evident that, suffering acutely (more, perhaps, on Mary's account than his own) from the social odium and stigma consequent upon his unwedded union with one whom he regarded as, in the truest and deepest sense, his wife, he now proposed to make the experiment of a residence among strangers. Accordingly, in May, Shelley, accompanied by Mary and Clara (Jane) Clairmont, started for Paris *en route* to Geneva. Of Miss Clairmont's history, during the interval between the Summer of 1815 and her departure with Shelley and Mary for the Continent, few traces can be recovered, but during that interval she had made the acquaintance of Lord Byron, having sought his assistance to secure her a theatrical engagement at the Drury Lane Theatre. Byron was at this time in his twenty-ninth year, and already the most famous poet in England. Clara (or Claire) Clairmont, as she now called herself, was a dark-haired, dark-eyed, olive-cheeked girl, a few months younger than Mary—born on April 27th, 1798.



To 34

~~Mary [illegible]~~

~~To~~ Mary ——— , ———.

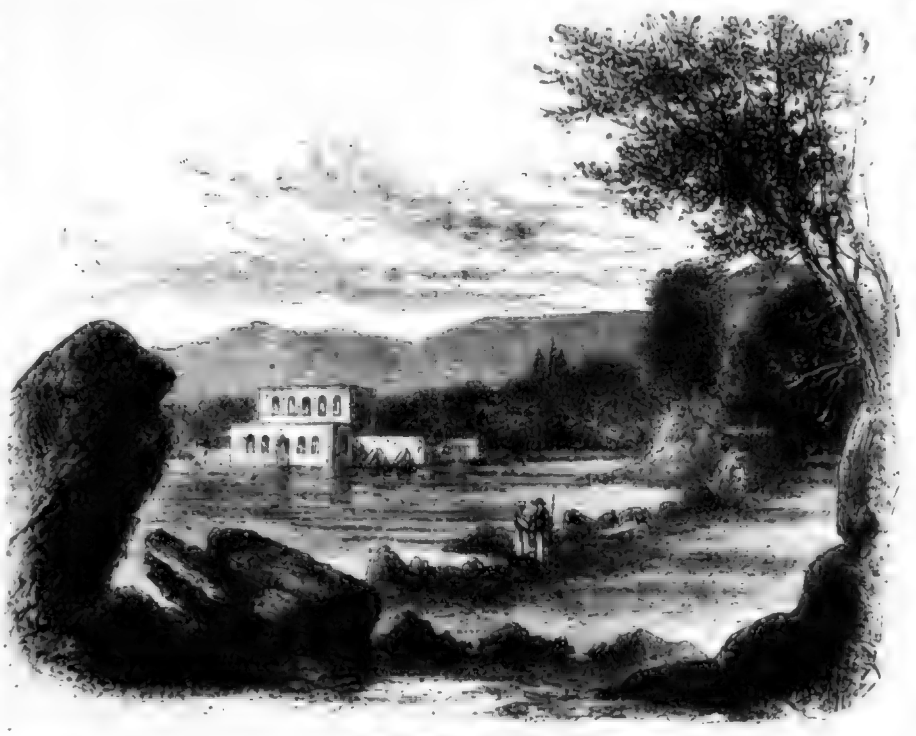
1

So now my summer task is ended Mary,
And I return to Thee, mine own hearts home;
As to his Queen some victor Knight of Faery,
Earning bright spoils for her inchanted dome;
Nor thou disdain, that ere my fame become
A star among the stars of mortal night
If it indeed may cleave its natal gloom
Its doubtful promise thus I would unite
With thy beloved name, thou Child of Love & light.

FAC-SIMILE OF SHELLEY'S DEDICATION OF "THE REVOLT OF ISLAM."

Of the intimacy which had sprung up between Byron and Miss Clairmont, Shelley and Mary were ignorant. Byron had left England for good in April, and was now sojourning at Geneva—whither, either by chance or by a suddenly formed design, the Shelley party followed him. The two poets were familiar with each other's writings; and at the Sécheron Hotel, on the lake-shore, they now met personally for the first time.

Finding, probably, the cost of living at a hotel excessive, and looking forward to a residence of some months in the neighborhood of Geneva, Shelley, with Mary and Clara and little William, moved by the end of May from Sécheron to a cottage, known as Campagne Chapuis or Campagne Mont Alègre, about two miles from the city, near Coligny, on the opposite side of the lake. The cottage, separated from the water's edge only by a small garden overgrown by trees, stood some five or eight minutes' walk below the Villa Diodati, where Milton, returning from Italy in 1639, had visited his friend Dr. John Diodati, the Genevan Professor of Theology. This villa Byron rented, taking refuge there, early in June,



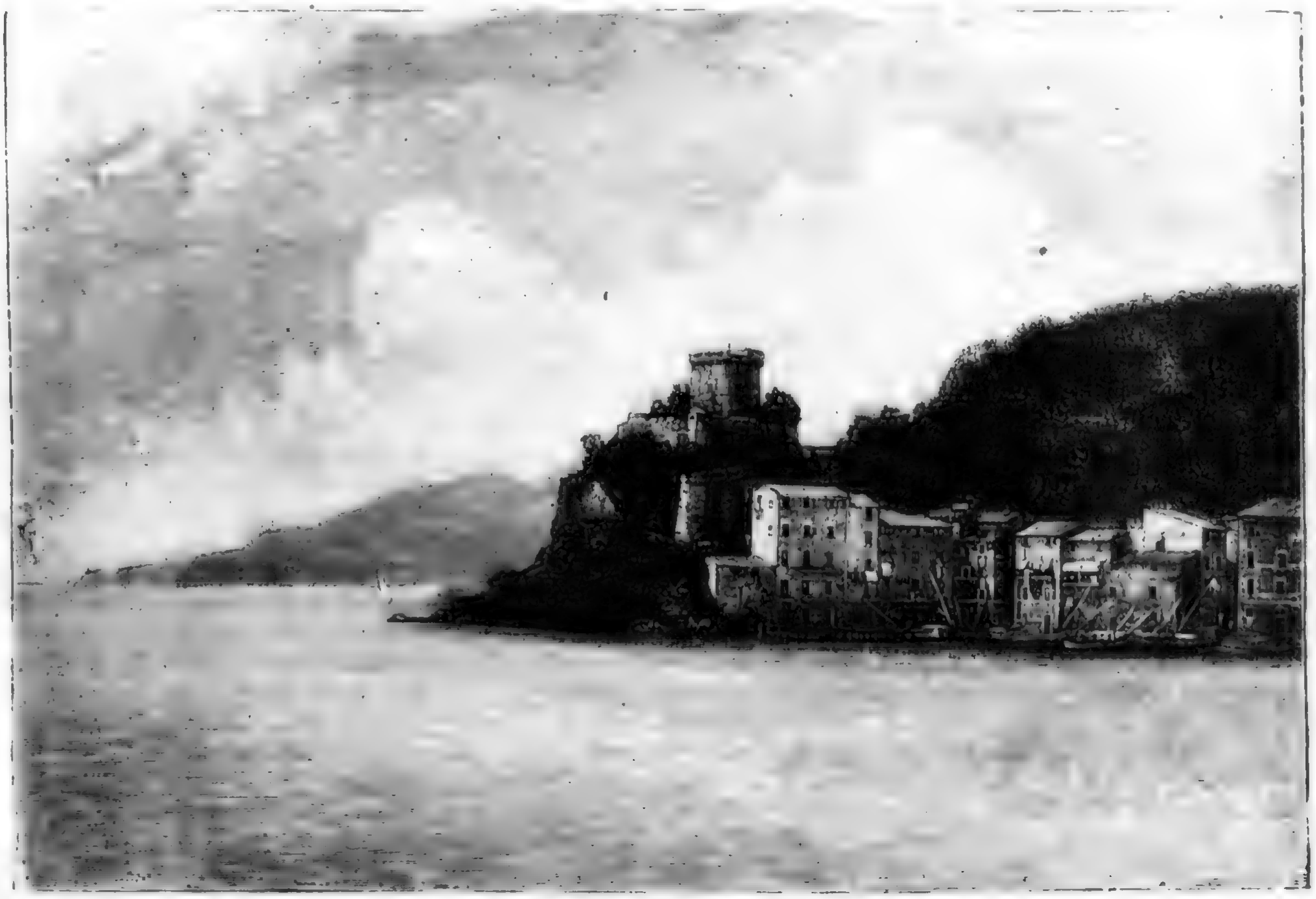
THE VILLA MAGNI, 1822.

from British tourists and gossipmongers. Before Byron's migration from Sécheron, he would cross the lake to visit his friends at Mont Alègre, and as he returned over the darkened waters, says Mrs. Shelley, "the wind from far across bore us his voice," singing a Tyrolean song of liberty, by Moore. On his arrival at Diodati, Shelley was his constant companion upon the water. As June went by, the voyagers conceived and executed their happy project of circumnavigating the lake. This occupied several delightful, adventurous days. During one of these days, while detained by stress of weather in the little inn at Ouchy, Byron, who the day before had traced the footstep-marks of Bonnivard in his dungeon, wrote with swift, sure strokes, "The Prisoner of Chillon." The stanzas on Clarens and Rousseau, in the third canto of "Childe Harold," were also probably written under the immediate impression of the scenes described. Shelley's creative power lay for the time in abeyance, but it has been generally acknowledged that something of his influence and inspiration can be discerned or felt in Byron's poetry of the Genevan sojourn.

In July, Shelley and Mary visited Chamouni, and it was in the sublime presence of the "Monarch of Mountains" that the poem on Mont Blanc, and the noble "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty" were conceived. At the same time Mary was at work on a weird tale of her own, since famous in literature under the title of "Frankenstein."

On August 28th they floated for the last time on the sapphire waters of the lake, and the next day were *en route* for England. They proceeded through France, by way of Dijon, Auxerre and Versailles, to Paris; and the Imperial House, described in the fifth canto of the "Revolt of Islam"—a "gorgeous grave," its storied walls answering vacantly to the footfalls of Laon, while the twilight gathers "like a charnel's mist within the radiant dome"—is undoubtedly a reminiscence of the solitude and desolation of Versailles as the poet saw it in 1816.

Shelley, upon his return to England, took up his



PORTO VENERE, FROM THE ISOLA PALMARIA.

residence temporarily at Bath, and Claire Clairmont was still a member of the household. At what precise date Shelley and Mary became aware of the fact that she had, in reckless passion, given herself to Byron, is uncertain; but the anticipated birth of Byron's child could scarcely have been unknown to them when they landed in England. Claire was most anxious to conceal what had taken place from Godwin and her mother, and Shelley and Mary had no desire to betray her secret.

Before the close of this eventful year, two calamitous events, falling nearly together, almost overwhelmed Shelley, both mentally and physically. In October, the gentle and unhappy Fanny Godwin, to whom he was tenderly attached—and who, it had been rumored, secretly loved him—put an end to her own life. In December, Harriet Shelley was found drowned in the Serpentine River, in Hyde Park, London. At what precise date Harriet disappeared from the cognizance of Shelley we cannot say. But we know that in November he was seeking for her, and seeking in vain. According to the story which reached him, and which he accepted as true, Harriet, through her sister's influence, had been driven from her father's house, and being subsequently deserted by one on whom she had a claim for kindness and consideration, she sought in death a speedy and desperate issue from her perplexities and griefs. That no unkindness of Shelley's during the two years which immediately preceded her death tended to cause her to destroy herself seems certain. Yet his example had not been an example of the patience, endurance and self-denial which, when old ties are broken, should be practiced before the formation of new ties. Had such self-denying fortitude been his, not only would his life have been saved from much misrepresentation and pain, not only would he have left a nobler precedent for other lives entangled in like difficulties with his own, but a strenuous virtue might have passed from his life into his art, which would have strengthened its nerve and fibre, and enriched and sobered its enthusiasm. But Shelley could not be other than Shelley, possessing, to borrow the French phrase, the defects of his qualities; and at twenty-two neither was his judgment mature nor his moral temper fully formed.

Two duties now lay before Shelley. One of these was fulfilled by the performance, at St. Mildred's Church, of the ceremony which made Mary Godwin his legally wedded wife. The other—to recover from the Westbrooks possession of his children — cost him a long, bitter and unsuccessful struggle in Chancery. The proceedings, although the main question was decided in March, 1817, did not come to a close until midsummer of the following year, when Shelley and his wife had been for some months residents in Italy. As is well known, Lord Eldon refused to give the children, Charles and Ianthe, into their father's care, though he allowed Shelley to name their future guardians.

From February, 1817, until their final departure for Italy in March, 1818, the Shelleys lived once more by the Thames' side, at the peaceful old town of Great Marlow. Their house was a large one, with an ornamental front, a considerable garden to the rear, and surrounded by pleasant prospects. Here Shelley hoped that he had found a lifelong resting-place, or, if not this, that at least it should be his home while Sir Timothy Shelley held the family estates. Here, with her husband, her books and her blue-eyed boy, Mary was happy. And here was Claire, with her beautiful babe, the daughter of Byron, born January 12th, and christened Alba Allegra. Leigh Hunt and his family, Hogg, Peacock, Horace Smith, Godwin and other friends were near enough to visit and to be visited. One memorable evening, three "Young Poets"—Shelley, Keats and J. Hamilton Reynolds — of all of whom great things had been predicted by Leigh Hunt in an *Examiner* article, supped together at Hampstead with their generous critic. Keats, we are told by Leigh Hunt "did not take to Shelley as kindly as Shelley did to him."

As the warm weather came on, Shelley's health and spirits were much benefited by boating excursions on the river. He had christened his wandering pinnace the *Vaga;* "bond," added a witty neighbor in letters on the stern. "I have often met him," writes a correspondent of Lady Shelley's, "going or coming from his island retreat near Medmenham Abbey. . . . He was the most interesting figure I ever saw; his eyes like a deer's, bright but rather wild; his white throat unfettered; his slender, but to me almost faultless, shape; his brown, long coat, with curling lambs' wool collar and cuffs—in fact his whole appearance—are as fresh in my recollection as an occurrence of yesterday." During this Summer he began "Prince Athanase," and completed the English portion of "Rosalind and Helen" and "Laon and Cynthia." The latter poem, better known under its later title of "The Revolt of Islam," was, according to Medwin, the result of a friendly rivalry between Shelley and Keats, the latter's "Endymion" having been begun about the same time.

During his residence at Marlow, Shelley's beneficence to his poorer neighbors was continuous. He went from cottage to cottage with gifts of food and clothing, and in the Winter of 1817 suffered from a severe attack of ophthalmia caught during his brotherly ministrations. Aiding Godwin to the utmost of his power, and bestowing liberal gifts on Peacock, his own resources were at times slender enough; yet each week, whatever happened, he contrived to put by a certain sum for the poor.

During the Summer and Autumn days the house at Marlow was a hive of workers. "Frankenstein" being now in the hands of the publishers, Mary occupied herself in August and October, before and not long after the birth of her little girl, Clara (September 2d), in transcribing, with emendations and additions, the journal of her tour with Shelley to the Continent, in 1814, together with the letters from Geneva of 1816. The "Six Weeks' Tour," accepted by Hookham, was published by him in December.

Before the beginning of the year 1818, Shelley's health demanded a change of climate, and Italy was talked of. Moreover, the prospect of a journey thither suggested an easy mode of conveying the child Allegra safe to Venice, where Byron was at present residing. By March the matter was settled; and, having disposed of the lease of their house at some sacrifice, the whole party set out, on the 11th, for the Continent. There were the Shelleys and their two children, Miss Clairmont and little Allegra, a Swiss nurse and an English maid. The next day the poet looked his last upon the shores of England. The party traveled in their own carriage from Calais to Milan, crossing the Alps *via* Mont Cenis. The first sight of Italy delighted them, and they lingered at Milan and Como until May 1st. Then little Allegra was sent to Lord Byron at Venice, in care of the nurse, and the Shelleys, with Claire, crossed the Apennines to Pisa and Leghorn. Byron's heart had hardened toward the woman whom he had wronged. She feared that the separation from her child might be absolute and final; but the decision had been made, and no doubts or apprehensions ought to stand in the way of Allegra's brilliant future as daughter of an English nobleman—the most illustrious poet of Europe.

At Leghorn resided Mr. and Mrs. Gisborne, to whom Shelley bore a letter of introduction from Godwin; and Mary could not but take a peculiar interest in forming the acquaintance of a lady who was an old and valued friend of her father. The travelers enjoyed two or three weeks' intercourse with these new friends, and then repaired to the Baths of Lucca. Among the chestnut woods and flowery Apennine fields they passed pleasantly the hot midsummer, Shelley reading the Greek dramatists, translating Plato's "Symposium," and finishing "Rosalind and Helen."

Letters received from Venice about the middle of August having decided Claire to hasten thither, Shelley determined to accompany her, with the idea of seeing Byron on her behalf. The two reached Venice at midnight, on August 22d, and the next morning called on the Hoppners (the English Consul and his family, with whom Allegra was temporarily left), and obtained an account of Byron's mode of life, which was far from reassuring. In the afternoon Shelley called alone on "Albé" (the name to which "Lord Byron" is abbreviated in most of the letters of this period), and was received with effusion. The two poets went in a gondola to the Lido, and Byron repeated some stanzas of the fourth canto of "Childe Harold," fresh from the mint. The Lido excursion and its conversation are reproduced in Shelley's "Julian and Maddalo." Byron in a friendly mood proposed that Shelley should occupy for a time the villa at Este, which he had himself taken for two years as a place of *villeggiatura*. It was beautifully situated among the Euganean Hills, close to the old castle of the Este family, and within a few miles of Arqua, where Petrarch dwelt and died. Here Claire might welcome Allegra, and for a time enjoy companionship with her child. Such a proposal Shelley, well pleased to have attained the object of his journey, could not but accept. He therefore summoned Mary from Lucca, and she came at once, bringing the children with her. Little Clara, alas! was taken ill on the journey, and, to the grief and despair of her parents, died a few days after her arrival.

The Autumn days were spent sadly at the Villa d'Este. Shelley's beautiful "Lines Written among the Euganean Hills" have in them the purified gladness in sorrow of an autumnal day upon the heights.

The most important, however, of Shelley's poetical enterprises during these early months in Italy, was his "Prometheus Unbound." During all his Italian wanderings he had meditated this subject, and before he left Este, in October, the first act of the immortal poem-drama was nearly completed.

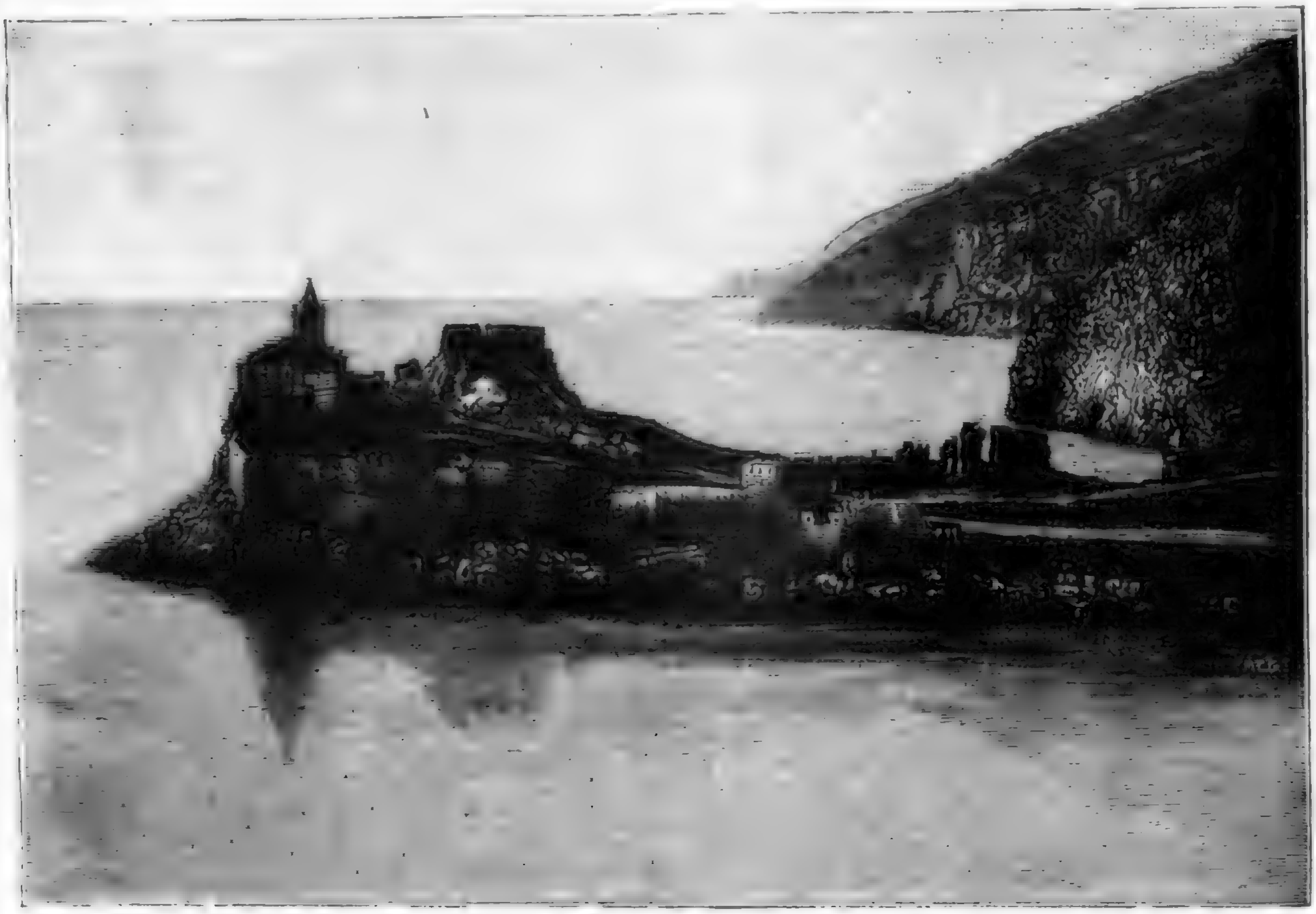
With November came the return to Venice, and Claire's second bitter parting with her child; and then the wanderers were on the road again—this time journeying to Naples, through Rome. The first impression of the Eternal City exceeded anything which Shelley had previously experienced in his travels. It is notable that on this first visit to Rome, one spot, in after-days to be for ever associated with his poetry and with his life and death, was viewed by Shelley with deep and solemn interest. "The English burying-place," he writes, "is a green slope near the walls, under the pyramidal tomb of Cestius, and is, I think, the most beautiful and solemn cemetery I ever beheld."

Among the many memorable days in and about Naples, three stood out conspicuous for wonder and delight—December 8th, when Baiæ was visited; December 16th, when the adventurous wanderers ascended Vesuvius; and December 22d, when they stood among the silent theatres and temples of Pompeii. All these are reflected in the poems of this period. It had been Shelley's plan to return in the Spring to Rome, where he had hoped to spend three months in the study of its treasures of antiquity and art. Illness confined him much to the house during February, but on the 23d of that month he was well enough to start, with Mary and Claire, on a long-contemplated expedition to Pæstum. By the 5th of March, 1819, they were back in Rome. Having obtained lodgings in the Palazzo Verospi, on the Corso, Shelley, Mary and Claire set themselves vigorously to study. The liveliness of the city lay in abeyance during the earlier part of the season of Lent; but in 1819, Holy Week was celebrated with more than ordinary pomp, for the Emperor of Austria was a visitor to Rome.

It was in solitude, among the flowery ruins of ancient Rome, that his highest mountings of the mind, his finest trances of thought, came to Shelley. The first act of his "Prometheus Unbound" had been achieved for the most part in the summer-house of his garden at Este. The second and third acts were wrought out amid surroundings fitted to sustain his imagination in its highest endeavors. The days were bright and beautiful, and in the mountainous ruins of the Baths of Caracalla he lived in communion at once with nature and with the energies of human genius. Shelley himself, writing of this poem more truly and happily than any of his critics, says: "The blue sky of Rome, and the effect of the vigorous awakening of Spring in that divinest climate, and the new life with which it drenches the spirits even to intoxication, were the inspiration of this drama." Before leaving Rome, Shelley and his wife suffered a second affliction, in the death of their beloved child, William.

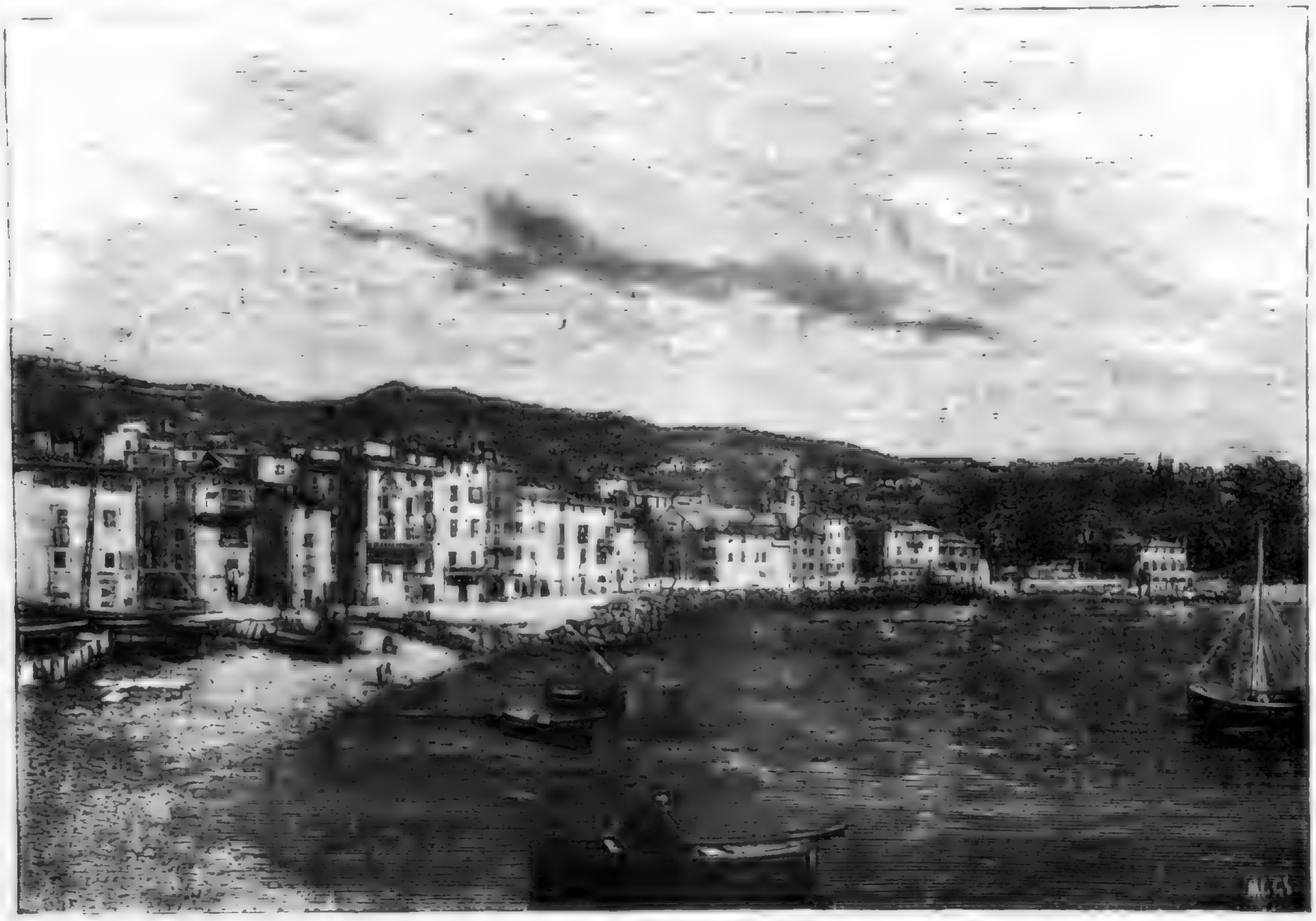
From June to October the desolate household established itself at the Villa Valsovano, an airy little country house, at a short distance from Leghorn—about half-way between the city and Monte Nero. The house stood at the end of a green lane, and was surrounded by a tiny estate, worked as a market-garden. The Summer was one of unusual heat, diversified by thunderstorms of majestic terror. There was refreshment for the senses in the vine festoons alternating with rows of cabbages; in the olive, fig and peach trees; in the myrtle hedges, with their faint, sweet perfume; in green, grassy walks leading through the vines; and in the creak of the waterwheel as the process of irrigation went on. The Gisbornes, Mary's friends, were near by; and Shelley found distraction in writing "The Cenci." The following Autumn, and the early part of the Winter, were spent in Florence, which, until the severe cold came, proved a fortunate environment for Shelley's spirit. In November, Mrs. Shelley's third child, a boy, was born. He received his father's name, Percy, to which was added Florence, the name of his place of birth. Comforting his mother's heart after her affliction of 1819, he continued to fulfil the promise of his birth, and remained her centre of joy and comfort through all losses and trials to the close of her life.

In December, the last act of "Prometheus Unbound" was thus triumphantly brought to a close. Several weeks earlier, on a day when the tempestuous west wind was collecting the vapors which pour down the Autumnal rains, Shelley conceived, and in great part wrote, in a wood that skirted the Arno, that ode in which there is a union of lyrical breadth with lyrical intensity unsurpassed in English song—the "Ode to the West Wind."



THE POINT OF LERICI.

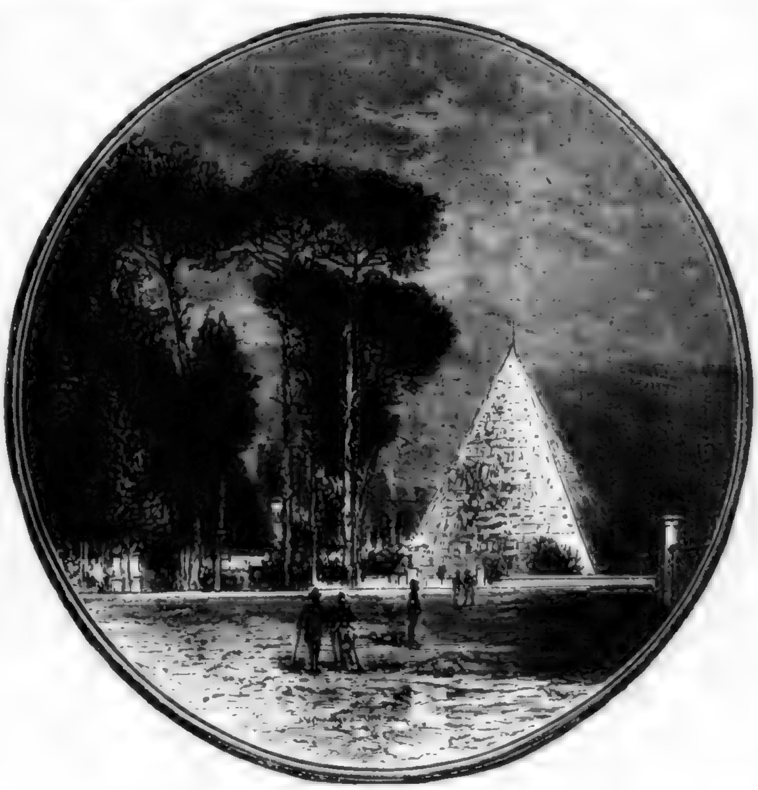
The greater part of Shelley's life, from January, 1820, to its close, was spent at Pisa, at that time a stately, tranquil and somewhat desolate city, whose former population of 120,000 had dwindled down to 18,000. The early days there glided by quietly, Shelley reading the Bible and the Greek dramatists, and translating Spinoza, while Mary wrote at his dictation. Claire gave music lessons in the families of their English friends. Captain Medwin, Shelley's cousin, visited Pisa, but the Gisbornes departed on a visit to England; and with their departure



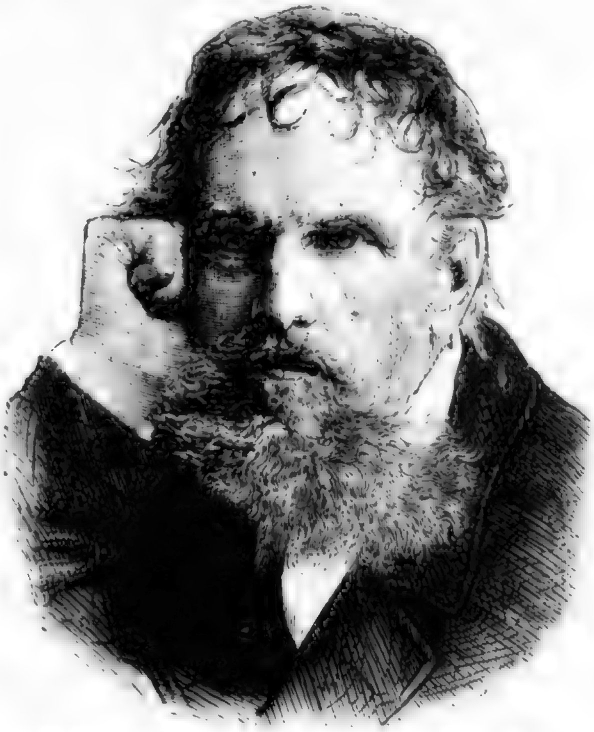
SAN TERENZIO.

and that of their son the enterprise of building a steamboat, in which Shelley had invested many airy hopes and not a little solid coin, came to a standstill.

In May, the Shelleys returned to Leghorn, and installed themselves in the house of the Gisbornes, which had been left unoccupied. Here, among myrtle hedges, and near the bustling city, the Summer passed pleasantly enough, being varied in August by a visit to the baths of San Giuliano, near Pisa. The final departure from Leghorn was hastened by a flood, caused by the overflow of the Serchio, and by the end of October Shelley was back in Pisa for the Winter. Claire, meanwhile, had gone to Florence to take a position as governess in the family of a German professor.



THE ENGLISH CEMETERY AT ROME.

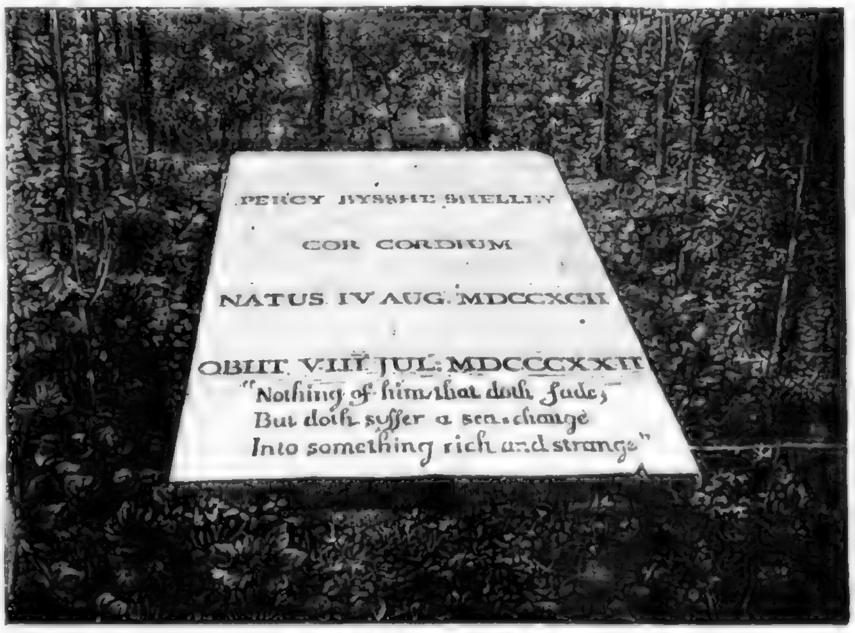


EDWARD JOHN TRELAWNY, DIED, AUG. 13TH, 1881.

Among the Italian acquaintances formed at Pisa was that with Emilia Viviani, a beautiful and sentimental Italian girl of noble family, who was an unwilling inmate of the Convent of St. Anna. Shelley, with his customary tendency to idealization, made her the heroine of his glowing poem, "Epipsychidion." Afterward, when Emilia proved herself no other than an ordinary human creature, Shelley felt a certain humiliation in remembering how his heart had been the dupe of his imagination. In January, 1821, Lieutenant Edward Williams, a comrade of Medwin's, came to Pisa with his wife and child, and the family were soon added to the list of Shelley's most intimate friends. Keats came to Italy, ill and depressed, in the latter part of the year 1820, and died at Rome in February, 1821. Shelley had urged him to come to Pisa, but the invitation was not accepted. It was not until weeks after the untimely death of the gifted young poet that Shelley received the first tidings of the event. He then wrote that impassioned elegy, "Adonais," which Professor Dowden calls "the costliest monument in verse ever erected to the memory of an English singer."

In August, Shelley visited Byron at Ravenna. This was the time of the well-known scandal, started by discharged servants, affecting Shelley and Claire. Suffice it to say that these charges are proved to have been as false as they were monstrous, while Byron's connection with the affair places him in anything but a favorable light. It was he who communicated the accusations to Shelley, having received them, on a charge of secrecy, from the Hoppners; and when Mary Shelley wrote from Pisa a passionate letter, entirely exonerating her husband and exposing the falsity of the calumny, Byron deliberately suppressed it.

This episode, however, did not break the friendship between the two poets; for we find Shelley urging Byron to join the English colony at Pisa. The two began to talk over the plan of starting a Liberal review, to be published at Pisa, and in which Leigh Hunt should go shares, coming to Italy for the purpose. Shelley wrote to Hunt,


PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
COR CORDIUM
NATUS IV AUG. MDCCXCII
OBIIT VIII JUL. MDCCCXXII
"Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange"

IN THE CEMETERY AT ROME.

who jumped at the proposition, though he did not arrive in Italy until the following June.

Byron removed to Pisa on November 1st, 1821, leaving little Allegra in the convent of Bagnacavallo, and about the same time the Shelleys entered the new apartment, which they had furnished for themselves, at the top of the Tre Palazzi di Chiesa on the Lung' Arno, just opposite Byron's prouder dwelling-place, the Lanfranchi Palace.

Before many weeks had passed, difficulties—some of them connected with Hunt, to whom money had to be sent—arose between Shelley and Byron; but Shelley's regard for the interests of his friend called forth whatever tact he possessed, and he succeeded in holding Byron to his original design; although manuscripts of the impatient poet were ready for publication in the projected *Liberal*, and were eager to see the light. It was indeed, under difficult circumstances, a triumph of diplomacy.

The opening year of 1822 had added to the circle of Shelley's acquaintance one remarkable figure—that of Edward John Trelawny, the son of an army officer belonging to an old Cornish family. Young Trelawny was nearly of Shelley's age, being in his twenty-ninth year. His life had been one of wandering and adventure by sea and land. It was now his intention, in company with Edward Williams and an old naval friend, Captain Daniel Roberts, to hunt during the Winter months in the wildest part of the Maremma, and he had shipped his guns and dogs for Leghorn. From Genoa he had driven to Pisa to find Williams, and to form the acquaintance of Shelley and Byron, with whom he hoped to spend the following Summer, boating in the Mediterranean. On January 14th he arrived.

"The Williamses," he writes, in a well-known and delightful chapter of his "Recollections," "received me in their earnest, cordial manner; we had a great deal to communicate to each other, and were in loud and animated conversation, when I was rather put out by observing in the passage near the open door, opposite to where I sat, a pair of glittering eyes steadily fixed on mine; it was too dark to make out whom they belonged to. With the acuteness of a woman, Mrs. Williams's eyes followed the direction of mine, and, going to the doorway, she laughingly said: 'Come in, Shelley; it's only our friend Tre just arrived.'

"Swiftly gliding in, blushing like a girl, a tall, thin stripling held out both his hands; and, although I could scarcely believe, as I looked at his flushed, feminine and artless face, that it could be the poet, I returned his warm pressure. After the ordinary greetings and courtesies, he sat down and listened. I was silent with astonishment; was it possible this mild-looking, beardless boy could be the veritable monster at war with all the world? . . . . . I could not believe it; it must be a hoax."

Trelawny, whom Hunt pictures "with his knight-errant aspect, dark, handsome, and mustachioed," interested Shelley and Mary more, perhaps, than any acquaintance whom they had made since their friend Prince Mavrocordato, the inspirer of "Hellas," sailed for Greece. "A kind of half-Arab Englishman," so Mary described him to Mrs. Gisborne, after some three weeks' intimacy, "whose life has been as changeful as that of Anastasius, and who recounts the adventures of his youth as eloquently and as well as the imagined Greek. He is clever; for his moral qualities, I am yet in the dark. He is a strange web which I am endeavoring to unravel. I would fain learn if generosity is united to impetuousness, nobility of spirit to his assumption of singularity and independence. He is six feet high; raven-black hair, which curls thickly and shortly like a Moor's; dark-gray, expressive eyes; overhanging brows; upturned lips, and a smile which expresses good-nature and kind-heartedness. His shoulders are high, like an Oriental's; his voice is monotonous, yet emphatic; and his language, as he relates the events of his life, energetic and simple, whether the tale be one of blood and horror or of irresistible comedy."

When, on the day after his arrival, Trelawny paid his second call at the Tre Palazzi, he brought with him the model of an American schooner, whereupon followed discussion of boats and boating, and before the friends parted it was settled that a boat thirty feet long should be built for Shelley and Williams, and a letter was written by Trelawny to Captain Roberts at Genoa to begin his shipbuilding at once. In her transcript of Williams's journal, Mrs. Shelley appends a note to the entry for January 15th: "Thus on that night—one of gayety and thoughtlessness—Jane's * and my miserable destiny was decided."

Three weeks later, on February 7th, Shelley and Williams started for Spezzia to take houses for the Summer colony on the Mediterranean shore. They were unsuccessful, and several weary house-hunting expeditions followed during the next two months. During one of these, about the middle of April, they received from the Convent of Bagnacavallo the sad news of Allegra's death. Byron felt the loss bitterly; and Shelley, dreading some violent outbreak of passion from Claire, who had temporarily returned from Florence, resolved to conceal the tidings from her as long as possible.

Casa Magni, the house finally secured by Shelley for his Summer residence—a white house with arches, which once had been a Jesuit convent—is situated near the fishing village of San Terenzio, in the depth of a cove on the eastern side of the Bay of Spezzia. A steep hill shelters it behind, from which the olive-trees had been removed by the proprietor of 1822 (reputed to be insane), in order to make room for a young plantation of forest trees.

The house, when taken possession of by the English party on May 1st, 1822, consisted of a ground floor and one story. The ground floor, which was unpaved, was used for storing boat-gear and fishing-tackle, and might almost have been reached by the waves. Two staircases, one public, the other intended for a private staircase, led to the large dining-hall, off which, to the rear, was Mrs. Williams's bedroom; while the seaward rooms, occupied by Mary and Shelley, faced each other on opposite sides of the central hall. The special advantage which Casa Magni owned, beside its noble prospect and lovely surroundings, was a terrace or veranda of considerable width, which ran the whole length of the house.

Once installed in this romantic abode, Shelley broke to Claire the news of her affliction. "You may judge," Mary wrote to Mrs. Gisborne, "of what was her first burst of grief and despair." Next day (May 3d) she was calmer; her chief desire was to look at the coffin before its transit to England, and, if possible, to possess a likeness of her child and a lock of her golden hair. Through Shelley's endeavor these wishes were in part gratified; a miniature portrait of Allegra remained with her to the day of her death. The body was embalmed, and was buried at Harrow. Byron had "April 20th, 1822," inscribed on the mural tablet as the date of her death.

We find in Williams's journal, shortly after this date, the characteristic story that when walking with him on the terrace at Casa Magni, one moonlit evening, Shelley became violently excited as he looked steadfastly at the sea, replying to Williams's inquiries with, "There it is again, there!" and explaining after he had recovered himself that he saw, as plainly as he saw his companion, a naked child (Allegra) rise from the sea and clap her hands as in joy, smiling at him.

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* Jane Williams.

One afternoon the two friends descried a strange sail rounding the point of Porto Venere, which in due time proved to be the eagerly expected new boat from Genoa. Charles Vivian, an English sailor-lad who had come with her, was retained to help Williams and Shelley in working the boat. Owing to differences which had arisen between Shelley and Byron, she was christened the *Ariel*, instead of the *Don Juan*, as had been at first intended. She was without a deck, strongly built, schooner-rigged, and for her size carried ample sail. "It took," says Trelawny, "two tons of iron ballast to bring her down to her bearings, and then she was very cranky in a breeze, though not deficient in beam."

The incessant boating which followed benefited Shelley physically and mentally. "The Triumph of Life," begun at Pisa, is the expression of Shelley's mind in its mood of highest musing and imagining during the days upon the Gulf of Spezzia. Professor Dowden considers its verses the greatest and the wisest that Shelley ever penned. Leigh Hunt, with his family, after long delays, finally reached Italy; and on July 1st news came of his departure from Genoa for Leghorn. Shelley went thither in the *Ariel* to meet him; and a few days later the Hunts were comfortably installed in Byron's house at Pisa. For Hunt's sake it was now necessary that Shelley should endeavor to fix the vacillating will of Byron, and bind him to the fulfillment of his engagement. And, as in many other instances, he bore down all opposition and effected his purpose. Byron would settle in Lucca; Hunt should have the copyright of "The Vision of Judgment" for his first number. "This offer," Shelley wrote to Mary, "if sincere, is *more* than enough to set up the journal; and, if sincere, will set everything right." With the success of his effort on his friend's behalf, Shelley's spirits rose, and he seemed to his friends in better health than they had ever before known him. Yet the groundtone of his disposition, Hunt thought, was less sanguine than it had been in former times. "If I die to-morrow," he said to Mrs. Hunt, "I have lived to be older than my father; I am ninety years of age."

By Sunday, July 7th, all the work at Pisa had been done; and the next day, despite the threatening appearance of the sky, Shelley and Williams determined to sail for home. They had left Pisa for Leghorn the night before, and for reading on the voyage, Shelley took with him Hunt's copy of Keats's last volume—that containing the noble fragment of "Hyperion." Early in the afternoon the *Ariel* sailed out of the harbor of Leghorn, almost at the same moment with two feluccas. Trelawny watched her from Byron's yacht, the *Bolivar*, at anchor in the harbor. Captain Roberts, anxious on account of the coming storm, ascended the lighthouse-tower and kept her in view until she was off Via Reggio, ten miles out at sea; then the haze concealed her, and she was seen no more. The thunderstorm burst with terrific fury, and the small craft which had gone out came scudding back under bare poles; but Shelley's boat did not reappear.

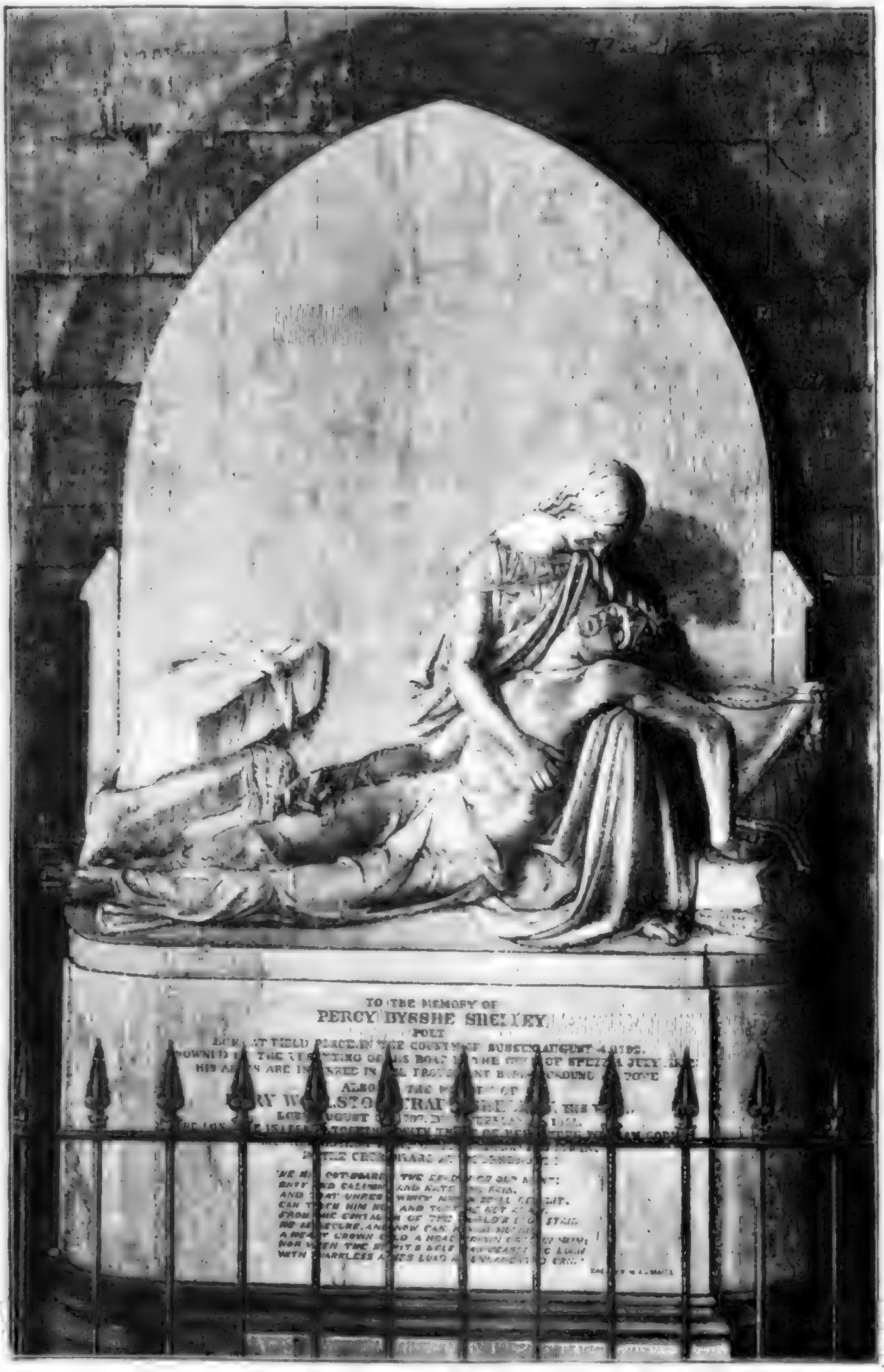
It was not until the third day following that Trelawny, receiving no news from Casa Magni, went to Pisa to make inquiries. "I told my fears to Hunt," he writes, "and then went up-stairs to Byron. When I told him, his lip quivered, and his voice faltered as he questioned me. I sent a courier to Leghorn to dispatch the *Bolivar* to cruise along the coast, whilst I mounted my horse and rode in the same direction. I also dispatched a courier along the coast to go as far as Nice."

Meanwhile, there was equal anxiety at Casa Magni. On Friday, Mary Shelley and Jane Williams, unable to bear the suspense any longer, posted to Pisa, and appeared at Lord Byron's house like two ghosts. No one knew more than that Shelley and his friend had sailed from Leghorn on Monday, and that nothing had been heard from them since.

Yet all hope was not extinct. The boat might have been blown to Corsica or Elba, and, not knowing the coast, the voyagers might have sailed still further. It was said that they had been seen in the Gulf. The two unhappy women turned homeward once more, accompanied by Trelawny. At Via Reggio, they learned that a little boat and a water-cask, such as the *Ariel* had carried, had been found on the beach. "Arriving at Lerici," writes Mrs. Shelley, "we were obliged to cross our little bay in a boat. San Terenzio was illuminated for a festa. What a scene! The waving sea, the sirocco wind, the lights of the town toward which we rowed, and our own desolate hearts, they colored all with a shroud." Trelawny left them, two or three days later, to see what was doing by the searchers along the coast. He returned on the evening of the 19th. All was over. Two bodies, some three or four miles apart, had been found upon the beach; one near Via Reggio, in the Duchy of Lucca, the other in Tuscan territory. The latter, found on July 16th or 17th, had been buried in the sand thirty hours before Trelawny's arrival at the spot. The former, cast ashore on the 18th, was seen by him on the following day. The parts of the body not protected by clothing were fleshless. "The tall, slight figure," writes Trelawny, "the jacket, the volume of Sophocles in one pocket, and Keats's poems in the other, doubled back as if the reader, in the act of reading, had hastily thrust it away, were all too familiar to me to leave a doubt on my mind that this mutilated corpse was any other than Shelley's." A third body, supposed to be that of the sailor-boy, Charles Vivian, was found some time later, and buried in the sand.

Before the remains of Shelley and Williams could be removed, the local sanitary laws made it necessary that the bodies should be cremated. Accordingly Trelawny had a furnace constructed at Leghorn, and sent to Via Reggio. On the 15th of August, the body of Edward Williams was reduced to ashes, in the presence of Byron, Hunt, Trelawny, Captain Shenley, a quarantine officer and a squad of Italian soldiers. The next day the ceremony was repeated for the body of Shelley, at a spot three or four miles nearer to the Gulf of Spezzia. Again Hunt and Byron were present, having driven thither in a carriage; again the health officer and the soldiers, among them on this occasion some mounted dragoons. The people from the surrounding district flocked in crowds to witness so strange a spectacle. "The sea, with the islands of Gorgona, Capraja and Elba, was before us; old battlemented watch-towers stretched along the coast, backed by the marble-crested Apennines glistening in the sun, picturesque from their diversified outlines; and not a human dwelling was in sight." Three white wands stuck in the yellow sand from low water to high water mark indicated, but not with precision, the place of burial. An hour of silent toil went past before they had discovered the lime in which the body lay concealed; suddenly a mattock with a dull, hollow sound struck the skull, causing a general shudder, while the men drew back. The furnace being placed and surrounded by wood, the remains were removed from their shallow resting-place. It was Byron's wish that the skull, which was of unusual beauty, should be preserved; but it almost instantly fell to pieces. Of the volume of Keats's poems which had been buried with Shelley's body, only the binding remained, and this was cast upon the pyre. Incense, salt and wine, were also cast among the flames. Although the fire was greater than that of the preceding day, the body was but slowly consumed, notwithstanding the heat. Three hours elapsed before it separated; it then fell open across the breast; the heart, which was unusually large, seemed impregnable to the fire. Trelawny plunged his hand into the flames and snatched this relic from the burning.

Byron, who could not face the scene, had swum off to his yacht. Leigh Hunt looked on from the carriage. Having cooled the furnace in the sea, Trelawny collected the fragments of bones and the ashes, and deposited them in an oaken box.



THE SHELLEY MONUMENT, CHRISTCHURCH, HANTS.

Trelawny's men found the wreck of the *Ariel*, and raised her. She was stove in, as if she had been run down by a felucca in the squall. Captain Roberts afterward had her repaired and decked, but she proved unseaworthy, and was, finally, wrecked on one of the Ionian Islands.

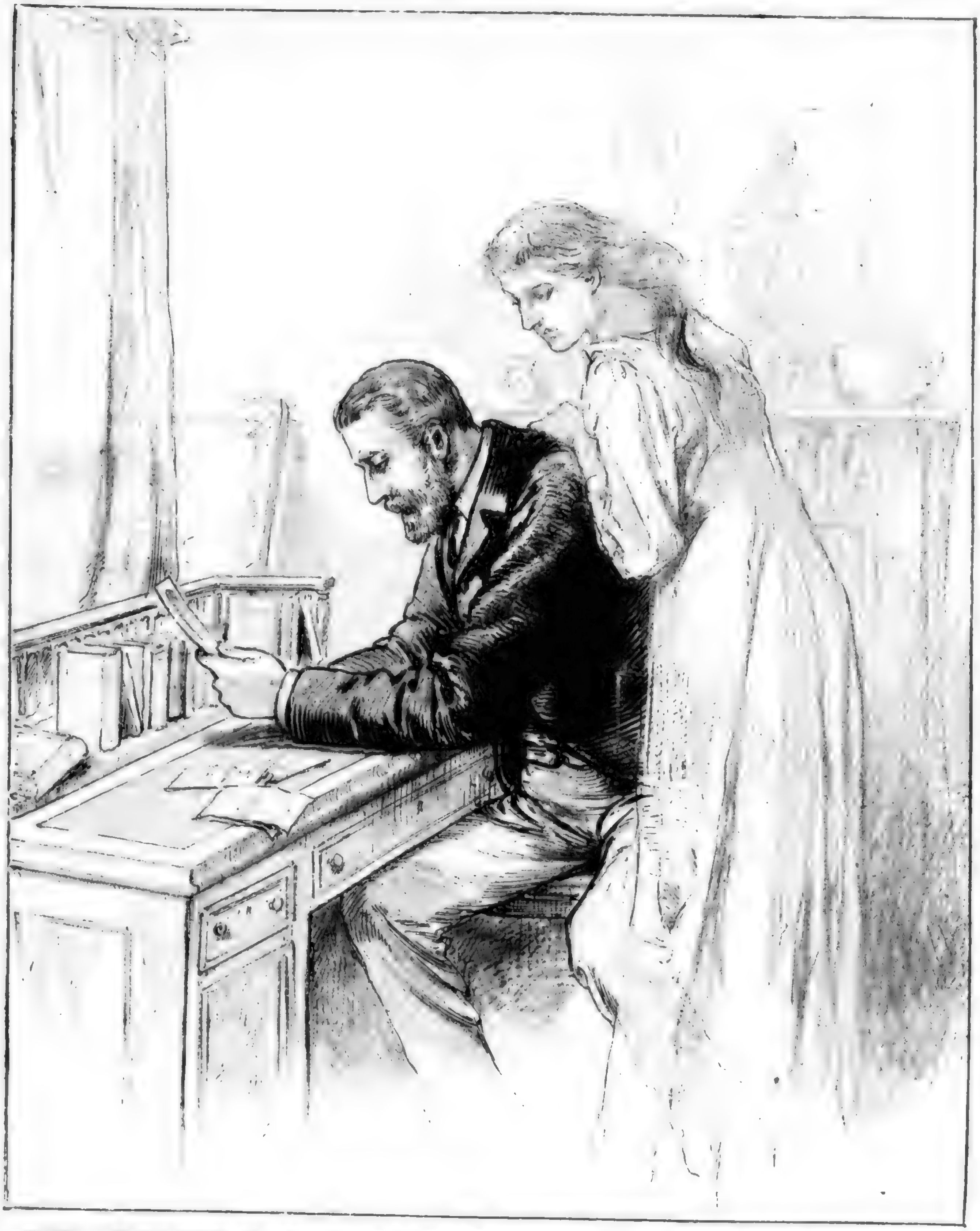
The oaken coffer containing Shelley's ashes was sent to Rome, and placed in the new cemetery adjoining the old Protestant burial-ground, where lay the body of his boy William. In the Spring of 1823, Trelawny purchased a recess in the wall, near the pyramid of Caius Cestius, and had a tomb built, covered with a stone bearing the following words:

"PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
COR CORDIUM
NATUS IV AUG. MDCCXCII
OBIIT VIII JUL. MDCCCXXII

"Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange."

Trelawny also prepared a tomb for himself beside that of Shelley; and his ashes were deposited there subsequent to his death in England in 1881.

Mary Shelley returned to England in the Autumn of 1823. On February 21st, 1851, she died. Shelley's son, Percy Florence, succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of his grandfather in April, 1844. In the monument, by Weekes, which Sir Percy and Lady Shelley had erected in the noble parish church of Christchurch, Hants, the feeling of Mary's heart, confided to the pages of her journal after her husband's death, is translated into monumental marble. Mrs. Williams also returned to England, and in 1826 became the wife of Shelley's former comrade, T. Jefferson Hogg. Miss Clairmont died unmarried in March, 1879. In Boscombe Manor, Bournemouth (the present seat of the Shelley family), in an alcove devoted to that purpose, the portraits, relics, journals, notebooks and letters of Shelley and Mary, duly ordered by Lady Shelley's hands, are preserved with love and reverence. This precious collection has furnished the basis for the thorough, impartial and authoritative "Life of Shelley," which has just been given to the world.



WILLIS. "HE WAS SITTING AT A WRITING-TABLE WHEN I WENT INTO THE SOFTLY LIGHTED STUDIO, INTENTLY STUDYING SOME WRITING ON A BIT OF YELLOW PAPER."

WILLIS.

By Irene Widdemer Hartt.

I had not seen Willis Morrel for three months, although his home was not fifty miles from mine, when I was taken ill with the typhoid fever. For six months we had been engaged to be married, and lately he had been urging a speedy marriage. My parents, my brother and sister were reluctant to have me leave them, and the date of the wedding was still undecided, when I was taken ill. Willis was an artist by profession, and had settled in a picturesque town, nestling among the hills, to study landscape painting. He had ample means, and his time was entirely at his own command. I wondered why he never came, but I never asked, and if one of my family remarked it, I glibly enough told them that he was too busy to do so. Yet he had never given that excuse to me; he never gave me any. He simply did not come when I asked him.

XUM

I was rather glad when I lay with my throbbing head upon the pillow, for I thought he would surely come when he heard that I was ill. They wrote him immediately that I was sick, and that I asked for him. He sent me an affectionate letter and flowers. That was the last of which I was conscious. Through the night that settled upon me I was groping everywhere for him. Through hot fires, over burning mountains, on oceans where I could not slake my terrible thirst, and where the sun poured piteously down upon me, I was searching for him. I entreated him to come; only silence was the answer. This seemed an eternity, but it was only weeks, I suppose. Yet I cannot tell how long I tossed about, consumed by the dreadful fever. At length it left me, and, when I awoke from the stupor one morning, I was shorn of my strength, but knew dimly all that went on about me. The tide was going swiftly out, and my life was going with it. A faint breeze, which sprung up at the turn of the tide, blew upon me. My sister hastened to draw the covers over me more closely.

"Don't, Janey," my father said. "Let her have the air. It cannot hurt her now. It may refresh her, and keep her with us a little while longer."

"She is going very fast," my mother said, faintly.

"Going out with the tide," my father groaned.

They sat about me in silence while the tide went out.

The door opened quickly and quietly. A firm step came to my bedside, and a strong hand took mine caressingly. The lifeblood surged feebly back to my heart, and staid my going for a moment.

"Willis!" I murmured.

The darkness gathered about me so thickly that I could not see him.

"Not Willis, Dorothy, but Fred," my brother said, softly.

I was but dimly conscious of the great love and anguish in the faithful face which bent over me.

"Dear Fred!" I breathed.

They sat about me weeping, my white-haired father and mother, my sister and my brother. They must be weeping because Willis did not come. There was nothing else to grieve them, although they talked about somebody's going.

"He'll come," I whispered, to reassure them.

"Yes," Fred, answered, as he bent over me.

No one else spoke, and, though I lay with closed eyes, I somehow knew they shook their heads. The silence was only broken for a while by their sobs and the roaring of the sea without, as the tide ebbed. I knew that my mother leaned, half fainting, on the bed; that my father sat with wrinkled hands clasped in suffering; that my sister knelt by me, her young face buried in the pillow, and my brother with tearless eyes bent over me. He seemed to be taking the imprint of my face upon his heart, that, in the after years, when it would be long hidden from his sight, it would still be fresh in his memory.

"Going fast," he said, between his set teeth.

His voice was very far off. Maybe he meant that the tide was going out fast.

Once again they called me back, and for the last time my heart beat with a bit of its old-time life. It was my sister's words.

She raised her head from the pillow, and whispered across to Fred:

"You telegraphed to Willis, 'Dying'?"

I was alive again. If Willis was coming, I would not go out with the tide; or, if I had gone, I would have come back to him.

"Yes. I telegraphed him four times since yesterday," Fred was saying, bitterly. "There has been no answer."

"And just now?"

"That was my errand up-town. Nothing else could have taken me away from her."

"He may be sick himself, my son," interposed my father. "In the face of this great sorrow, let us be charitable."

"I try to be, father, but it has seemed to me that if he came, even now, it would save her life."

"No, no; the fever was too fierce. She had not strength to rally. She has made a brave fight, and now it is—is—over," he faltered, weeping aloud.

"Oh, father, father!" my sister sobbed. She turned on her knees, and threw her arms around his neck, mingling her tears with his. "She was too lovely to live. We have been too fond of her."

"We made her our idol," murmured Fred.

"Willis," I asked, "is he here yet?"

"Not yet," Fred answered, softly stroking my hair.

"Coming?"

"We hope so."

"I shall see him."

"We hope so," he repeated.

"I shall."

I knew my spirit could not leave this world till it had once more seen my betrothed.

The tide was going swiftly out, and, as the end drew near, my senses grew more acute. I heard and understood all the low-spoken words about me. Willis had not answered one of the many telegrams sent him, Fred softly told Janey.

"Why?" I asked myself, and somehow the words reached Fred's ears.

"He may not be at home, or may be coming," he returned.

"I will know why," I said.

Then everything faded away. The tide was going out —was gone. A sigh fluttered on my lips. I felt the passionate kisses on my face. I heard the women's cries and the strong men's sobs. Then I myself was looking down on the dark face which lay newly dead upon the pillow. I saw them bend over the wasted form to catch another breath, if perchance there might be one, hoping for one more moment of life.

Then my father tottered away, leading my mother, leaning upon her, as she leaned upon him.

My sister straightened the limbs, and folded the thin hands on the quiet breast. My brother closed the dark eyes which stared meaninglessly into his, and bound up the thin, dark face. Then they stood together, hand in hand, looking at what was once their sister. I stood by them, looking too. The girl Willis Morrel loved had a bright, blushing face, with cheeks softly rounded and sparkling eyes. I was glad now he had not come to see me shorn of the beauty he did so admire. I wanted him to remember me as I was in health, yet I watched the door, and listened to every footstep on the pavement below.

"Come," Fred said, at length. "Come, Janet, mother needs you."

He drew the sheet over the head and face, and they went out.

I remained. If Willis came, I must be there, too.

The tide was coming in tumultuously. A greater wind came with it, which swept in at the open window, playing with the drapery about the bed. Save that, there was silence in the house. I watched and waited for Willis. I heard the whistle of an incoming train, and then rapid steps as they who came on it flocked by; but not one came in. Not one knew or cared that a young life had stopped short there.

Janet returned after a while, and drawing the sheet away, covered the dead face with kisses. I laid my hand on her head, almost expecting to see her turn.

"Janet!" I cried; "Janet!"

But she made no answer, only continued to sob bitterly, so I knew she did not hear me. Then I realized how impossible it would be for her to feel or hear me—I had no voice or touch. I had so often comforted her in her childish sorrows. She came to me with everything. Little things she hesitated to tell her mother, and later, all her love affairs, her hopes and fears, had been confided to me. Fred could not listen or care as I had, and now she must keep them all to herself, and maybe some time let her heart break over them.

"No one can miss you or care as I do, Dorothy," she wept. "You were more to me than you ever could be to Willis."

She drew up the cover again and went away. She had not been gone long when I heard a quick, light step on the street, then on the porch, and it came in. Willis was here at last. Up to my room the feet hastened. I was at the door to meet him, and lead him to the figure on the bed. But as I stood, with hands outstretched, Fred, not Willis, came in. He had been out again, and came directly to my room.

It was late in the afternoon when my spirit left the wornout body. It was nearly dark now, but the darkness made no difference to my vision. Darkness and the light were the same to me at last.

Fred uncovered my face and sat down by me with a hard, dry sob. I wished that the tears would come. There was despair in his face. I rested my hand on his head and spoke to him, but it was of no use. He did not hear me any more than Janet did. He was looking at the body, forgetting the spirit, and would not be comforted by its presence. I threw my arms about him, and he thought it was the breeze. When I whispered to him he thought it was the wind whistling among the branches.

Janet came in presently with the women who were to prepare the body for burial.

"Have you telegraphed again?" she asked, softly, of him.

"Yes; just now. I don't think he will come, however. He is either dead or unfaithful. So if she had lived, she might have suffered as much as we do now."

Then they went out together.

Fred was mistaken. I knew that. If Willis's spirit had left his body he would be with me now. In life or in death we would be together. And as for his being unfaithful, Fred did not know him, that was all. My brother never was quite willing for me to marry any one, and he was not altogether unprejudiced where Willis was concerned. It pained me to hear him speak like that. He had no more cause for jealousy; their sorrow would be common. Why could he not let it drop? Still it was certain that Willis was not coming, so I determined to go to him. I could not leave the earth till I saw him once more, and I felt a strange power within me to go whither I pleased.

I stopped a moment by the body to bid it farewell, then went from room to room for a last look, pausing sometimes at something particularly dear. The last room I entered was the large, cheerful sitting-room. My father, mother, brother and sister were assembled there, talking quietly of me. They were so kind. They forgot all my glaring faults, and remembered only what I had wanted to be. They praised every look, word and act of my life; my glaring follies they ignored. To them I was sinless.

My wicker sewing-chair and workstand were still where I left them by my favorite window, and my work lay carelessly in the basket as I laid it, with the needles still sticking in it. A book Willis sent me was on the table, with a mark where I was last reading. Nothing had been changed, and nothing ever would be.

I kissed them all as they sat together, and went out of the room and out of the house. I passed the old familiar paths I had walked with Willis, and stopped a moment, only a moment, on the rocks where we sat when he asked me to be his wife. The tide was far out that evening, but to-night it was in. and where we sat then was covered now with dashing waves. Onward I went. I did not seem to fly. I moved with the air. I was indeed lighter than the air. I went very swiftly. I left the ocean and went inland, and sped through the darkness. I was no sooner started than I was in the quiet little town where Willis lived. I had never been here before, and I had no small interest in looking about, for it was to have been my home. It was very beautiful. I did not wonder he had chosen it. The moon arose as I lingered, and when it was fairly in the heavens the wide, well-shaded streets were almost as bright as by day.

Willis had not come to me, so I had to come to him; and I would learn why he had staid away. I cannot tell how I knew his home, but I went directly to it. I knew I should find him there, for if he had been elsewhere I should have gone wherever it was. I knew he was well. I knew all except why he made no sign when he was summoned. There was some good reason, and when I found it out I must, somehow, let them know it at home so they would not blame him.

He was sitting at a writing-table when I went in the softly lighted studio, intently studying some writing on a bit of yellow paper. He was so absorbed that I do not think he would have known if I had entered in the body and stood by him. I leaned over his shoulder and read, too:

"Dorothy died at five o'clock. Funeral Thursday at two.
"FRED WARNER."

"Dorothy died!" he muttered.

I bent forward and looked into his face. It was very quiet. There was not a trace of a tear in his eyes, yet he looked as if he had suffered—*had* suffered, not *did* suffer. He was years older than when I saw him last, and there were gray hairs among his hair. What had made this change?

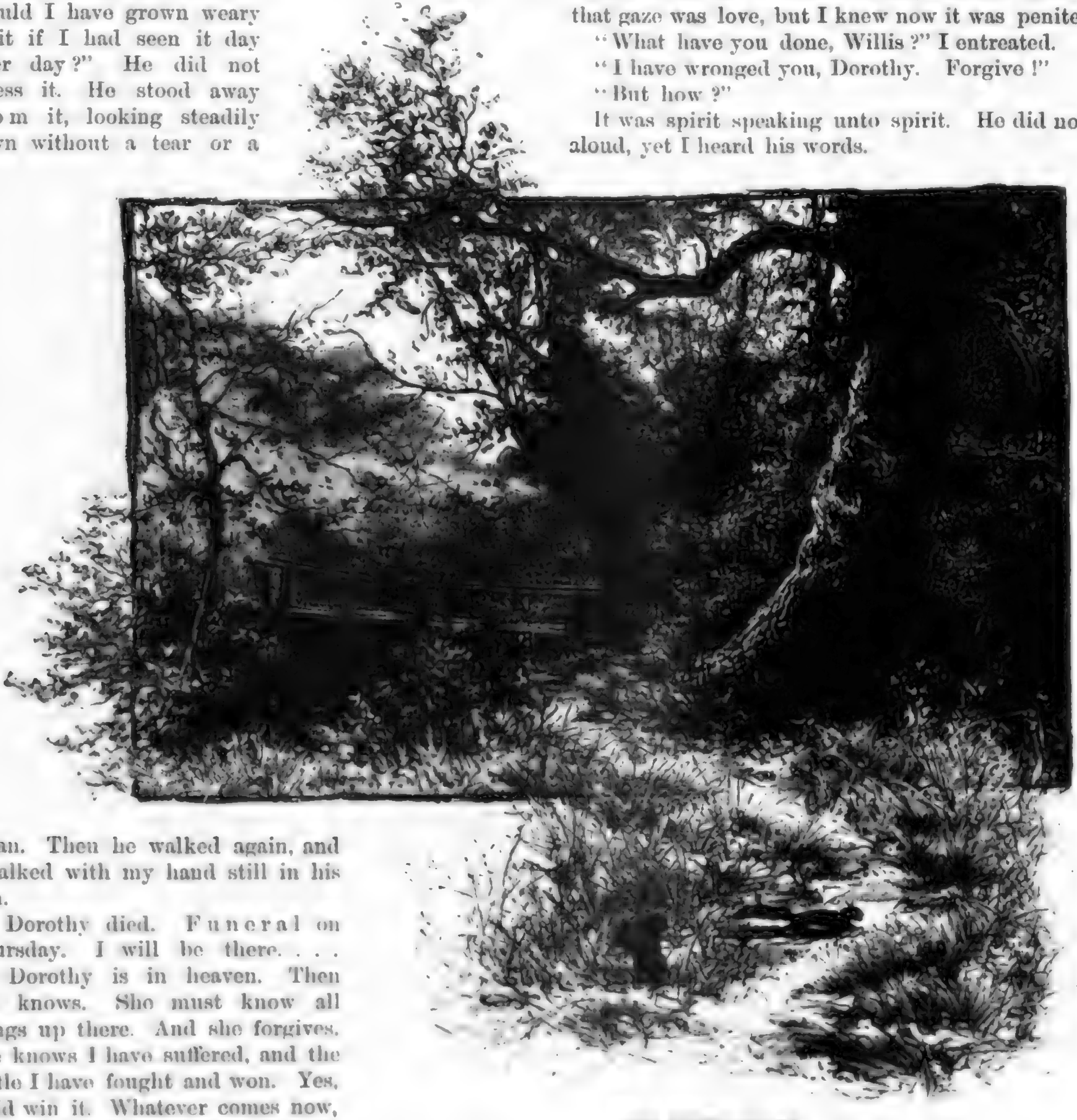
He got up and walked the floor. I slipped my hand into his arm and walked with him.

"Dorothy died!" he repeated. "Dorothy died! So that beautiful young life has ended. Can it be true? Could they have telegraphed a falsehood?" He went back to the desk and read the slip again: "'Died at five o'clock.' I wonder if she was conscious and knew that I did not come. Well, I couldn't go. I should have betrayed my feelings. They would have read it in my face."

He flung open his desk, and I stood by watching while he hunted among some letters which lay carelessly about. Many of the letters I saw were mine, but they were not kept sacredly by themselves; they were mingled with friendship notes, family epistles or business letters. I had always kept his apart by themselves, locked in a strong-box. Somewhere among all these he found a picture of me which I had had taken a couple of months ago, when I was in the midst of health and strength. This was what he was hunting, for he took it up and closed the desk. Then he laid it by the telegram and stood studying them. He could not have looked at it for some time before. I had kept his photograph on my dressing-table, where it was always in sight.

The face he studied was truly beautiful. I never thought before how beautiful it was. I had been contented that he liked it.

"Her beauty was like a dream," he declared now. It had caught his artist's fancy when first we met. "It was too unearthly to remain. Would I have grown weary of it if I had seen it day after day?" He did not caress it. He stood away from it, looking steadily down without a tear or a groan. Then he walked again, and I walked with my hand still in his arm.



THE RUSTIC BRIDGE.

"Dorothy died. Funeral on Thursday. I will be there. . . . So Dorothy is in heaven. Then she knows. She must know all things up there. And she forgives. She knows I have suffered, and the battle I have fought and won. Yes, I did win it. Whatever comes now, I won that battle. If she had lived, I would have never seen—but she did not live." He glanced at his watch. "Seven o'clock. Two hours free!"

"Free! Willis?" I cried. "Do you mean that I have been free from earth and all of its cares for two hours? I did not want to be. I wanted to stay with you."

But why did I talk to him? He did not hear me. I stood in front of him, but he could not see me. I touched him, and he could not feel the caress.

"Free!" he said again. He went back to the desk and read the telegram over, but he did not look at the picture again. "Dorothy died."

Then he walked, and I walked.

"Free! If I had been married to her, I could not have been more outwardly true, and I would be free now. Two hours free!"

"Oh, Willis, what do you mean?"

My voiceless words surely reached his ears.

"Oh, Dorothy," he cried, the next moment, "I never let you suffer. I bore it silently. If you had lived you would never have known."

He went back to the picture, took it in his hand and looked on it reverently, as if he prayed to it, but not as if he loved it. Was it not possible that my vision was more acute now? I could see and know what was hidden from me before? In life, I would have thought that gaze was love, but I knew now it was penitence.

"What have you done, Willis?" I entreated.

"I have wronged you, Dorothy. Forgive!"

"But how?"

It was spirit speaking unto spirit. He did not speak aloud, yet I heard his words.

"I was untrue."

"You love some one else?"

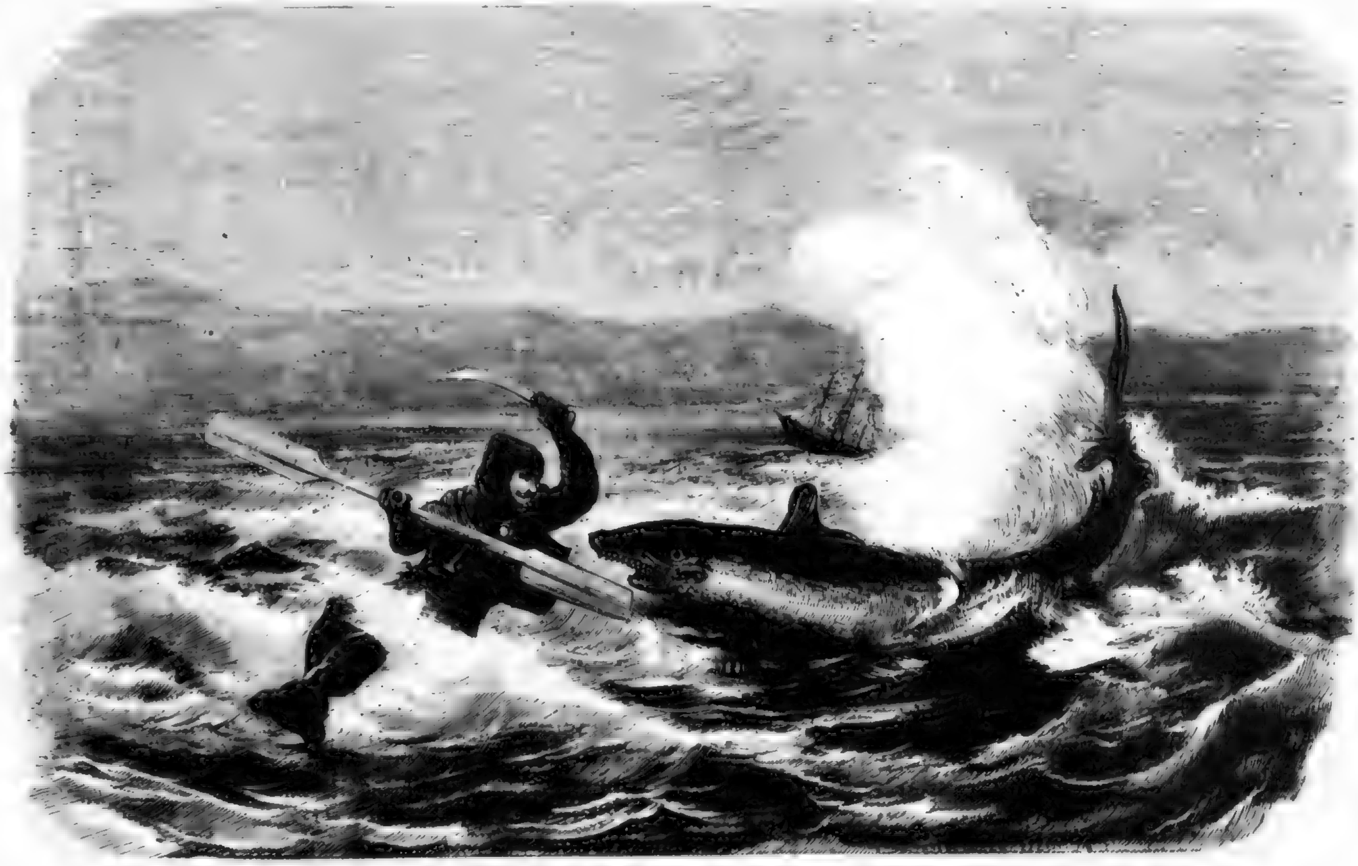
"I do love Agatha."

Now I knew the worst, and, strangely, my pain was a fear that they would learn it at home, and condemn him if I could not go back to them, as I thought of doing, to let them know the reason he did not come. I could not clear their doubt of him.

He went to the desk, and, sitting by it, took up a pen and wrote:

"Dear Fred: Your telegram just received. I will be at the funeral. Willis Z. Morrel."

Let him explain to them, and if they ever dreamed of



A VERITABLE MERMAN.—CAPTAIN PAUL BOYTON ATTACKED BY A SHARK.—SEE PAGE 695.

the true cause, let them forgive him as I did. I leaned over him, with one arm thrown around his neck, resting my cheek on his hair. Many a time I had stood thus when he was sketching. He drew another sheet of paper to him, and sat, with pen in hand, some moments before he wrote.

“My Dear Miss D— ”

he began, at length. He tore that up, and wrote again:

“My Dear Agatha — ”

He sat looking at that, undecided, then crumpled it up, and threw it, too, away.

“What can I write? I cannot say I love you. I have loved you ever since we met, and am just free to tell you so—freed by death? No. I will go to her.”

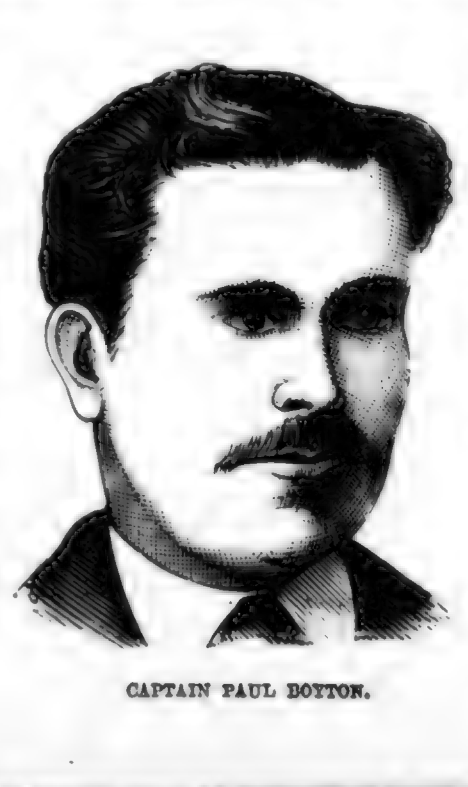
“Willis, who is Agatha?” I questioned. “What have you to do with her? Do you really love her?”

Again he answered me, though not in words.

He took a picture from his pocket—the picture of a woman. She was not very young; she was not at all beautiful. Her face was indeed sad, and I could have loved her myself, although I knew she had somehow won his heart from me.

Why did I stay? He was not my Willis any more. There was something more I must learn. I did not know what it could be. It might be my sufferings were not complete.

He laid the pictures together. Mine and hers. One was young, bright and beautiful; the other, quiet, sweet, sad, and not young. It was the beautiful young face he turned from; it was the quiet, sweet face he loved.



CAPTAIN PAUL BOYTON.

“I suppose,” he said, “if I had told Dorothy long ago, she would have forgiven and released me. She was as much of a saint in life as she is now. But it is better as it is. It is better I did not tell her, and better—— What am I saying? Better that she died? I would not have made her happy; she could not have failed to learn that my heart was not hers. She would have known that the little fancy I had for her and the admiration for her great beauty, which I thought was love, faded long ago. Yes, she would have known it. So, Dorothy, it is better as it is—better as it is.”

That is what he said: “Better as it is.” Better that I died. Better for me, and better for him, I knew; better for her that Agatha——

“I was impatient for our marriage, Dorothy,” he went on, “and you had consented to come to me very soon, but it was because—oh, Dorothy, do you forgive me? It was not because I loved you so, but because I must have a safeguard; something to keep me from declaring my love to Agatha.”

“I forgive you, Willis.”

He looked tenderly at my picture.

“You do forgive me, I know.”

Then he put the picture away in his desk, but he kissed hers passionately.

“I will go to-night,” he cried, springing up; “I will go right away. I cannot wait any longer. I have had to wait too long already. But if Dorothy had been my wife, I should have waited for years before I could speak to Agatha, but she was not, and no one here knows of the engagement, so I can go this moment. Every minute gone is one lost.”

He did not seem in the least like the quiet, undemonstrative man who asked for my love. I had sometimes wondered why he was so quiet, and if nothing could arouse him. It was explained now. He never loved me. There was no reason why he should not be quiet. He had a passing fancy for my face, and he loved her. He donned his hat, and was going to her when I was but two hours dead.

He should not go. I ran to the door and put my arm across it, as a bar, and, although he did not see it, he knew it was there, for it changed his purpose.

He stood with his hand on the knob.

“You will not go to-night,” I cried. “Let this last night be sacred to me. I was very true to you, Willis.”

“I will not go to-night, Dorothy,” he answered. “This night shall be sacred to you.”

Then I withdrew my arm, and he went out. I went with him, with my hand in his arm. He lingered at the gate, looking up the street. Then I knew she lived in that direction, but he had given me his promise, so I had nothing to fear. I leaned my head on his shoulder as he waited, whispering endearing words. He was mine to-night.

“Dear Dorothy,” he answered, “I never loved you less; I loved her more. You will be my guardian angel always.”

Then I knew that he heard me.

He turned his steps resolutely down the street, with his hat drawn over his eyes. He walked slowly, for he was turning his back on what was most dear to him: but he had conquered himself once more. The man I had loved was very strong.

The town was small, and in a few minutes he was beyond the thickly settled part. The road divided here, or, rather, a byroad branched off the main one, which was through open country, with houses scattered here and there about. The smaller road was bordered on either side by woods on a high, overhanging cliff. He struck into the open road and walked quickly on. A young girl came out of a gate he was nearing, and he hastened to meet her.

“Good-evening, Miss Downs,” he said, quietly.

The face which looked up to his with a sweet smile was the face he carried in his pocket. I stepped between.

“He is mine to-night!” I cried.

“Good-evening,” she returned. “Have you leisure to be walking out to-night? I thought that picture was to be finished without delay. I have not seen you in some time before.”

“I have not been out of the house for a week. It was not the picture which kept me; I was not working on it. It was anxiety concerning some one who was very dear to me, who was ill.”

“And the anxiety is over?”

“It is over.”

“I thought something had occurred. You look happier to-night than I have seen you look since you first came among us. You were very happy then.”

“May I walk with you? Are you going home?”

“Not directly home. I have an errand up the other road: so,” she added, with a sweet, modest smile, which was really entrancing, “I shall be very glad of your escort.”

“You ought not to be out alone in these lonely roads at night,” he said, as they walked on.

He did not offer her his arm, and I walked between them.

“I know that, but to-night it was inevitable. Aunt Gorham was taken ill this afternoon and sent for me. She lives all alone, you know. She will not have a servant, and now she must have some one to take care of her. I cannot stay with her, so I must go for some one who can. There is a woman living up this road a very little way who comes to wash for her, and I think I can get her to come for a week.”

“Was there no one else to go?”

“No one.”

She was very good. I never would have faced danger or anything else unpleasant for others, and Willis must have known the difference. It was the beauty of my face which attracted him, and the beauty of her soul which won his love.

“Then I am glad I met you. The road is not safe at any time, I have heard,” Willis said, as they turned into the woods. “The heavy branches are constantly breaking away, and day before yesterday a large tree fell across the road.”

“Yes, I know that, and providentially no one was hurt. Papa thinks it would be well if all the trees which are liable to fall were cut down. But, somehow, I don't think there is any danger.”

I remembered that the expression of her picture was rather sad, but to-night she was very happy. I wondered if she could know in any way that Willis was free to ask her to be his wife. I clung closely to his arm.

“Not to-night, Willis,” I whispered. “Not to-night.”

“I have something to say to you soon,” Willis said, after a while; “but not to-night.”

“Oh, have you? I hope it is nice, and that it is something that has made you very happy. He looked at her in a puzzled way. “I am so happy myself that I want every one to be. I have something to tell you. I have had so much trouble, Mr. Morrel, and I wanted to tell you, for I felt that I needed your kind sympathy; but you seemed so preoccupied and sad that I could not add to your apparent trouble even the weight of listening. I would not trouble you.”

“Trouble me! Miss Downs, how can you speak so? I would have been more than glad always to hear anything you could tell me.”

“You are very kind. You are always kind; but I saw you had sorrow which you kept to yourself. You did not care to tell me.”

“I could not tell you,” he broke in. “I cannot to-night, but I shall do so soon—sooner, maybe, than you wish to hear it.”

She was looking up into his face without a suspicion of what he meant. How could she be so unconscious?

“Will you go on?” he asked. “Will you tell me to-night?”

“Gladly. Where shall I begin. It will be at the wrong end, I am sure. I could not tell you all the story quietly now. Only he has come back. That is all.”

“He? Who?”

“My sailor boy. I thought him dead. The ship was lost. He went away two years ago, and for a year I never heard from him. I only heard that the ship was lost, but I never gave up hope.”

“Are you telling me about a brother, Miss Downs?”

Still he was very quiet. Long ago he had learned to put a strong, controlling hand on his emotions.

“I never had a brother,” she answered, simply. “I am telling about some one—oh, you know of whom. I wanted to tell you before. We have been engaged since childhood, and I thought him drowned. I have no parents, and my Aunt Phebe, with whom I live, never wanted me to marry him on account of his being a sailor, so I had no one to tell my trouble to. When we heard the ship and all on it were lost, she only said, 'I told you so.' From that day to this we have never spoken of him."

'Willis," I whispered, clinging closely to him, "I am here by you. I love you, Willis."

"Dorothy," he answered, though his lips did not open.

"To-day," she went on, "I received a telegram from New York saying he was alive and well, and will be here to-morrow."

"Then as I cannot share your sorrow, I have only to wish you joy. Let me share in that."

"I want you to do so, and I want to share in your joy when you tell what it is that makes you glad."

"It is nothing joyful."

"You seemed so glad."

"Did I? Perhaps I do not always 'seem' as I feel. I cannot tell you to-night, because I do not want to cloud your joy. This is where the tree fell. Let us hurry by."

"Didn't you think you heard a rumbling?" she asked, anxiously. "I did."

"There is quite a wind springing up, and you hear the roar among the trees."

They hastened their steps, however, and in a few moments the laundress's cottage was reached. She promised to come as soon as she could make ready. They need not wait for her, she said, so they turned back again.

"There is no danger," Willis said, "so why need we hurry?"

"No need, I suppose, now Kate is secured. There is that rumbling again, Mr. Morrel."

"Still the wind. Do not listen to it. This is our last walk together, Miss Downs. To-morrow I am going away."

"To-morrow? You cannot mean it? Does that mean happiness or sorrow? Are you never coming back?"

"I am never coming back. The young lady I was to have married died to-day."

"Mr. Morrel——" she began; then she cried: "Run! run! It is right above us!"

She dashed ahead, but he was slower. There was a crash as if the whole earth was tottering. The tall trees fell, dragging the rocks with them. I saw her standing alone and safe, and Willis and I were looking down on the crushed, bruised figure of what was once Willis Morrel.

"Come," I said, "let us go. Let us leave this place. I was only waiting for you."

"Faithful Dorothy," he whispered, and onward we sped together, never to be parted through all eternity.

A VERITABLE MERMAN.

SOME ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN PAUL BOYTON.

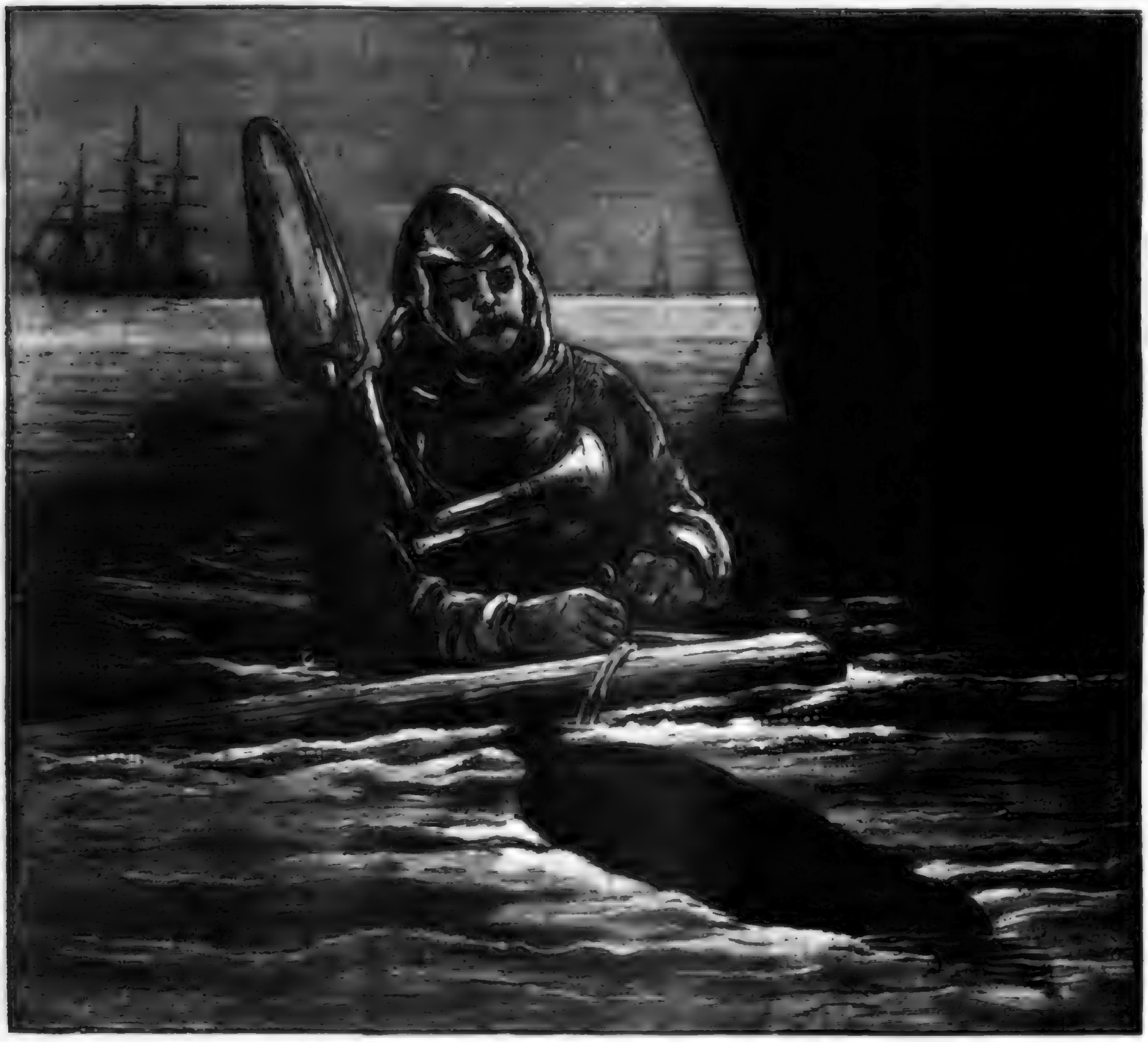
THERE are men that love the sea, and take to the sea from boyhood, but no one of any era has through life been such a creature of old ocean as Captain Paul Boyton.

No recorded individual, and probably none unwrit, unsung, ever experienced the peculiar and thrilling class of adventures for which this man is distinguished. From his boyhood he has taken to water, like the ducks, as his natural element, and I should not be surprised if he had become web-footed.

One evening, after the completion of his work, Captain Boyton related some thrilling adventures which have not heretofore found their way into print. Speaking of his longest voyage, 3,580 miles, he said: "I started at the mouth of Cedar Creek, Montana, where the Upper Yellowstone River is very shallow. The trip was largely through a narrow gorge, where dull-colored buttes towered thousands of feet on either side, where the descent of the rapids was at times terrific, and where the only visible occupants were ferocious wild beasts and savages. It was my custom to travel forty-eight hours without rest, then stop to eat and sleep. I carried no provisions. Toward night, when watching out for a camping-ground, I would shoot a couple of ducks. Game was plentiful and I had no difficulty in obtaining food. Occasionally, in the cañon, I would find a strip of shore-line, a few feet wide, where brush and logs had fallen down the precipitous bluffs. Here I would stop and build a roaring fire, on which I would roast my ducks, and by which I dried my suit. Then, after the meal, I would lie down on my back, with a pile of sand for a pillow, and, reclining on the dry side of my suit, would smoke my pipe, and, finally, go to sleep.

"Late one afternoon the heavens suddenly grew black, and I could see a cyclone hastily forming. I glanced anxiously about for a place of safety, but none was visible. The buttes towered higher than ever, and there was no shore-line at the water's edge. I blamed my eagerness to make as much distance as possible, as I remembered many places far behind where I might have camped for the night. I floated on down-stream, the rapids becoming more fierce and the hurricane booming among the rocks. Suddenly I saw a cabin standing on a little plateau above, and I blew my bugle vigorously to attract attention. Only the echoes came back, and no human form appeared. I paddled up to the edge of the water, and found a narrow path leading down to what I had not heretofore seen in the gathering darkness—a strip of beach formed of black mud. I was too well acquainted with the peculiarity of this black mud to trust myself to walk upon it, and so inflated my rubber suit and crawled across it. In approaching the cabin I found that the grass had grown around it almost to the eaves, and there were piles of skeletons of wild animals, but no people. Pushing open the door, I found a large room, several berths, and a fireplace in the corner. I had no sooner entered than it began to rain in torrents. Here, thought I, is a veritable parlor of luxuries, and I will have a night of rest fit for a king. The wood was damp, but I soon had a roaring fire, and a variety of game roasting for supper. After a smoke I examined the bunks, but found them too musty to sleep in. There was some hay on the floor, and I concluded to sleep on it. After replenishing the fire, I lay down and fell asleep. I do not know how long I slumbered. I was awakened by a strange movement underneath me and a feeling of horror.

"The fire had gone down, and only a faint flicker dimly lighted the room. I sprang to my feet, but not a moment too soon. As I did so the head of an enormous and venomous black snake raised up through the hay, the eyes green and brilliant, and the forked tongue pointing at me. I seized a block of wood and crushed my antagonist. As I did so he disappeared, and an instant later I heard the sound of his body falling on the bottom of a cavern below, beneath where I had been sleeping. I heaped more wood on the fire, but the light only revealed more snakes, warmed and crawling out of the bunks. I killed them, and, raising the hay, hurled it through the opening. The rain still fell in torrents, and I could not leave the place. Knowing that the



CAPTAIN BOYTON AFFIXING A TORPEDO TO THE BRITISH MAN-OF-WAR "GARNET."

snakes could not penetrate my suit, I completely enveloped myself in it and went to sleep by the fire. I was aroused finally by strange movements about my body. Light was just penetrating the cabin, and, springing up, a number of snakes fell from my body down into the cavern which I had uncovered. Seizing a blazing log from the fire, I dropped it after them. The light from the fagot shone through the darkness within, revealing a den of black snakes writhing with agony as the fire fell in their midst. Without waiting to breakfast I rushed down the slope and dashed into the river. I did not look back until a bend in the river brought the cabin within range of vision. Volumes of smoke filled the air, and then flames enveloped the entire structure. The fagot had set the cabin on fire, and there were roast snakes in the rapidly retreating distance.

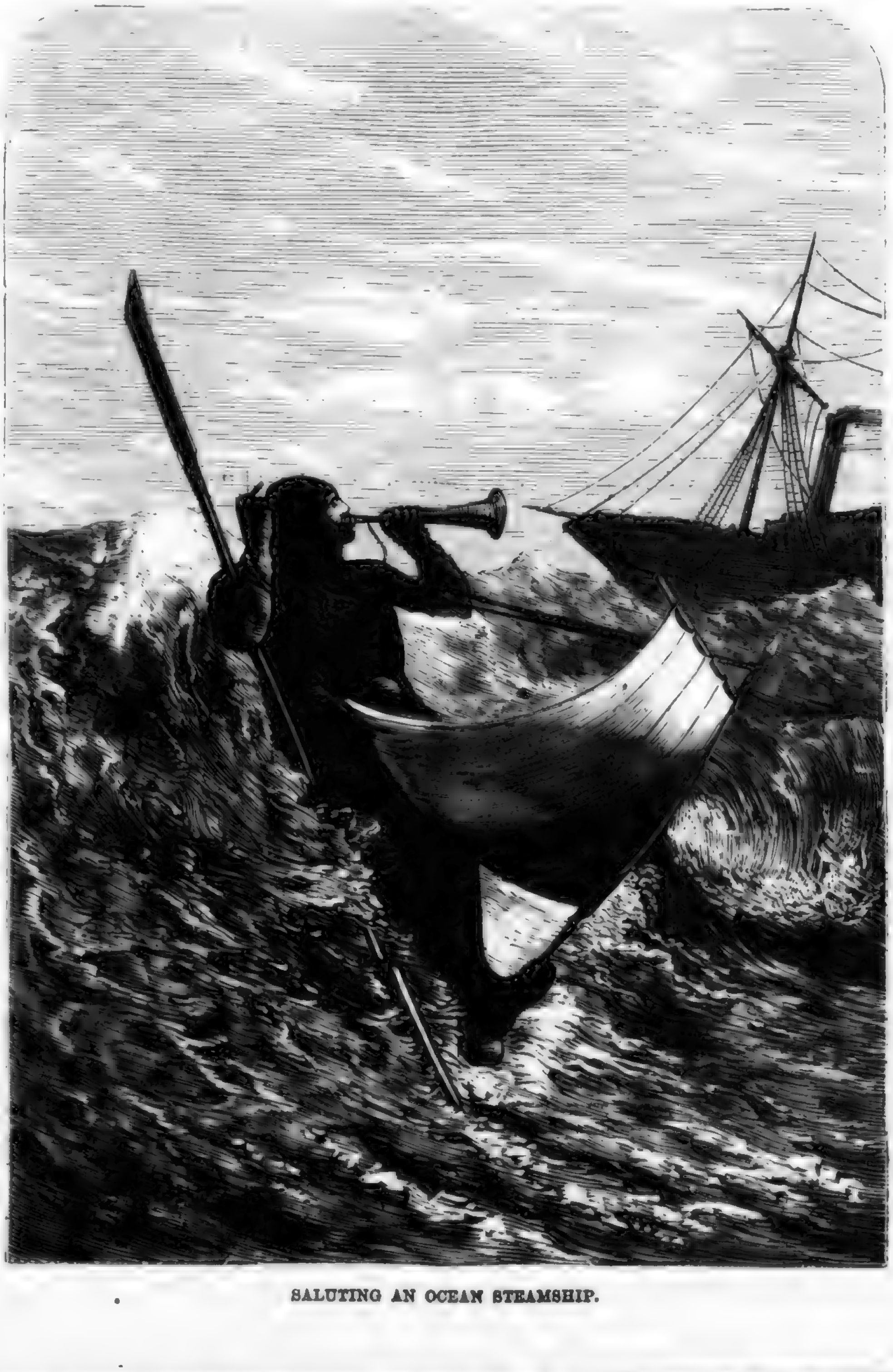
"Two nights later I was singing and speeding along the Missouri. All of a sudden a voice in the darkness, very close to me, said: 'Come ashore, stranger.' 'Where?' I replied, 'You will see a light just around the bend,' he said. As I went around the bend I saw the light of a lantern, and paddled up to it. Four men pulled me out of the water and immediately dropped me in horror as they saw a human being made of rubber. I soon explained things satisfactorily, and one of the men remembered to have read about me in an almanac. They took me into the cabin, gave me a splendid meal of venison and beef, dried me out, and insisted upon my taking the best berth. I did not want to rob any one of his berth, and said I would sleep in my suit. One of them insisted, saying that he watched outside the door all night to guard against wild animals, and would call me in the morning so that I could eat breakfast and leave by four o'clock. I awoke at three with a start. There was no one in the room, and I could hear the bleat of cattle in the distance as if the animals were in fright. Just then the watcher stuck his head in the door. 'There, you lie down,' he said. 'I am just building a fire, and when your breakfast is ready I will call you. There is a full hour yet.' I slept again, and was awakened by a light tap on my shoulder. A splendid breakfast was awaiting me. The men had returned, and I noticed a number of cattle corraled. We had spent much of the previous evening relating adventures, and a warm interest in each other had sprung up. They hailed me the night before, they said, as they supposed I was a deserter from the fort above, and they desired to befriend me. They heartily grasped my hand when I left, and gave me three cheers as I dashed down-stream. Miles away I heard the sound of rapid firing in the direction of the camp, and presumed that my friends had flushed ome large game. It was five o'clock in the morning.

Later on I arrived at Bismarck, and was entertained by the editor of the *Republican*. I was telling him about my kind reception by these unknown friends, when he suddenly stopped me and asked whereabouts they were encamped. I told him.

"'Great heavens!' he shouted. 'Those were cattle-thieves. They were surrounded, and shot to death at five o'clock that morning.'

"You know all about Great Salt Lake," said Sir Paul, as we sat down to dinner in the Beach Restaurant. "It is, as you know, the most treacherous body of water in existence. I nearly lost my life there, and, if you will excuse me, I prefer to navigate other waters. I determined to have a swim on it, and, in spite of the remonstrances of the hotel-keeper at Garfield Dock, I had one. Antelope Island only looked to be three miles away from the dock in the rarefied atmosphere, and, when the hotel man assured me that it was fourteen, I laughed at him. I declined to take anything along to eat, and, getting into my suit, paddled toward the island. It was four o'clock P. M. when I started, and the water was as smooth as glass. I had spun along for some time when, suddenly, one of those Utah simooms, or sand storms, swept down through the mountain passes, and then whirled over me in whirls and whirlwinds. I was carried forward with great rapidity. The sand beat in my face and eyes with blinding force. The waves grew choppy and turbulent, and the salty water dashed into my mouth and strangled me. No matter in what position I lay, I could not escape. So I stood up in the water and guided myself with my paddle. It became dark suddenly, and the waves grew higher and the hurricane more furious. Land was long since out of sight, and there was nothing visible. Choked and blinded, I cursed myself that I had not brought my pistol, so that I might have blown out my brains and ended the agony. Late in the night I seemed to see something ahead of me, and, after three hours of mortal battle, I fought my way to land, which proved to be the island. When morning dawned I paddled back to Garfield Dock; but the people came out for me in boats, thinking to find my dead body floating toward land.

"Of course, the most of my experiences are amusing as well as dangerous, and I have to stand being shot at for a sea-monster, and run away from when I land for rest or food. One of my most amusing experiences was in California. I went to the head-waters of the Sacramento River for a float of 450 miles to San Francisco. When I arrived at Red Bluff, as high up the river as I could get, the people turned out *en masse* to receive me. I could not remember names or persons, and the result was ludicrous. I started out to find a place to launch, when I was joined by a man whom I mistook for the mayor of the town. I explained my object, and he assured me that he knew just the place. He conducted me to a precipice where to launch meant a broken neck. I declined to start there, and selected a safer place. That night the evening paper came out, and in big headlines the editor announced that Captain Boyton, by his advice, had selected a starting-place, and went on in a column to explain the editor's importance. The editor of the morning paper came over enraged, and when I told him the facts, he gave the thing away the next day, and mercilessly ridiculed his contemporary, whom he described as a cross between a Mexican and a jackass. When I finally started I was accompanied by a boat containing three representatives of one of the dailies, who were triumphant in the thought of getting a beat. When ten miles below the town, a rowboat slipped out from



SALUTING AN OCEAN STEAMSHIP.

under some trees, containing as many reporters of the opposition paper. They thought by meeting me in this manner to escape observation, and scoop their rivals. Between the hate, wrath, profanity and guying kept up between these boats, I spent a terrible day. At length my suit began to leak, and I went ashore to mend it. I wanted some adhesive stuff, but none was at hand. Finally, a reporter cried 'Eureka!' turned over his boat, and scraped off the pitch, which was just the thing. The next day his paper crowed over the event in a column of triumph.

"I had a narrow escape at Lima, where I was captured by the Chilians and ordered to be shot as a torpedo man. It came about in this way: I entered the service of the Government of Peru in 1880. While at Callao the Chilian war-vessels came to the mouth of the harbor and bombarded us by day, but at night crept away in a cowardly manner to escape torpedoes. It was necessary to find where they hid at night, and I was detailed to reconnoitre. I determined to take along some torpedoes and blow up their fleet. I made up my mind that the rendezvous of the fleet was behind an island not far from the shore, and some miles distant from the city. I equipped a crew in a yacht, taking my rubber suit and plenty of dynamite. When I arrived on the safe side of the island it was midnight. I ordered the crew to wait until dawn for me, and if I had not returned to come back for me the following night. The island was made up of a high, precipitous ridge, long, and in shape of a hog's back. I anchored my torpedoes on the side next the shore and began a terrible climb up the precipice. I intended, if I saw the fleet on the opposite side, to sink the whole business in revenge for such a climb. After an hour's hard work I arrived at the top, where there was a good view, and sank down on a rock with the groan of a tired man. The groan had scarcely escaped my lips when there was a flash in the darkness and a report twenty feet away, and a bullet whizzed past me. At the report the guns of a line of sentries, extending the whole length of the island, responded. I sprang down the precipice, and in five minutes plunged into the water, although it had taken me an hour to get up the height. I kept under the shadow of the rocks until I found my suit, and then silently paddled away for the yacht. A few minutes' search convinced me that my cowardly crew had fled, leaving me to my fate. I knew that I should soon be surrounded and captured unless I could effectually hide. The thunder of the waves in the long caverns extending far back under the mountainous main shore gave me a suggestion. I would hide in one of these. But the millions of seals and sea-lions! What of them? I felt of my arms, and determined that seals would tell no tales, while the Chilians might. Shadows and voices were about me. As I slid into an enormous cavern on the crest of a wave a boat passed me almost near enough to jump in. Evidently I had not been seen. The force of the waves bore me on, back, back, into the inky blackness of the great cavern. As my paddle rose and fell it created a phosphorescent light, which illumined the near ledges above, only to reveal vast numbers of seals. These creatures, being furless, are never molested, and propagate in unlimited numbers. I saw a favorable ledge at last where I could climb up. By the vigorous use of my paddle I compelled the seals to move along and make room for me. They offered no resistance, as I presumed, because they were too sleepy. I drew myself up on the ledge and made my limbs as comfortable as possible. I dared not sleep, for now and then I felt the slimy seals crowding upon me, and I had to beat them off. Morning dawned at last, and the opening looked like a red ball in the distance, reflecting a thousand hues on the sides of the cavern. At the approach of light I could faintly distinguish the horde of seals lining the ledges, and imagine the hundreds of caverns along the coast equally as populated. Not far away was an enormous sea-lion, who regarded me intently for some time and then emitted a terrific roar. Instantly the seals and lions dashed into the water, and each seized a fish for its breakfast. They ate ravenously for a time, gamboled about and splashed water all over me. The old sea-lion seemed to be king, for after a time they ranged along the sides and gave him full swing in the water. He first examined me attentively as some strange monster who had invaded his sanctuary. He evidently concluded I was peaceably disposed, for he began a series of curious evolutions in the water, at which the seals looked on in evident enjoyment. During the day I was not much molested, except by the baby seals. These fellows came up and actually caressed me, and when I threw them into the water they seemed to think it fun, and came back time and again to be thrown in. Thus I enjoyed, actually enjoyed, the most wonderful day of my existence. As night approached these semi-human inhabitants of the great lone cavern, far from civilization, crowded around me, and seemed to have adopted me as one of their number. But darkness no sooner set in than I hopped down off my perch and paddled to Callao. As I approached the guard fired at me, and had it not been for the prompt action of the officer of the guard, who recognized and hastened to meet me with joy at my marvelous escape, I should have been murdered as a sea-monster by my own friends. The Chilians were wild at my escape. They look with contempt on Americans, and the common talk of the country is the future easy conquest of the United States. When they captured me afterward they ordered my immediate execution, but I escaped from the Lima prison, where they incarcerated me, at the fall of that city, swam to a north bound vessel and sailed home."

I asked Captain Boyton how he came to play his joke on the British man-of-war *Garnet*, in New York Harbor, where he went out at night and attached a blank torpedo to the ship.

"Oh," he replied, "I told Admiral Smith of the British squadron that I was proficient in that sort of work, and wanted him to employ me. He looked upon me as a lunatic and crank, and reported to the British Foreign Office that the thing was absurd, and could not be done. When the facts of my action went around the globe he was relieved of his high office, and was fearfully chagrined. A change of Government, however, has resulted in his reinstatement. It was only a joke on my part, but the British Navy was convulsed by the ridicule heaped upon it."

THE KHEDIVE'S EXPEDITION TO ZANZIBAR AND THE JUBA.

By Colonel Chaille-Long.

In the month of April, 1875, General Gordon, then Governor-general of the Equatorial Provinces of Egypt, at Gondokoro, made the following entry in his Diary, which appears in his book entitled "Colonel Gordon in Central Africa":

> "H. H. has sent off McKillop and Long to Juba, and told them to wait for me. They will wait a long time, I expect."

To me the meaning was only too plain. General

Gordon meant that Colonel Stanton, the British Consul, would oppose the expedition to which he refers, and that, therefore, McKillop and Long would wait for him a long time. That Stanton would look with a jealous eye upon the East African Expedition may be inferred from Gordon's frank avowal to me when *en route* to the Soudan. He said: "Stanton has objected to your nomination as my chief of staff, because you are an American. He thinks I should have a British officer with me. But I would not give in. I like Americans. They served me well in China. An Englishman would give me trouble in London. You must look out for Stanton. He and Derby will be after you with a sharp stick."

Was this not a policy more significant than a mere objection to me personally? Subsequent events clearly show that England had a policy both in Egypt and the Soudan. That Stanton was "after me with a sharp stick" is proved by the fact that he procured an order from the Khedive bidding us return to Egypt, but which failed to reach me in time to prevent my march southward, for I was already 600 miles away from Gondokoro, breaking my way through jungles and over marshes to the Nile sources, there to trace the extreme limits of Egypt.

We shall see that Lord Derby was after me "with a sharp stick" in the East African Expedition.

Kismayu was occupied in force on the 17th of October, 1875, and McKillop, with his headquarters on the four ships which held the harbor, assumed command of the coast from Berbera to the equator.

On the Juba River, with six companies of infantry and cavalry and artillery detachments, I had built a fortified town of the dom palm-tree, on an eminence overlooking the plains of Juba to the westward, and the Indian Ocean to the eastward.

The Egyptian Government, by an excess of prudence, had failed to communicate with us and supply us with coal for the ships. In view of the approaching monsoons, to say nothing of the hostile attitude of the Somali, the situation was not altogether reassuring. In the emergency McKillop came to my camp to talk the matter over. The *Tantah* had sufficient coals to take her to Zanzibar, the only port short of Aden which we could hope to reach. The Sultan, if he was clever, would seize the ship. Had we not made war against him? Better this, however, than risk the loss of the others. McKillop, therefore, determined to send the *Tantah* to Zanzibar, stripped of all valuable material and armed with a courteous note to the Sultan. Lieutenant Saïd Effendi, an intelligent officer, was ordered to ask for 500 tons of coal, and explain as best he might the *friendly* invasion of his provinces. Saïd's capacity as a liar, coupled with the colossal audacity of the act, succeeded beyond our expectations, for, on the 14th of November, the *Tantah* returned, not only with the coal we had asked for, but actually running over with oranges, lemons, pineapples, cocoanuts and mangoes; enough to feed our joint command for thirty days. The Sultan's letter was caressing and quite pathetic. It ran thus:

> "TO THE CHIEFS COMMANDING THE EGYPTIANS AT KISMAYU AND JUBA, GREETING: O my brothers, I send you the coal you ask for. It is to take you out of my country for ever. I am the brother of Ismail the Khedive. Why should he treat me thus? Go, and peace be with you. BURGASH-BIN-SAÏD."

We could not know at that time what we subsequently learned, that Saïd, in his fright, had accused us of having massacred his soldiers, but we did know that we had captured 400 of his slaves in the fall of Kismayu, and this fact Saïd knew full well would go far to justify the Khedive's act of aggression in the eyes of Europe. The coal we accepted with grateful acknowledgments, which, doubtless, made an impression upon Saïd, which has passed until now as payment of the debt; for it is quite certain that the Egyptian Government still owes him for the coal.

With what bitterness Saïd must have written that he was Ismaïl's brother, and, "Why should he treat me thus?" Only a few weeks before, when returning from his memorable trip to Europe, the Khedive had entertained him with extravagant *fêtes* and fantasias at Cairo. Had not Ismaïl folded him in his arms, kissed him on each cheek and called him, "*Ye Saïd, Ye Achoui!*"—(O Saïd, O my brother!)—whilst with the same voice he had ordered his Egyptian pirates to set out on the expedition which he found, on his arrival, in possession of his country. The Sultan was, in fact, "all broke up" over the treachery of his Moslem brother, and, rightly or not, ascribed it to the influence of the hated Christians in the *entourage* of the Khedive.

Lieutenant Saïd Effendi gave me a graphic description of his reception, and what he saw at Zanzibar. Pira Dojé, the Sultan's Prime Minister, who was present at the several interviews, said to Saïd: "I know the commander of the troops. His name attracted my attention, and here is his card," added Dojé, producing one which I had sent in on the occasion of my visit to the Sultan at the Hôtel du Louvre, in Paris, several months before.

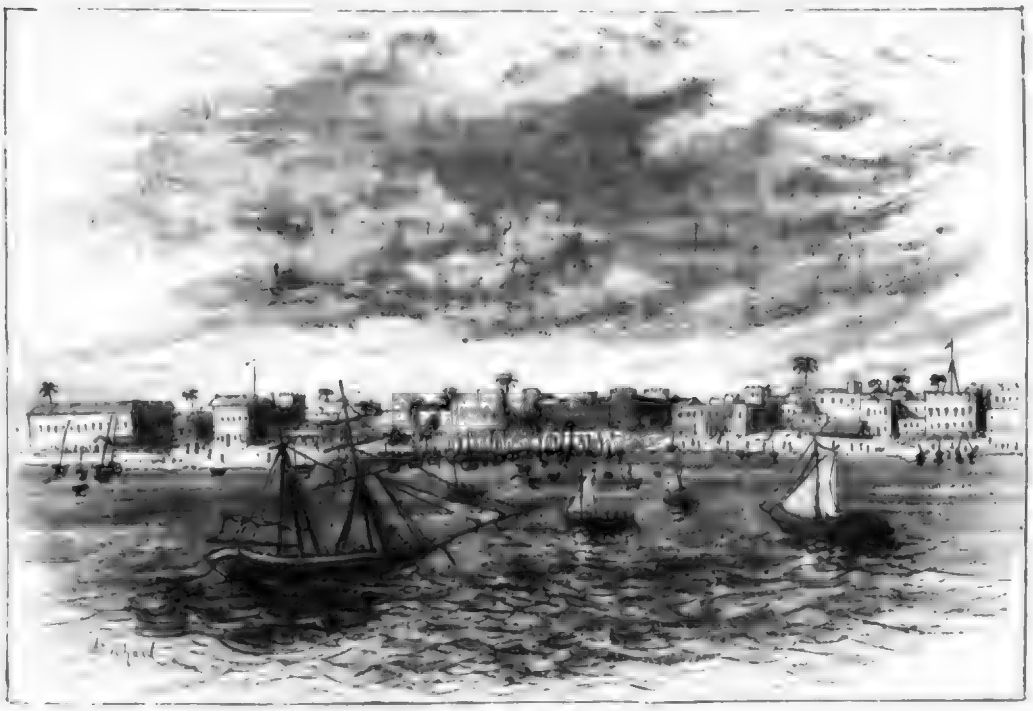
Pira Dojé is Saïd's *alter ego*. An Indian, he is a well-instructed man, and unites in the portfolio of Prime Minister the several Departments of State. In a word, he is the State, over which Saïd is the Sultan.

Burgash-bin-Saïd is a man of forty-eight years of age. He has a bright-gold complexion, large dark eyes and intellectual face. Lieutenant Saïd told me that he suffered acutely from elephantiasis of the ankles, but he gave no evidence of that horrible malady when I saw him standing, elegantly dressed, in the *salle de reception* at his hotel in Paris. Burgash is of mixed Arab and Abyssinian origin, and is a brother of the Imam of Muscat. He is necessarily very uxorious. Custom and the Koran dictate this. Saïd has more than a hundred wives, but only five children.

Lieutenant Saïd was given a reception, and was treated with marked distinction. The Imperial Guard, composed principally of Persians, and Beluchs, and mostly uniformed, were assembled before the Palace, and passed in review, doubtless to impress my officers with their importance. "They were better-looking soldiers," said Saïd, "than the *haramis* (robbers) we captured at Kismayu."

Zanzibar is an island twenty miles distant from the coast, in the sixth parallel south of the equator. It has, in common with other points along the coast, passed through a Persian, Portuguese and Arab rule, and at the end of the last century fell under the authority of the Imam of Muscat. Zanzibar has a population of 90,000 souls, and carries on a flourishing trade in ivory, cotton, stuffs, oils, rice and *slaves*; for, notwithstanding the proclamations of Saïd abolishing slavery, it not only exists, but is still the principal resource of the Sultan.

The city itself is a collection of houses built in a somewhat primitive fashion, though decidedly Oriental in effect. Carefully whitewashed, it seemed in the distance to be a bank of snow. Under the rays of the sun the refraction of light is so great that it is almost insupportable to the stranger, but the naked negroes, of either sex, who parade the streets in *puris naturalibus*, do not heed



VIEW OF ZANZIBAR.

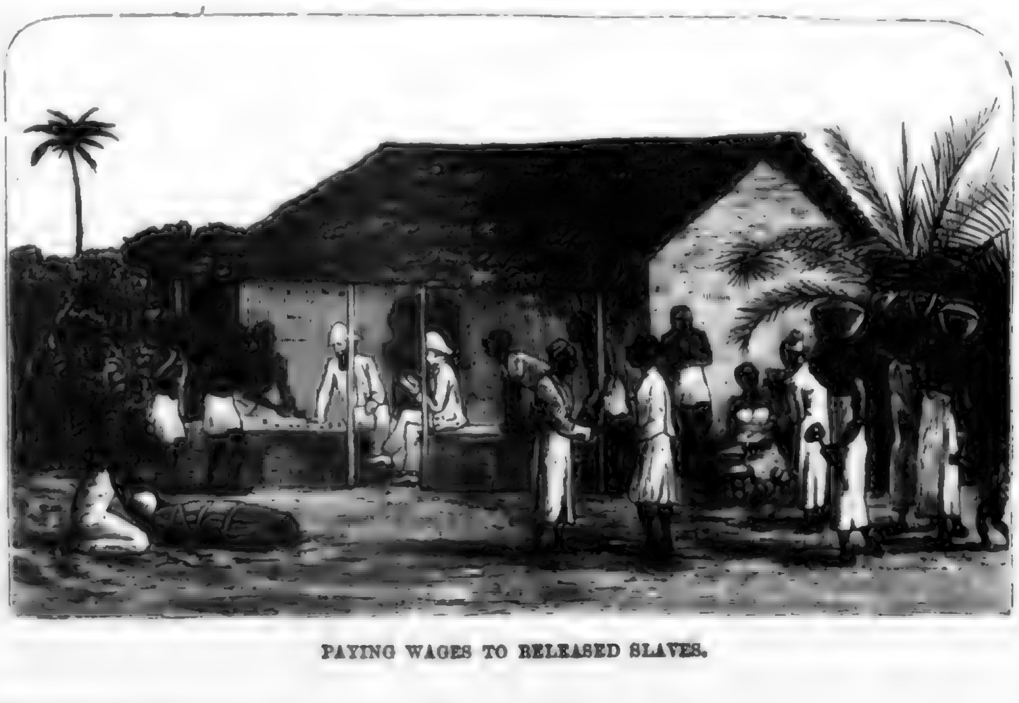
it, and, as at Suakin, keep their bodies well oiled—with this advantage over the Red Sea people, that the Zanzibarian uses the perfumed oil of the cocoanut, which grows in great quantity. The cocoanut, in fact, serving as both drink and meat for the people along the coast.

On the 15th of November, trouble being reported as brewing at Brava between the troops and the natives, I sent the *Tantah* on her way to Suez with a reinforcement, under command of Captain Abd-el-Rahman. This report, it appears, was nothing more than the outcome of a conspiracy on the part of one Abd-el-Rasak-Bey, an officer in the navy, and the lieutenant in command, with a view to provoke a fight, in which they were to play the *rôle* of heroes, fall upon the natives and slay them, and then report it as an attack, which, successfully resisted, would crown them with laurels and promotion. Farhard Bimbachi had attempted the same feat in my camp during my temporary absence, but I arrived in time to discover it, and promptly punished it by sending the ambitious Bimbachi in irons to Kismayu, but through McKillop's interference he was restored to duty.

In reply to a communication addressed to the officer in command at Brava to know why his reports were not sent to me regularly, I received the following characteristic letter, which, literally translated, ran thus:

> "*Brava, 30 Shecond.*
>
> "TO HIS EXCELLENCY: After giving my compliments to you. I received your letter, and what it contains is understood, and what you have said is most true. I do not forget that it is according to the military rule, and every officer should be aware of it. Henceforth I shall do according to your wishes. Sometimes I receive letters from your Excellency, sometimes from Redwan Pasha, and then from Abd-el-Rasak-Bey. Not military affairs. Now, what shall I do with these? I submit the above, and await your answer, that the agreeable may be done.
>
> "LIEUT. IBRAHIM EFFENDI."

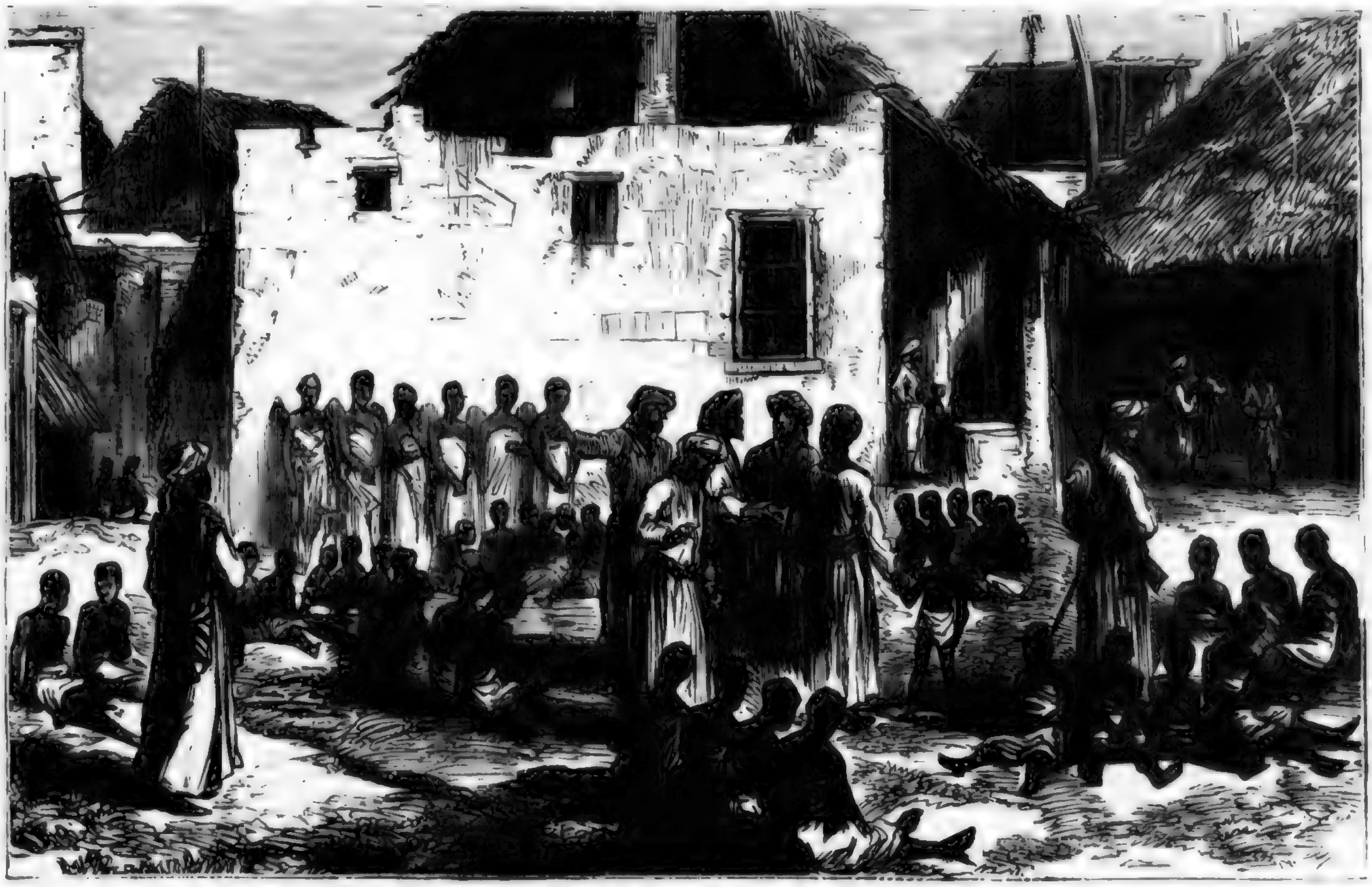
Captain Abd-el-Rahman arrived in Brava with orders to relieve the lieutenant of his command. The latter, however, fearing exposure of the conspiracy with Abd-el-Rasak, administered slyly a deadly potion to his successor, which, though it did not kill him outright, incapacitated him entirely for service. Ibrahim was promptly arrested, and subsequently tried by court-martial and condemned to death. The Khedive himself informed me that the lieutenant had been executed, and that Abd-el-Rasak should be dismissed from the service. No idea of the hopelessness of the fellah soldier can be had except by actual contact. Gordon never ceased to complain of them as hopeless brutes, whilst, on the other hand, the blacks of the Soudan are a gallant and fearless set, and devoted to their white officers. On the 16th the steamer *Mahallah* arrived at Kismayu, having on board Frederico Pasha and Ward Bey, the latter an American officer, sent down to make a hydrographic survey of the new port. The *Mahallah* brought me a reinforcement of one full company of blacks, six months' rations and an additional officer of the staff. It was quite apparent that the Khedive had not yet received the *contre coup* from England, for McKillop was ordered to go down to Formosa Bay, ostensibly to choose another route, but, in reality, to extend the circle of our movement. Frederico Pasha turned over to me a steam-launch, which he had brought to me by orders of the Khedive, and, without delay, the wind having fallen, I caused it to be sent along the coast, and passed it successfully through the breakers and over the bar into the river, where it was anchored in front of my camp. I determined to make a *reconnoissance* along the river, with the ulterior object of making it as far as possible my *point d'appui* when I should push into the interior.



PAYING WAGES TO RELEASED SLAVES.

The Juba was first entered by Baron von Decken, an Austrian, on July 29th, 1865. He pushed his explorations as far up as the town of Bordera, a city built in the Arab style, on the left bank of the river, surrounded by a wall fifteen feet high and encircling the town like a crescent, closing with a great gate which gave remarkable evidence of skill in art and mechanism. The inhabitants were Somali Arabs, of the tribe of Ali, a powerful tribe to the south and west, and occupying also the country between the Juba and the Wobbi Rivers.

Baron von Decken, on the 25th of September, of the same year, in endeavoring to push beyond Bordera, unfortunately ran his steamer on the rocks in the rapids, and was obliged to take a smallboat, which was never seen again, and he and his party were, doubtless, murdered by the treacherous Somali, who looked with jealous eye upon the first European who had dared to invade a city which was, and is still, the most important slave depot of Africa.



SLAVE MARKET, ZANZIBAR.

The sources of the River Juba are still unknown. Sir S. Baker holds the theory that the river is the identical stream called the *Lobbohr*, east of Fatik, and, if so, an effluent of the Nile. The exploration of the river offers a vast and captivating field for the explorer, and, but for the selfish interference of the English Government, my expedition could have readily solved the question.*

On the morning of the 24th November, the steam-launch being ready, twenty-five men, with six days' rations and sixty rounds of cartridges, under command of Captain Mahmoud, carrying a rocket-piece, and accompanied by Lieutenant Hassan Wassif, left camp at 6 A. M. Ali, the Great Sheik of the "Hag-Ali" tribe, has consented to accompany me, convinced of my peaceable intentions. In the interval of building my camp I had taken my cavalry escort and ridden into his village, having first sent the natives word that my mission was entirely friendly. In this way I had established the best relationship with the natives, and they came daily to my camp asking for me, whom they termed the "*Sheik Kébire!*"—(Big Chief).

The Juba is filled with hippopotami and enormous crocodiles. The latter are so bold that they often lie in wait to seize the unwary who come to drink. A stroke with the monstrous tail is sufficient to stun the victim, who is then seized by the creature and carried to the bottom of the river to be devoured. The soldiers amuse themselves by firing into both hippopotami and crocodiles, the former making the air resound with their hoarse and guttural Ugh! ugh! as, awakened by the balls from our Remington rifles, they plunge from the banks into the river.

The country on each side is a plain, over which great herds of buffalo, troops of wild ass, zebra, deer and ostrich may be seen moving in the early morning, seeking the river for water. The banks of the Juba are covered with a dense vegetation, through which shoot up the tall dom-palm and the tamarind, which, bending, form a canopy so thick as to exclude the sun's rays. Through this gloom of forest, whose silence is unbroken save by the hoot of owl and the defiant cry of monkey, we swiftly made our way. Now and then the light broke through the umbrageous wall through which roadways had been opened, and where, attracted by the puffing engine or the crack of a rifle, a great mass of men and women collected to take a look at us as we passed by. Reassured by Ali, who told them that we were friends, they saluted us with:

"*Yambo! Yambo, Yemani!*"—(Welcome! welcome to the stranger!)

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* If there be compensation in the fact, it is well to note that the English may have to regret thus acting, for, instead of the mild Egyptian, the "brutal Saxon" is confronted to-day at Zanzibar by his Saxon cousin, the German, and, in his struggle for place, it will not be strange if Albion the Perfidious should have to "scuttle."

It was at 6 o'clock P. M. when we arrived at Yerkoi, a mere collection of rude huts, where Ali proposed we should spend the night. Notwithstanding his invitation to accept the hospitality of the village, I deemed it prudent to refuse. A spot was cleared near the river-bank and my tent pitched, and a circle of fire built around for protection both against the lion and leopard and the bites of musquitoes, which madden with pain and render sleep impossible. It was here that we were assailed by a fly whose bite caused us much pain, and our face and hands to swell. I caught some of them, and sent them subsequently to the Institut Egyptien, of which I am an honorary member, with the suggestion that the specimens were the *tetsé* fly, made famous by Dr. Livingstone and Sir Samuel Baker. The former having held that the existence of the *t-tsé* fly, both in Central Africa and on the East Coast, rendered it impossible for horses to live in those regions, I disproved this assertion, for my horse Uganda survived many months in the equatorial regions, and of the thirty cavalry horses and as many mules carried with me to the Juba River, I never lost a single animal. True, I took every precaution to guard them against the *tetsé*, whose bite was said to be mortal, by causing a cordon of fire to be kept burning around the circle in which they were picketed. On the 25th the sheiks came to make their obeisance; in sign of which they offered us a goat, and, in turn, I gave them small mirrors, red silk handkerchiefs, beads and brass rings, the like of which had never been seen in the Juba country. An empty wine-bottle created great excitement and surprise, and I verily believe the sheik would have given me his daughter, a beautiful girl, not unlike an Abyssinian in type, had I desired the exchange. Empty bottles, I remembered, had on another occasion won for Gordon and myself among the Amra Arabs of the Desert great consideration, and I was delighted to discover that they were in great favor among the Somali. "Will they become their gods some day?" I asked Lieutenant Hassan, as I pointed to a native, who, placing a bottle to his ear, heard the voice of a new god speak to him, in a confused murmur that caused him to drop it in terror. The country hereabouts yields Indian corn in abundance, and great forests of banana may be seen stretching away in the distance.

Leaving Yerkoi, we passed, at intervals of two or three hours, the villages of Hinde, Sugwari, Donzoni and Zanzibar. At this latter place a number of dugouts or *houris*, as the natives call them, were being laden with sugar-cane and bananas, with which they were going to the next village to exchange for corn. After quitting Zanzibar a run of one hour brings us in sight of Bangalah. It was near this village that a curious sight met our gaze. On rounding an abrupt curve in the river our launch came to a standstill, having run upon an immense shoal of *fish!* Incredible as it may seem, the riverway was positively blocked, for a space of fifty feet, with a fish resembling the catfish, only much larger than the ordinary ones. The noise made by this finny tribe was not unlike the suppressed buzz of a saw, and the grand attraction at this point was the fact which became apparent when Captain Mahmoud said: "*Chouf, ye Bacha, el Kebire yeakilum samak assariah!*"—(Look, Pasha, the large fish are eating the small ones!) There, in fact, were tiny fish borne by the irresistible current of the submerged marshy plain, which, struggling to resist the jaws of the monsters in waiting, yet helpless, were carried over into the river and devoured. Our soldiers, recovering from their astonishment, secured with ease great quantities of the fish until ordered to desist. We could only make our way through the compact mass by beating them away with poles. This incident may be placed by the skeptic in the category of the stories told by a celebrated Baron, but I protest that the tale, even if fishy in fact, is nevertheless absolutely true. At Bangalah a great crowd of both sexes were assembled to greet our arrival. Among them, a savage with staring eyes gave expression to his amazement by a series of convolutions, which Sheik Ali told me was to give me an idea of the wonder with which he was overcome in looking for the first time on our puffing steam-launch, whose mechanism was incomprehensible, and to which he ascribed some diabolic power.

On the 26th we hastened away from Bangalah at sunrise, having spent a night of horror with the musquitoes, which drove my soldiers almost mad. A three hours' run brought us to Bonini, having passed Mogireh on the way.

At Bonini, Ali conducted us on shore to present me to the sheik of the village. The news of the white man's arrival had been spread over the country, and the town became a surging mass of Somali and slaves, principally females, of every hue, from the jet-black negro to the light and copper-colored, and the Abyssinian woman whose bronze color, straight black hair, large, lustrous eyes, aquiline nose and thin lips were a pleasing contrast to the predominant negro type. It required no practiced eye to understand that they were slaves, and had been taken, as Ali confessed, in the *razzias* made by the Somali upon the interior tribes. Among them there were many very handsome types, disfigured always by having the lobes of their ears enlarged and pierced. In these they wore, as ornament, as well as serving as an index of their tribe, a piece of wood or iron fully three inches long and one and a half inches in diameter. If I looked at them in wonder, they returned the compliment with a freedom wholly unexpected from their bashful and downcast looks when they first perceived me. Now they approached to examine my brilliant uniform, and touching my skin with their wet fingers, pretended, with much seriousness, to rub off the *white paint*, which created much hilarity among the crowd. They took hold of my hair and subjected me to much criticism in their strange idiom. Ali told me that they were very complimentary, although his Arab sense of dignity was offended by their apparent want of courtesy and respect. I caused to be brought a box of presents, consisting of bracelets, rings, necklaces, bangles, cotton, needles and pins, all of which excited great curiosity. In token of their gratitude for these they fell upon their knees, their hands spread upon their thighs, and cried, "*Yambo! yambo!*" with great energy. Bidding them adieu, they followed us to the shore, dancing in great glee as they went. From this place we steamed to Lugeto, two hours distant, and thence to M'Kou M'Wooli, where we anchored for the night.

On the 27th, after having received the visit of the sheik and exchanged presents, we steamed away at about 4 A. M., unable to stand the attacks of the musquitoes, from which we could get relief only when in motion. At nine o'clock we arrived at a village 150 miles distant from our camp. It was the limit of friendly territory, and Ali said he dared go no further. An island five miles in length and one-fourth wide here divides the river in two branches, and is planted entirely with rice. Far in the interior I heard of a country called Kori, over which there reigns a sultan whom the sheik tells me is the greatest of all African rulers. The river turns to the north some distance above the island. I was quite satisfied with the information obtained, and determined that I could utilize the river to this point whenever I should put my column in motion. For the moment mindful of the responsibility of my command, I resolved to return to my camp and pursue the *reconnoissance* no further. With the Sheik of Gezireh I left a letter, written in French, which I desired might be shown to any future white man arriving there, and commended him to the care of the sheik. After a distribution of presents the return was ordered, and the launch sped rapidly downstream, aided by the swift current. Stopping in our journey homeward only to cut wood for fuel and to sleep, we continued on our route, and arrived at our camp at 1 o'clock A.M. on the morning of the 28th, whence I dispatched, a few hours later, a courier to McKillop to announce my return, and suggesting that the trip to Formosa should be abandoned in favor of the route along the Juba.

It was on the night of the 1st of December, while seated in my divan surrounded by forty or more of my officers, who always came after sundown to the *salaamlik* to pay their respects to the commanding officer, that there was heard a challenge of the sentry, and soon after the officer of the guard announced : "A stranger to speak with *Your Excellency*." "Let him enter," I said. In a few moments a man, perhaps of thirty years, stood at the threshold, accompanied by an escort brilliantly dressed. The stranger was of medium size, rather effeminate in form, but with a strong face, with two large black eyes under arched eyebrows, aquiline nose and thin lips, which clearly bespoke him an Arab. He was clad in a gorgeously embroidered Turkish dress of rich cloth, over which he wore a rich burnoose. I had not recovered from my amazement when he advanced, seized my hand, and said, in very good French : "I am Ali, Prince of Johanna, brother to Abdallah, the Sultan of the Johannas, the Comoros or Hinzouan Islands. The Grand Vizier is my enemy ! We quarreled, and, with all the money and jewels I could get away with, I left the court, and hearing of you, have come to offer you the crown of the islands so unworthily worn by my brother the Sultan. Do you wish gold, precious stones and a beautiful land? I offer you those islands—an earthly paradise."

Fancy reader, if you may, my astonishment. My officers spoke only the Arabic, and, therefore, Ali's speech was lost upon them. As for me, I replied : "It is not possible ; I have the responsibility of this command, but I will send you to Cairo by the steamer about to sail, and perhaps Ismaïl Khedive will authorize me to occupy your country. If so, it shall be done." Putting Ali in charge of my aide-de-camp, he was conducted to an adjoining cabin, where he was feasted, and then retired to rest.

In the morning I caused my troops, then numbering a thousand men of all arms, to be massed on the plain below. Dressed in gala, they marched in review to the strains of the Khedivial Hymn, their arms flashing in the sunlight. Ali had not seen such an imposing sight since, in Paris—where he had spent several years at school—he had witnessed a review on the Champ de Mars. The Prince could not restrain his emotion, but leaping from his horse, he cried :

"Oh, my good friend and protector, accept my offer ! With a hundred such soldiers you may take all of the islands without resistance."

My men and officers, who had been told of Ali's proposition, became very enthusiastic. They dreamed of a home in the beautiful isles of the sea, about which a web of romance had been artfully woven by the followers of the Prince. Of course there were *houris* to command : beautiful women who would acclaim the arrival of their Moslem heroes, and from them they should choose their wives, unlimited in number. This was, indeed, a Moslem paradise. Farhard Bimbachi thought of his blear-eyed, hideous wife who had been imposed upon him by a malignant mother-in-law. It was a supreme moment for Farhard. He urged me to go. Even the mild-eyed, quiet Hassan, my aide-de-camp, said, "*Yella ye Bey*"—(Let us go). For Hassan was ambitious, and in fancy saw himself Grand Vizier to the Sultan whose fortunes he had followed from the jungles of Africa. Hassan was a fatalist, and urged that it was the work of *Kismet*. To prevent my being forced to become the Sultan of the Comoros, *nolens volens*, I hurried the Prince to Kismayu to take the steamer *Mahalla*. He carried a letter to the Khedive with reference to the proposition he had made, and, if favorable, he was expected to return at once.

From that day to this there never has been heard one word about Ali, Prince of the Comoros.

That he presented his letter and was given quarters in the Palace of Kasz-el-Nil is well known. Nothing more. Ismaïl, in the interval, was in great financial distress. An official note has referred to the manner in which he destroyed his Minister of Finance that he might procure his silence, and at the same time his colossal fortune.

Ali had with him a tempting store of jewels and treasures. Who can say that Ismaïl, in a spirit of economy, may not have caused Ali to be given a part of the potion served out to his Minister, and, sewn up in the same sack, thrown into the river which ran conveniently near the door of the palace where Prince Ali was lodged ?

Among the incidents of my life in camp in the Juba, there is one to which I refer with an irrepressible sense of horror. I confess to a repulsion to snakes, which I have tried in vain to overcome. True, I have knowingly eaten a steak of boa-constrictor, but it was upon an occasion when very hard pressed for food. It was that or starvation. I hate snake meat, but I would have eaten human flesh under the same circumstances. Snakes, horrible, deadly snakes, infested the country, and were not easily to be driven from the camp.

I entered my quarters one night, and, throwing off my clothes, prepared to retire. A lantern, suspended by a cord, hung just over my head, by the light of which I was enabled to read in bed. The lantern saved my life. With book in hand, I threw myself upon the couch at full length. At the same moment I felt beneath me a violent struggle, and like a flash I was on my feet, and, quick as thought, threw back the blanket. Horror ! There, erect on its tail, stood a huge cobra di capello, its great hat-shaped head aglow with the fire from its hideous eyes. Whilst I stood transfixed a moment only, it coiled and struck the lantern with a crash. The light went out, and so did I—out of the door. The cobra, attracted by the light, had failed to see me, and to this I owe my life, for

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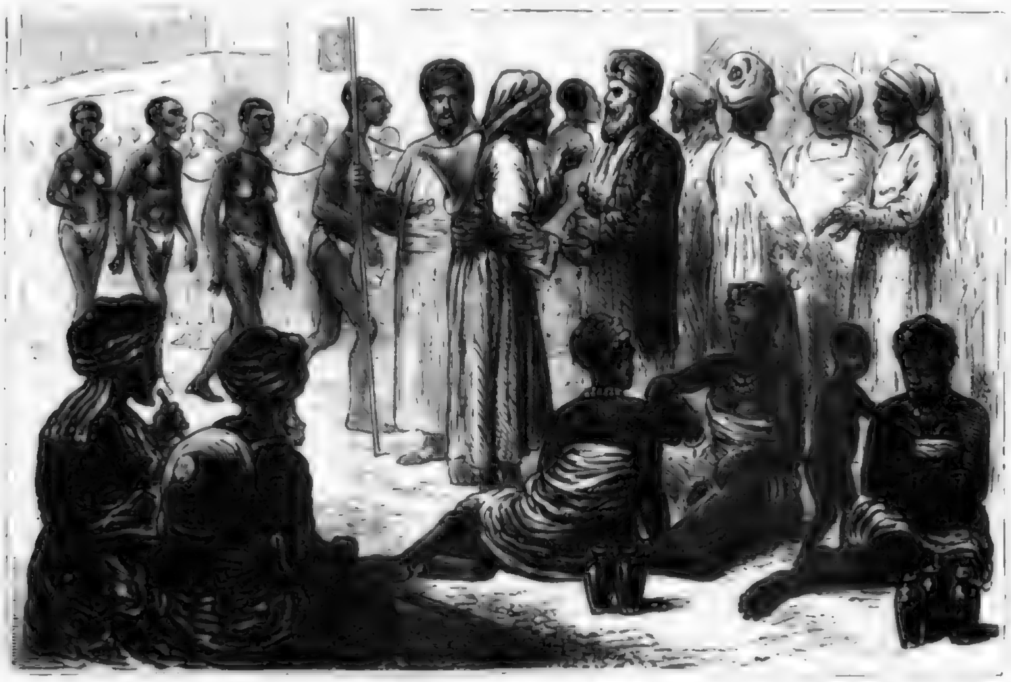
[*] Note.—On the 18th of May, 1886, the Sultan of Anjouan, one of the Comoro Islands, signed a treaty by which his island was ceded to France. The Comoro Islands are a collection of islands in the Mozambique Channel. The Mayotta and the Mohilla, in the same group, are under different Sultans, subject to the supreme authority of Sultan Abdallah, against whom the fugitive Prince Ali was in revolt. At the time of the Khedive's East African Expedition they were but little known, and served as watering-stations for ships passing the Capes. The islands were rich in streams, filled with fish, and great forests of tropical fruits. The mines of which Ali spoke are unknown, but the islands, in fact, are little known to the European, and it is not impossible that the Prince's story may prove to be a fact.



SLAVE-DEALERS AND SLAVES.

the bite of the cobra is mortal. I called the guard, and, armed with torches, the snake was captured and killed.

On another occasion I made the acquaintance of a leopard most unceremoniously. It was before our huts had been finished, and I was still occupying my tent, pitched quite near an inclosure formed of thick underbrush about five feet high. Between the tent and this wall ran the sentry's beat. It must have been about midnight one night, when, lying reading in bed, I was startled by the crash of a heavy body falling with great force, and crushing in the sides of the tent. An unearthly, wild yell, mingled with an affrighted cry for help, caused me to jump to the door, knife in hand, just in time to see, in the bright moonlight, a leopard leap the wall and disappear. On the ground the sentinel still lay, paralyzed with fear. The leopard had jumped the wall, and in doing so had fallen upon the *sleeping* sentry (for Egyptian sentries are much given to this weakness), and the two, leopard and sentry, both half dead with fright, toppl'ed over and fell at full length upon the tent.

On the 6th of December the monsoon winds set in, and blew with such violence as to make the sand in our camp almost insupportable. The 25th, Christmas Day, brought us a welcome visitor, for we espied the *Tintah* returning from Suez and making her way to Kismayu. During the day I received an official dispatch from the Khedive, which read: "Withdraw your command at once, and return to Egypt." Lord Derby was indeed "after me with a sharp stick." He had protested against the occupation, and sent a peremptory note, which Ismaïl, encompassed by financial troubles, hastened to obey.

The Khedive's dream of empire was over. It was a bright dream, but Ismaïl was not a true descendant of his illustrious grandsire, Mehemet Ali. If he had been, the empire would have been founded with more ease than the state which the grand old man of Egypt had won with the sword and transmitted as an hereditary gift to his family. The rest is soon told. The expedition evacuated the Juba on the 5th, converting its camel corps into meat for military and naval supplies. On the 11th it withdrew the detachment from Brava, sailed for Berbera, and thence with McKillop to Suez, arriving in Cairo on the 6th of February, 1876.

Ten years have passed away since Ismaïl Pasha sent for me at the Palace at Abdiu to express to me his congratulations on the results obtained in the expedition to the Indian Ocean.

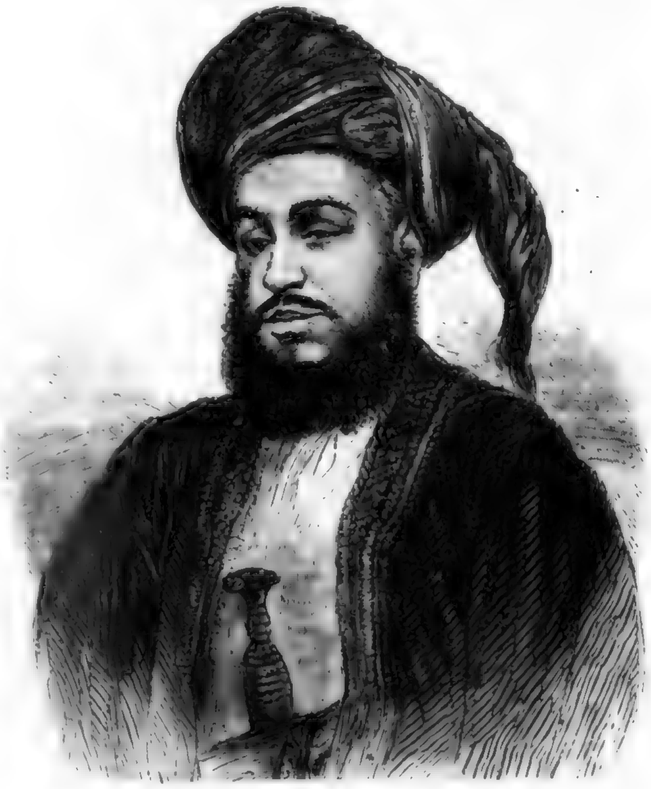
Since then Ismaïl Khedive is in exile, and resides in a little house in the Rue des Mathurins, Paris, to which Daudet has given a name in his "Les Rois en Exil."

The shadows of Arabi and the Mahdi are still upon the land. Alexandria is in ruins, Khartoum abandoned, and the English occupy Egypt.

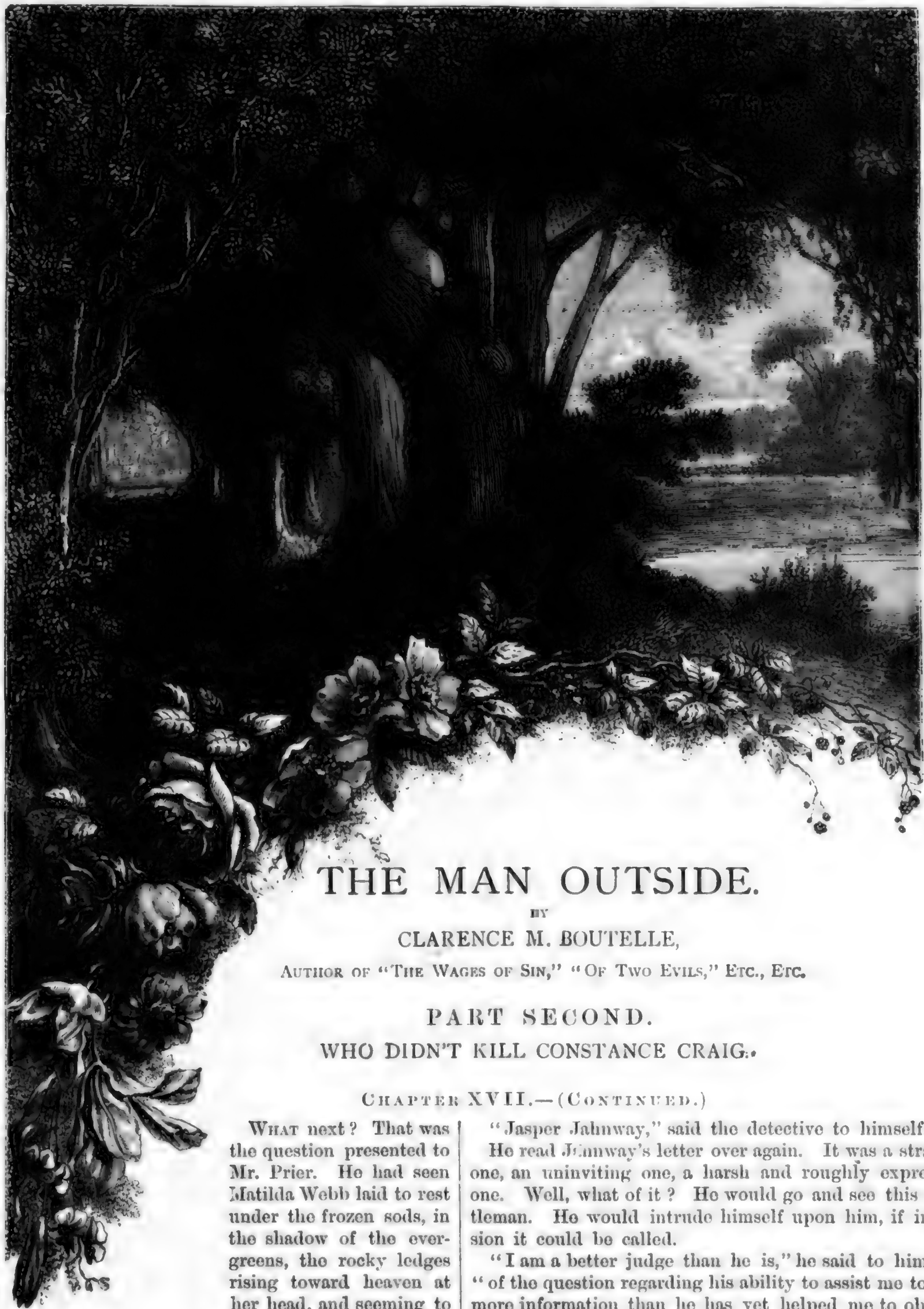
A base submission to Lord Derby's demands destroyed the fruits of the East African Expedition, and led to dethronement and the long train of disasters which have followed.

This was the culmination of Great Britain's policy, which was initiated when, in 1874, she sent Colonel Gordon to the Soudan.

IN CANTON there are large artificial incubating establishments where chickens are hatched for the Hong Kong market, which is reached in a few hours by the regular line of daily steamers. At Canton an export duty is demanded by the Chinese Customs on chickens, though there is none on eggs. The Chinese dealers in Canton know the exact time of the appearance of the chicks, and put hundreds of boxes of eggs on board the steamer at the last moment before sailing, from which, an hour or so after the boat has cast off, the chicks emerge, and are taken care of by watchers until delivered in Hong Kong, which is a free port.



THE SULTAN BURGASH-BIN-SAÏD.



THE MAN OUTSIDE.

BY

CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE,

AUTHOR OF "THE WAGES OF SIN," "OF TWO EVILS," ETC., ETC.

PART SECOND.

WHO DIDN'T KILL CONSTANCE CRAIG.

CHAPTER XVII.—(CONTINUED.)

WHAT next? That was the question presented to Mr. Prier. He had seen Matilda Webb laid to rest under the frozen sods, in the shadow of the evergreens, the rocky ledges rising toward heaven at her head, and seeming to keep guard over one so brave as she had proved herself to be. The frost-locked brook murmured drowsily through the wintry silence not far away, a protest against the season which symbolizes death—a promise of the springtime which promises the resurrection. He had turned away regretfully. He had gone away slowly.

And then. The question came home to him with great force. What next?

"Jasper Jahnway," said the detective to himself.

He read Jahnway's letter over again. It was a strange one, an uninviting one, a harsh and roughly expressed one. Well, what of it? He would go and see this gentleman. He would intrude himself upon him, if intrusion it could be called.

"I am a better judge than he is," he said to himself, "of the question regarding his ability to assist me to any more information than he has yet helped me to obtain. I will go to Jasper Jahnway."

He went.

The train took him to a station a couple of miles from Jahnway Park. It was dusk when he left the train, and snow was slowly falling—a promise of a severe storm.

The sound of the sea was in his ears. Its salty flavor was in the breeze.

What if the sky was gray with storm? What if the night was falling fast? There was hope in his heart.

Jasper Jahnway had helped him so much. Was it not likely he could help him still more?

He found no carriages at Jahnway Station. The train stopped for only a half-minute. The children from the half-dozen houses clustered about the railroad depot looked at Mr. Prier wonderingly. Even the older members of the community seemed filled with surprise. Perhaps it was a very unusual thing for passengers to get off at Jahnway Station.

He inquired the way to Jahnway Park. The directions were given him—given with that usual over-use of words which so effectually conceals ideas and clouds the understanding.

"Be you a-goin' there to-night?" asked the man who had told him the way.

"I am."

The man shook his head with an air which he evidently meant should be impressive.

"I wouldn't if I was in your place," he said.

"No? Why not?"

"Well, none of us folks like Mr. Jahnway; he's different from what the other Jahnways used to be."

"In what way?"

"In many ways. He doesn't spend money as they used to: he's gloomy and sullen; he's sour and cross and crabbed."

Mr. Prier looked at the critic of Mr. Jahnway—looked at him from head to foot. If such a man as the critic found it necessary to say what he had said, it was not likely that Mr. Jahnway would prove to be a pleasant acquaintance.

"Well, what else?" asked Mr. Prier.

"What else?" growled the man. "I should think that was enough. But tastes differ. If you don't think so, I'll tell you something else."

"You evidently want to tell it," said Mr. Prier, with a smile, "and I am willing to listen."

"Keep civil, old fellow," said the man, surlily, "or you may get into trouble."

"I beg your pardon; I mean no offense."

"No, I s'pose not. But I'm as good as anybody, and I don't allow any insinuations where I am."

"All right. Go on with your story."

"I will, when I get ready."

"Good-night," said Prier, quietly, turning away and walking rapidly in the direction the man had indicated.

He had not gone a dozen steps before the man laid his hand on his arm.

"Look here," said the fellow, roughly; "are you a-goin' to listen to what I have to tell, or shall I make you listen?"

"I guess you won't have to make me listen," responded Prier, stopping at once and appearing to be very patient.

The man laughed.

"You're not so big a fool as you look," he said, pleasantly—pleasantly for him.

"I hope not."

The man laughed again.

"No. And you're not so bad a fellow after all, I do believe. I haven't frightened you much, have I?"

"Not very much," said Prier.

"Because, when a man hasn't got any fight at all in him, I hate to frighten him. You're not much of a fighter, are you?"

"I don't enjoy getting hurt," admitted Prier.

"All right; I won't hurt you, and I won't let any one else hurt you, and when Patsy Gullens gives his word, Patsy Gullens keeps it."

"So this is Mr. Gullens, is it?" asked Prier.

The fellow extended his hand. He gave Prier's a hearty shake.

"You've heard of me, have you?" he asked, with an accent of pride. "Well, I don't much wonder. I guess you'll learn that I am the boss of the boys around Jahnway Station."

"I presume so. And now, I came up here on purpose to learn something about Jasper Jahnway. Will you please be so kind, Mr. Gullens, as to tell me all you can about him?"

"Well, rich as he is, he'd rather bunk on the floor than sleep in a bed. Does it ever so many nights, so the servants up to the park say."

"Indeed?"

"And then he's such an aristocratic and exclusive sort of fellow. He hires his servants from elsewhere, as though the men and women of Jahnway Station ain't good enough for him. Only the other day he hired a man—a private secretary I think they say he calls him, though what he wants of a private secretary I'm sure I don't know—and no one here ever saw or heard of the new man."

"Mr. Jahnway seems to be an independent sort of man?"

"I should say so. Most everybody around here dislikes him, though they're generally a little bit afraid of him. To tell the truth," lowering his voice to a whisper, and coming nearer to Prier, "I am a little afraid of him myself."

"Is it possible?" asked Prier.

"Yes. I don't wonder you are astonished. But we've found out that he followed the sea for a good many years, and we've got a sort of notion that he used to be a pirate. And it wouldn't do to get a pirate down on you, you know, for there's no telling what he might take it into his head to do. Do you see?"

"I see. Well, what else can you tell me about Mr. Jahnway?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing? I thank you for your information. And now I must be going."

"Going? You ain't going out to Jahnway Park?"

"Certainly."

"But I told you not to go."

"That makes no difference to me."

"Have you forgotten that I am Patsy Gullens?"

"I recognize the fact that you are Mr. Gullens."

"And I've told you the sort of fellow Jasper Jahnway is."

"Yes, and for that I thank you. I came up here to see Mr. Jahnway, and I am going to see him. I am glad to get any information regarding him, no matter how unlikely its accuracy or questionable its source. If it had not been for that, do you suppose I would have wasted my time here with you?"

"Wasted your time, is it? Your time must be very valuable, mustn't it?" said the man, with a threatening sneer; "what business has your honor followed that takes so much of your time?"

"Well," said Prier, quietly, "I've studied several different kinds of——"

"Studied, have you? I never studied anything in my life, I can tell you."

"I don't doubt it," said Prier.

"You'd better not doubt it, nor anything else I say. Will you tell me the names of some of the things you've studied?"

"Willingly. I gave some attention to marksmanship once; had an idea of getting my living by giving exhibitions of my skill; was really a pretty fair shot once; am now a little rusty, as they say, I suppose. Do you see that leaf yonder?"

He pointed to a single leaf, clinging to the extremity of a high branch, on a tree some thirty yards away.

Gullens bowed.

Prier drew his hand out of the pocket into which it had been carelessly thrust for a few minutes. It had a revolver in it. He deliberately raised it. There was a sharp report. And the leaf slowly floated down through the gathering darkness, among the snowflakes which fell in ever-increasing numbers as the night drew on.

"Wh—what else?" gasped Gullens.

"Well, I studied boxing. Got quite expert, too. Might have been a prize-fighter, I suppose, only I wasn't willing to be. Shall I show——"

But Gullens had briskly moved aside.

"Just at present I am a detective, and——"

"And you're going up to Jahnway Park?"

"I am going up to Jahnway Park. Good-night, Mr. Gullens."

Prier walked rapidly away.

"I—I say, friend," shouted Gullens after him, "it ain't possible Jahnway is really a pirate, is it?"

Prier made no answer. A smile flashed over his face, and drifted away, leaving it more sorry and careworn than it had been before.

"A farce for an interlude," he said, bitterly; "an act of comedy in the drama of life. And now—now to face the mystery, and take my part in the tragedy again."

It was late when Prier reached Jahnway Park. The snow was falling very fast. The wind was rising. The grand old trees in the park were shaking and twisting in the hands of the viewless forces of the night and the storm.

The walk leading up to the front door was full of snow, the neglected accumulations of several severe storms. The old mansion did not show a light at a single window. Its whole aspect was inhospitable and forbidding. It seemed empty and deserted.

Prier thought for a moment of the interview he had had with Patsy Gullens. He felt in his pocket to be sure his pistol was convenient and ready in case anything should happen to make its use a necessity. He had no idea that Jahnway was a pirate, or ever had been; he knew that the age was not one taking kindly to pirates, and that they did not flourish on American soil. And yet—he had not been a detective for all the best years of his life without finding much danger; he had learned the lesson that teaches the importance of being always ready—ready for danger—surprise—anything.

He went up to the front door. He rang the bell.

No answer.

He rang the bell again, longer and more vigorously than before.

No answer.

He rang a third time—rang with a sturdy persistence which he fancied would impress even the frankly impertinent gentleman who had warned him not to come—rang with an impatience in every motion his hand gave to the jangling bell.

And suddenly, much as though some one had been waiting behind the door all the time—for he had heard nothing of the approach of any one—the door was opened an inch or two, and some one inside asked, roughly:

"Who are you?"

"A gentleman to see Mr. Jahnway," replied Mr. Prier.

"What's your name?"

"J. B. Prier."

At that the door was swung wide open, and the man who had asked the questions stepped back into the hall to allow Mr. Prier to enter.

"Come in," he said, in a voice which was evidently intended to be pleasant, and which would, perhaps, have been cordial had not a long lifetime of sullen brusqueness made a sudden assumption of genuine cordiality—or even a fair counterfeit of it—impossible; "come in. You are welcome. Mr. Jahnway said you would be sure to come."

Mr. Prier entered the hall. The aged servant closed the outer door against the night and storm. He put the heavy bolt into its place with a quick energy that was startling, even to a man with as good nerves as those possessed by Mr. Prier. Instinctively he compared this servitor at Jahnway Park with the bully at Jahnway Station; one had been a man of many words, of empty boasting—the other, well, he had seen little of the other, but he recognized him as a man who would obey orders from one who employed him, no matter what those orders might be—and Mr. Prier, brave and self-sufficient as he usually was, shivered a little; he was almost sorry he had come.

The servant turned and faced him in the hall, holding the tallow candle he carried in such a way as to light the space where Prier stood, and to keep his own face in shadow.

"I've lived at Jahnway Park a great many years," he said, with an impressive deliberateness, "and I never questioned a Jahnway's order, or disobeyed it—and I never shall. I said you were welcome here; so you are; you are welcome, because Jasper Jahnway said you would be; you are welcome to just what he said you were to have."

The servant paused. Mr. Prier spoke:

"I wish to see Mr. Jahnway," he said.

"Mr. Jahnway is not at home," said the servant.

"Where has he gone?"

"I don't know."

"When will he return?"

"I don't know."

"When did he go?"

"I was directed not to say when, and I never disobey orders—when they are given me by a Jahnway."

"You said I was welcome?"

"Yes."

"Which means that I was expected, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"And did Mr. Jahnway leave no message for me?"

"Oh, yes; he left a message."

"Tell me what it is."

"I cannot. It is a written message, and I never pry into any one's affairs—least of all into a Jahnway's."

"Give me Mr. Jahnway's letter."

"Not yet. 'Let Mr. Prier eat first,' was Mr. Jahnway's command; 'see that the meal is excellent; see that he eats heartily; and then—show him to his room and give him the letter.' Those are the orders, sir, and supper is ready."

"And so am I," said Prier.

The servant opened one of the many doors opening out of the hall.

"Follow me," he said.

The supper was excellent. The servant, who stood during the meal, and seemed to anticipate Prier's every want, pressed this and that dish upon the detective's attention with a pointed persistency which showed how literal was his interpretation of Mr. Jahnway's order that his guest should eat heartily. Prier was hungry; his disappointment at not seeing Mr. Jahnway was great, to be sure, but the fact that Jahnway was away removed the need for hurry from his immediate future actions. He was beginning to enjoy the adventure upon which he was engaged; he took pleasure in watching and studying the quaint servant who had been trained to do the bidding of the Jahnways, and wondered whether his strange personality was a reflection of Mr. Jasper Jahnway—or of some Jahnway of an older generation. Jahnway being gone, he was in no very great hurry to read the message which had been left for him. So that, all things considered, he did ample justice to the meal. Even the exact and literally obedient servant could not have been less than satisfied when he arose from the table. The servant showed Mr. Prier to his room. It was well lighted. It was large and comfortable-looking. It was heated by a roaring fire in a huge fireplace on one side. The bed had been opened and thoroughly warmed while the detective had been at supper. There was a bowl of hot punch and a box of cigars on one table, and pens, ink, paper, and the latest newspapers available at Jahnway's Station, on another.

"Good-night and pleasant dreams, sir," said the servant; "we breakfast at five o'clock—never a minute earlier or later—the sleigh will be at the door at just six, to take you to the station. I shall go with you, and see you safely on the train for Boomville. These were Mr. Jahnway's orders, sir. Good-night."

"But—the message?" said Mr. Prier.

The servant turned back for a moment at the door.

"The message is on the table," he said, and shut the door.

Mr. Prier was alone—the guest of the man who had given him the confession of the one who had slain his sister.

He found the message, a thin letter directed to "Mr. J. B. Prier," but without any other word upon the envelope to indicate how it was to be conveyed to the one for whom it was intended.

"No doubt Mr. Jahnway understands his servants," said Mr. Prier, reflectively, "and knows that oral orders are sufficient."

He opened and read the letter:

"My Dear Prier: I have no doubt you are as angry as a man can be. I hope you are not addicted to profanity; I assure you the habit is a bad one. I have laughed many times, between the writing of this and the time of your reading it, as I picture in my mind's eye the airs which my stately Philip has put on for your benefit. He carries obedience to a ridiculous extreme, doesn't he? If I were to tell him to cut your throat, at twelve o'clock at night, I feel certain that he would attend to that matter, with a business-like attention and imperturbable gravity, just as the clocks rang out the hour of midnight. I don't know how you'd escape him; in fact, I have a strong conviction that you wouldn't escape him at all. So I hasten to reassure you by informing you that I've not dedicated you to anything worse than a series of the stately services he knows so well how to render. I am undoubtedly laughing at you as you read this.

"Really, Mr. Prier, you had no right to come; I told you not to come; I told you that I hadn't anything more to tell you. You ought to have taken my word for it; and you should have respected my wishes. And yet, I am a good-enough judge of human nature to feel sure that you will come—sure that this letter is not written in vain. Am I not shrewd for so young a man as I am? For I am young. I beg you'll not do me the injustice of supposing I had the training of Philip. He is the product of the intellectual ability of a very different sort of Jahnway from what I am.

"I am going away. I shall be on the ocean when you read this. Since I inherited the great Jahnway estate I am so fortunate as to own a yacht. So I can go on the sea for pleasure—where I once went for business. And—I am going.

"Perhaps you'll think me a strange fellow, going yachting in late February or early March. All right; I don't know that I much care what you think. I've got a snug, warm cabin, well supplied with the creature comforts of this life; I've got a trusty crew; I have a newly employed young man, a sort of companion, I suppose you'd call him—I denominate him my private secretary, because the name sounds well—who came to me under rather strange conditions, and with a peculiar sort of recommendation; I have a natural desire to test the stuff the young fellow is made of, and to do it where he cannot be tampered with nor tempted. I don't know a better place for such a purpose than on a seaworthy yacht in mid-Atlantic. Do you?

"And my sea voyage will keep you from coming to bore me—and prevent your dragging me into your affairs. It will cool my blood—which is a little inclined, both as a result of inheritance and from experience and habit, to be hot.

"And, if anything happens—I've suffered from cold and hunger before, and can do so again. I am willing to be '*the man outside*,' for a time.

"And last of all, Mr. J. B. Prier, if you've any questions to ask, hunt me up, on the stormy Atlantic, and I'll do my best to answer them. It wouldn't convince me that you really desired information, to have you come to Jahnway Park after it. If you really hunger and thirst after knowledge, come out and get it. I think I have found just a single little item, since I wrote to you before, which you might like to have. Jasper Jahnway."

"P. S.—I must not forget to inform you that I hired my private secretary on your recommendation, and that his name is—*Gilbert Senn.* J. J."

CHAPTER XVIII.

PRIER'S CONCLUSIONS.

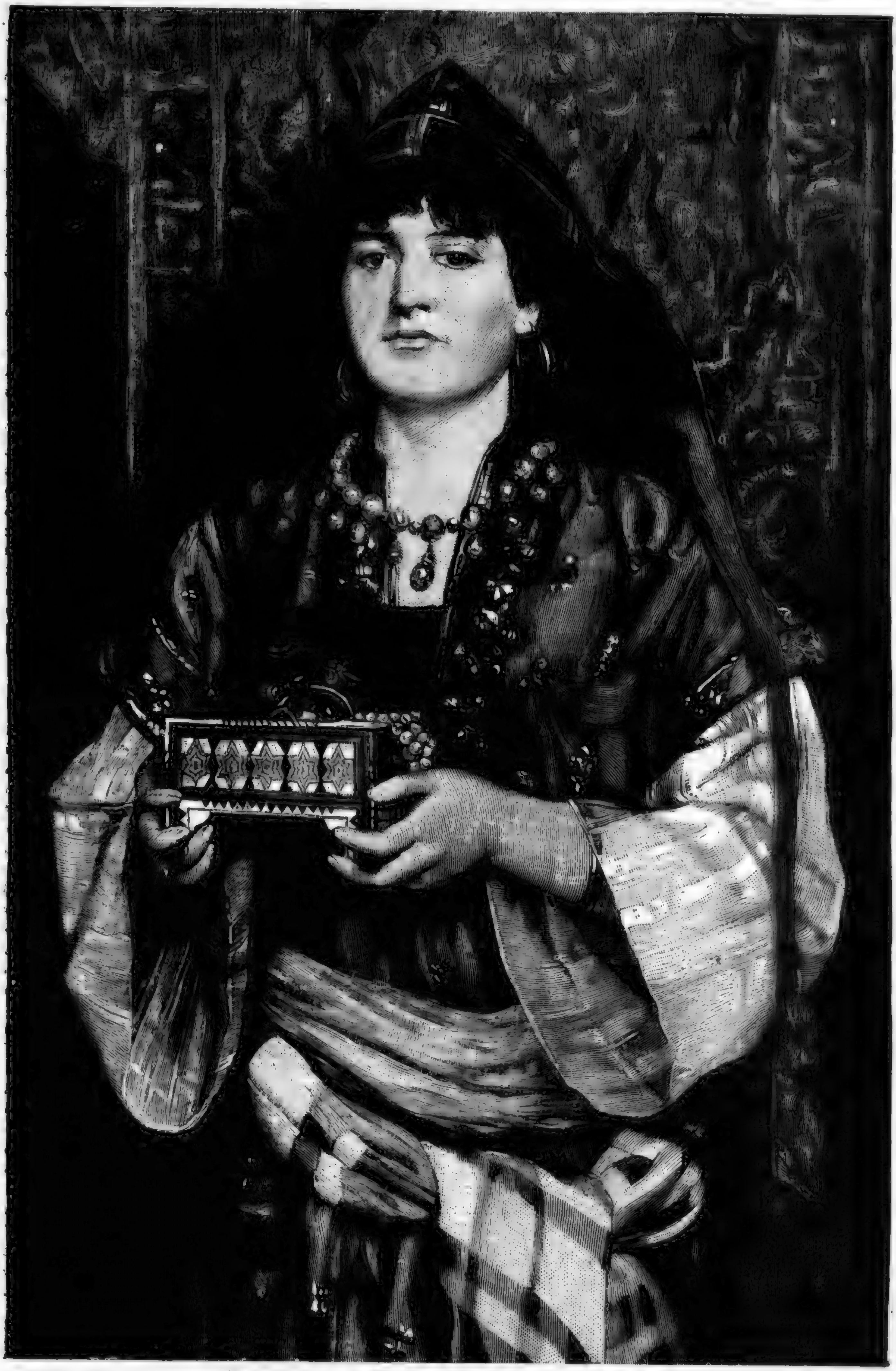
Prier read Mr. Jahnway's letter a second time, a third time and a fourth.

He laid it down at last.

"I don't understand it at all," he said, sadly; "I don't understand it at all. The letter is cool, flippant, insulting. And yet—there is a vein of earnestness running through it all. And he has befriended Senn. He has taken him away from his gloomy thoughts, and away from the chances of insults and slights. I wonder if he is really light-hearted, or whether all that is an assumed gayety? I wonder if he really knows anything which might be of service to me, or whether that hint is as careless and baseless, as much he has written seems to be? I wonder whether his invitation to me to come and hunt him up is a mockery of my efforts or a challenge to my earnestness? I wonder—I wonder *everything*, almost; and I know—*almost nothing!* If I could only look into Jasper Jahnway's face for a half-dozen minutes; if I could only exchange a dozen words with him, I should not be so utterly in the dark as I now am. And why may I not? It wouldn't take a day to find a fishing-vessel, somewhere along the coast here, that would be safe for an ocean voyage, and that could be hired for a reasonable sum, captain, crew and all. It might not be very comfortable; but I am ready to sacrifice comfort in this matter. I don't know the name of Jahnway's vessel, but I think I can find out without great difficulty. I don't know where he will go, but after all he has written about the cold and the season I doubt his going far south; and if he has been a sailor, as he hints and Patsy Gullens says, I don't think he'll get very far off shore. If I hunt for him from Newfoundland to New York, and in a strip of water reaching two hundred miles off shore, I shall be astonished if I don't find him.

"Danger—hardship—expense—uncertainty—I realize all that. But I'll be blamed if I don't hang somebody. I'll be blamed if I don't go out after Jasper Jahnway within forty-eight hours."

Mr. J. B. Prier had one enviable characteristic appertaining to his Will. You know he often let impulse sway



"THE TURKISH SLAVE," BY JOHN COSTA, IN THE PISANI GALLERY.

him; you know he often listened to the dictates of his keen analytical powers of reason; in these respects he was like most men. Nor was he a very remarkable man as regarded his power of will—his fixity of purpose. But he had the power, when he had once made up his mind to do a thing, of putting it aside until the proper time came. It was a power we might any of us covet.

He had decided to hire a large and well-constructed fishing-vessel as soon as he could find a suitable one. He had decided to hunt thoroughly the space he had decided it would be likely Jahnway would cruise in. This was a great undertaking. It was a strange thing to do. It seemed quixotic. It was entirely unprecedented in Prier's experience. He was going outside of anything he had ever known. He had never heard of a detective doing as he was about to do.

No matter, though all that were true.

He had decided to go. He was going. Let his plans stand in general, without further thought; let them wait for the arrangement of details until a more convenient season. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," he quoted, gravely, as he put thought of the coming dangers and difficulties of the ocean voyage resolutely from him and took out the little book in which he had put the analysis of the anonymous letter.

"What shall I write? Shall it be: 'Who killed Constance Craig?' Alas, no; there is no use in writing that. Shall—it—not—rather—be——"

And he mused silently for some minutes.

"Yes," he said, aloud, suddenly and with emphasis. "Yes, I will write that. It will busy my mind for a little time. But I will not write such a statement of negations in my book; I will write it elsewhere."

He closed his book. He put it in his pocket. He drew a loose sheet of paper toward him. He wrote on the first line, in large letters:

"WHO DID NOT KILL CONSTANCE CRAIG."

He went on with his work, as follows:

"Gilbert Senn did not kill Constance Craig. In spite of circumstantial evidence, in all its strength—in spite of the new link in the chain which was placed in my hand by Matilda Webb when she was dying, Gilbert Senn is innocent. He carries truth and honesty in his face; I would stake my soul on his honor: it does not need the agreement of the anonymous letter with the confession Jahnway sent me, nor the fact that neither is like the writing of this ill-used man, to prove that Gilbert Senn is guiltless."

The detective was growing tired. He suppressed a yawn; and then he yawned, a half-minute later, without trying to suppress it; he looked at the inviting bed; he listened, from his comfortable place before the fire, to the wild night outside; his pen moved less freely; he wrote much less—said much less aloud—and one could but have believed, could one have looked upon him, that he thought much less.

"Walter Aldrich did not kill Constance Craig."

He wrote that. He said nothing. His face darkened. Undoubtedly he believed Aldrich a liar. But he exonerated him from all responsibility regarding the greater crime—the crime of murder.

"Elsie Senn is innocent."

It took no time for thought to enable him to write that.

"John Kane is guiltless."

He muttered a half-apology to himself for having used the clergyman's name at all. And then, as he pushed the ink from him, and sat lazily a moment or two, before rising, he thought of the face he had seen in Kane's album.

And he wrote, half unconsciously, the name of one who had gone away from his sight and knowledge long years before:

"Lurline Bannottie."

He wrote that. He wrote no more. He rose. He undressed. In five minutes he had let the sound of the storm soothe him to sleep. He slept as calmly as though there were no mystery in the world—as calmly as though murder were unheard of in all God's universe—as sweetly as he ever slept in the far-vanished years, a helpless infant on his mother's knee.

Prier awoke in the early morning. The night lingered yet, especially in so dark a place as was Jahnway Park, with its many and thick-spreading trees. But the storm was done, and the snow lay everywhere in fantastic drifts of virgin whiteness, type of a better world and a better, better future, sometime, somewhere.

The detective rose at once. He descended to the dining-room. Philip was evidently pleased at his punctuality; he was just a minute early. The meal was as good as the one of the evening before. Mr. Prier did as ample justice to it as he had to the supper—perhaps because the thought of his coming sea voyage made him hungry already. At six o'clock the sleigh, large and comfortable, full of robes and blankets, came to the door. Mr. Prier took his seat in it. Philip took a seat beside him. The driver spoke to the horses. Away they went, through the keen air of the bright morning, to the station. Philip, or Philip's master, had arranged the time for the successive events in Prier's visit with great care and thoughtfulness—the train was already in sight when they arrived at Jahnway Station, after an almost silent and decidedly unsocial drive. The train rolled up to the station. Prier turned and shook hands with Philip. Philip bowed gravely to the detective, and said a few words of stately farewell to him as he stepped from the sleigh. Then, as Prier got aboard, he drove back toward Jahnway Park, neither he nor the driver looking behind to see what might or might not happen. They had obeyed Jasper Jahnway's orders; they had been giving unthinking and unquestioned literal obedience for so many years that curiosity had been crucified within them. Why should they look back? But Prier, looking after the hurrying sleigh with a return of that grim smile we have seen on his face so many times, stepped off the train as it rolled away, and entered the waiting-room of the little station.

The first man he saw was Patsy Gullens. Patsy Gullens was not a worker; he was usually at leisure; and he found his pleasure in being where the greatest excitement which came toward his narrow and humdrum life could be found. He rarely missed seeing any train which passed Jahnway Station—be the time day or night, Summer or Winter—and be the weather hot or cold, wet or dry. Perhaps, had Patsy Gullens's lot been cast under other influences, and amid other scenes, he might have been a different man. It is hard, for a man whose nerves must be irritated with excitement in order that he may live, to be shut away from the world and its pleasures as was Patsy Gullens. A call for him to go away, whatever the place—the reason—the work—would be a temptation he would find it hard to refuse.

"Good-morning, Mr. Gullens," said Prier.

"Good-morning."

"I'd like to ask you a few questions this morning."

"All right. About Jasper Jahnway?"

"Yes. I didn't find Mr. Jahnway at home."

"I knew you wouldn't."

"You knew he was away?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you tell me, then?"

"You didn't ask me, and besides, after I found out what sort of a man you were — found out you really amounted to something — you did not give me any chance."

Prier laughed.

"I guess there is something in that. But, if you know that he is away, perhaps you know where he has gone—where I can find him. Do you?"

"No, I don't. And I don't think any one does. He went away in his yacht, some few days ago—I don't know just how many—and no one knows why he went, where he went, or how long he will remain away—at least no one knows that I've had any chance to talk with about it."

"Do you know the name of his yacht?"

"Certainly—the *Homeward Bound*."

"A good vessel?"

"I think so, I——"

"You've seen her, of course?"

"Yes."

"Ever been aboard?"

"No."

"Would you think, from what you know of her, that she'd do to cross the ocean in?"

Patsy Gullens looked away toward the sea, the long billows of which, huge and sullen still by reason of the buffeting of last night's storm, could be seen in the distance, sweeping in toward shore, while the thunder of their eternal tramp on the beach came harsh and strong upon the breeze of morning. His eyes glittered. His cheeks flushed. His form straightened. For a little time he was not the slouching braggart and cowardly wretch he had been for years; for a half-minute he seemed a man—in a good, almost in the best, sense of the word—a man.

Then the passion died out of his face. The flush faded from his cheek, leaving only the red which was the seal and signet of the dominion of alcohol. His shoulders bent again. He turned to Prier.

"I've lived here all my life," he said, sullenly, "here at Jahnway Station; I've never been twenty miles from where we are standing in all the years I have lived. I've seen the sea every day; I've listened to it every night; and I've never been out far enough to be out of sight of land. Fishing alongshore — when I had to; fighting; drinking; lounging around this station to see the trains pass, carrying with them some hint of the world outside; this has been my life. I cannot read. I cannot write. I have been a lazy fellow always. But—I can't help loving the ocean; and so, when you ask me whether I think the *Homeward Bound* would do to cross the ocean in, I say *I'd cross the ocean in her—if I had the chance.*"

Prier smiled. He had seen this sort of man before. Men, passion-wrecked because of the quiet barrenness of their lives, men mad for something they had never known and could not imagine, were not new to him.

"You'd like to go to sea, would you?" he asked.

"Like it? Indeed I would. But there's the wife and children. I—I couldn't leave them to starve, you know."

"To starve?" Then changing his voice so that a strain of sternness sounded in it, while he looked closely and critically at the man before him, Prier asked: "How much better than that has it been for them, I'd like to know?"

Gullens scowled.

"I don't know as it is for you to ask?" he replied, gruffly.

"But I do ask."

"I wouldn't let any of the boys here at Jahnway Station ask such a question. They wouldn't dare."

"Perhaps not. I presume not. But I dare. I ask it?"

There was a pause. Gullens looked down. He worked the snow back and forth, nervously and tremblingly, with the toe of his boot.

Then, suddenly, the detective's voice rang out, clear as a bell, sharp and incisive as a knife:

"And I am in the habit of having my questions answered when I ask them. How much better than starvation has the condition of your family been for years?"

Gullens did not look up. He only worked the snow to and fro more rapidly.

"How often have they suffered for bread that you might have liquor?"

Gullens's hands clasped and unclasped themselves. He was in torture—on the rack; not so much because of the picture the detective's words brought home to him, with its long tale of privation for his family and disgrace to himself, but because he had met a man whose appeal he did not dare to meet with the argument of brute force—a man he did not dare to threaten.

He clinched his hands; the words of the detective seemed burning in his brain. He unclinched them again; he was thinking of the story Prier had told him twelve hours before of his skill as a boxer. He felt in his pocket for his knife, a wicked weapon, and a dangerous thing in the hands of a desperate man; he was pondering on the scorn Prier had put into the questions he had asked. He let the knife drop from his hand, back into his pocket again, and drew his hand out empty; he was thinking of the falling of the dead leaf through the snowy air last night, and wondering why Prier's hand was resting carelessly in the pocket of his coat as he waited for his answer.

"Come, Gullens," said Prier, sternly, "I've waited long enough. Give me my answer. How much better than starvation?"

Gullens glanced up. For one second he faced Prier's eyes. Then his glance fell.

"Not much, I suppose," he said.

Prier had conquered.

"Very well; now let us get back to the questions again. Do you think any one would try to cross the ocean in the *Homeward Bound*?"

"No; not unless he was a fool, or——"

"Well, or whom?"

"Or Jasper Jahnway. There's no guessing what he would or wouldn't do."

"You don't like Jasper Jahnway?"

"No, sir; I don't."

"You are afraid of him?"

"Yes," sullenly; "I told you last night that I am afraid of him—the only man I ever met——"

"The only one?" said Prier, quietly; "the only man you ever met of whom you are afraid? Are you sure of that?"

"Well, the only one except you."

"Ah? You *are* afraid of me, then, are you?"

"Yes, I am."

"And perhaps you dislike me, too?"

"I don't know yet. I'll tell you when I do."

"Will you? Thank you. Now do you know where I can hire a good-sized, thoroughly seaworthy fishing-vessel, crew and all. I want a good, comfortable cabin for myself, comfortable quarters for the crew, and I want a captain and men who can be depended upon in every respect. The vessel must be a swift sailer, and——"

"How swift?" queried Gullens.

"Swift enough to outsail the *Homeward Bound*, if possible? Do you think you can tell me where I can find such a vessel?"

"I think so. Are you going out to sea to try and find Mr. Jahnway?"

"I am. Will you go with me? The wages will be good, and——"

"Will I go with you?" cried Gullens, springing forward and grasping Prier's hand; "will I go with you? Indeed I will. And you asked me whether I disliked you or not! I'll tell you now. I like you—I like you. I'll not only go to sea with you, but I—I—I'll go through—through—perhaps you'd rather not hear the word, but through a warmer place than there is in Maine such a morning as this, for you."

"All right," said Prier, smiling at the fellow's enthusiastic extravagance of language, and pleased at the new manhood which seemed rising within him; "all right. Now, when and how can you find out about the vessel?"

"Here, at Jahnway's Station. And now. I won't be gone an hour."

And he hurried away.

Prier stood on the platform, looking away over the snowy fields, white and pure and glistening. He looked up the road to where the rails seemed to meet in the distance and disappear—as memories meet and fade in the past; down the road to the converging of the rails—as hope finds a point beyond which the limitations of the human soul will not permit it to be seen.

He was musing now, much as he had mused last night when he wrote that which occupied his last waking thoughts. Carelessly and thoughtlessly he took it from his pocket; heedlessly he read it; absentmindedly he tore it into tiny fragments, tossed them from him, and the wintry winds scattered them beyond any hope of their ever being brought together again:

"Gilbert Senn did not kill Constance Craig. In spite of circumstantial evidence, in all its strength—in spite of the new link in the chain which was placed in my hand by Matilda Webb when she was dying, Gilbert Senn is innocent. He carries truth and honesty in his face; I would stake my soul on his honor; it does not need the agreement of the anonymous letter with the confession Jahnway sent me, nor the fact that neither is like the writing of this ill-used man, to prove that Gilbert Senn is guiltless.

"Walter Aldrich did not kill Constance Craig.

"Elsie Senn is innocent.

"John Kane is guiltless.

"Lurline Bannottie."

PART THIRD.

IN THE TRACK OF A WOMAN'S DESIRE.

CHAPTER XIX.

A CALL OBEYED.

MRS. ELSIE BARRON-SENN, in company with her companion, went abroad soon after the financial affairs of the former lady were partly settled. You may remember the announcement of that fact which Mr. Prier, usually wide-awake and alert, allowed himself to go to sleep over. Mr. Lyman, the man who replaced Mr. Senn in the actual management of Barron's Boomville Bank, was left in full control of all Mrs. Senn's affairs, and was directed to report regularly. And then—Mrs. Senn needed a change of scene; it was not strange that she wished to be as far from her husband as convenient; it was not remarkable that she decided upon a quiet trip through, or residence in, Europe.

Although—to tell the truth—I fancy that Mrs. Senn's companion had much more to do with this trip than had Mrs. Senn herself. Elsie had grown into the habit of doing as her lady friend desired; she had done so for years; she had been out-argued, overruled, outgeneraled, coaxed, or coerced, and, in some way, conquered, whenever she had put her will up against that of the woman who had been hired, years ago, by Mr. Barron, to take charge of the education of his daughter, and who had ended by becoming one of the family—to all intents and purposes—and not an unimportant one.

Naples had been selected as the residence of these two ladies. They lived a very quiet and retired sort of life; they did not go into society, more than to call upon a very few friends, in an informal sort of way, and receive informal calls from them in return; they did not go to the theatre or opera; they might, for all the gayety or dissipation in which they indulged, have been residents of a nunnery instead of dwelling in Naples. It was fitting that one so recently bereaved of her father should abstain from gayety; Elsie Barron's marriage to Mr. Senn was still another reason to keep her from social life. As she used the fact of the character of their employments and amusements as an excuse for their journey and the selecting of Naples as a residence, I suppose Mrs. Senn believed the selection to be her own. I think, however, that in this, as in most things, the other woman had had her way.

Do not misunderstand me. Mrs. Senn was not a weak woman, nor a dependent one. We have seen her do that which no one not of vigorous will and inflexible determination could possibly have done. But, to the strongest, loves comes with an argument which is unanswerable; and Elsie Senn had loved the beautiful companion of her earliest years—the woman who had taught her the beginnings of all knowledge—the one who had advised her more, comforted her more and encouraged her more than any other ever had—the one whose voice had never fallen upon her ears with any other than tones of sweetness and tenderness—the being on whose face she had never found any other look than the most winning of smiles—had loved her with an unfaltering and unchanging love. She loved strongly—passionately. In just that way had she loved Aldrich. Fate had builded a barrier between her and him which love could not pass. And so, she had turned to her friend and companion with a stronger and deeper feeling than had been in her heart for her before. She loved Lurline Bannottie with all her heart and soul and strength.

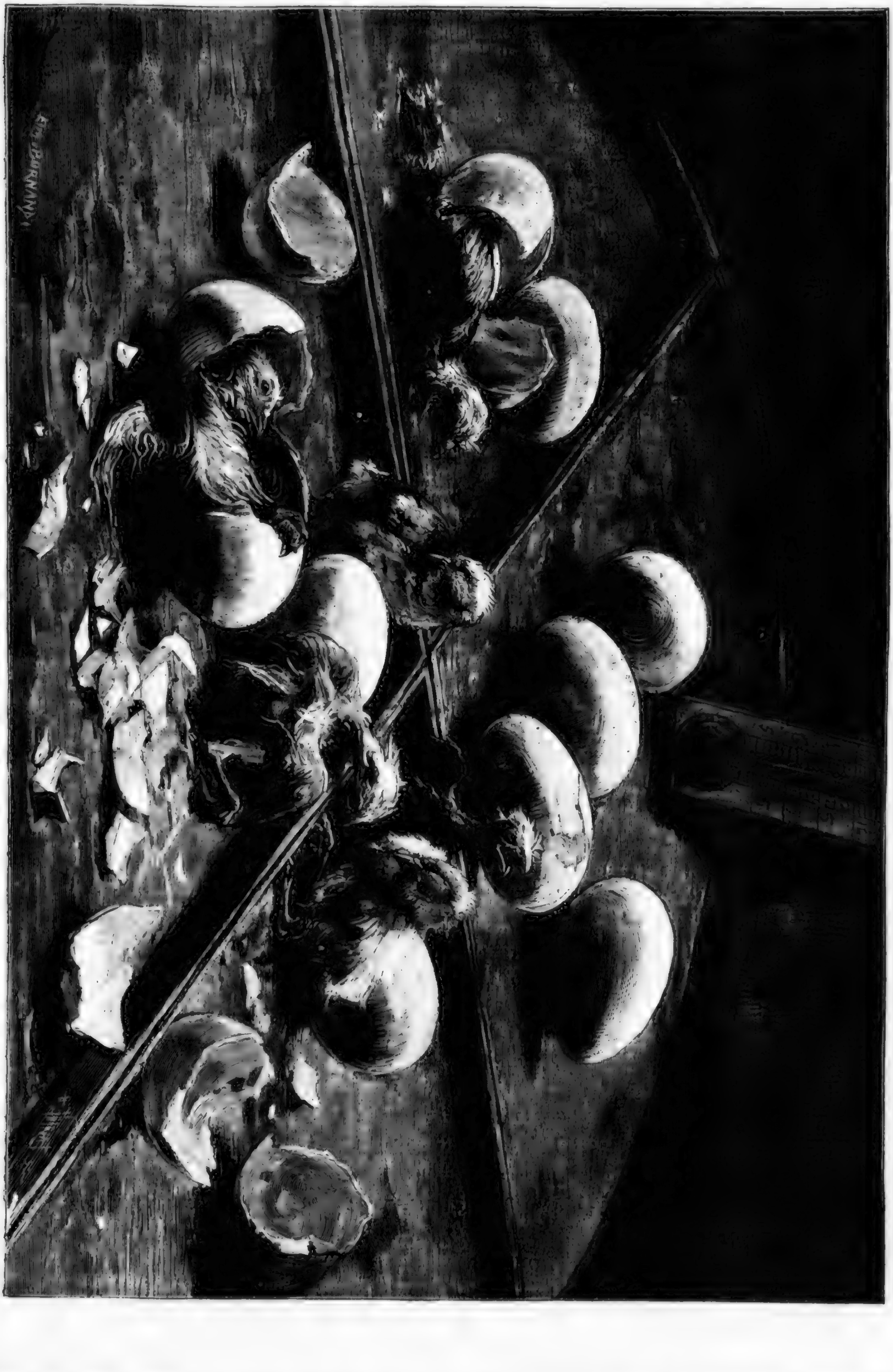
They were sitting alone in their private parlor. They had not been living in Naples so very long, for it was only February now—well along in February—and yet their rooms seemed like home.

"I could be happy here for ever," said Mrs. Senn; "I sometimes hope I shall never have to cross the sea again."

At these words, Lurline turned toward the younger lady with a smile.

"I don't know," she said, slowly; "I don't know. I sometimes think I should like to see Boomville again, though I scarcely think I ever shall."

Indeed! Man proposes. And God—have you ever let



WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A MOTHER?

XUM

that smile slip from your lips long enough, Miss Lurline Bannottie, to think slowly and seriously of Him?

A servant tapped at the door, and came in with the lights and with the mail which had just arrived.

"A letter for me," said Mrs. Senn, "from Mr. Lyman. Listen to what he says:

> "'Business is good. All the investments are turning out well; even the doubtful ones leave us nothing to regret. Confidence is fully restored. The deposits are larger than ever before, and the opportunities for safely using the large sums intrusted to us, and at rates which insure a fine margin of profit, were never better. I think there are no details which I need trouble you about. Any commands which you may give will be attended to without delay, and any questions you may ask will be answered immediately.'

Isn't that a nice letter, Lurline, and isn't it fortunate we have so excellent a manager as Mr. Lyman is, and—what is the matter, Lurline? Who is your letter from? Have you bad news?"

Miss Bannottie had uttered no cry. There was no pallor in her beautiful face. Her hand did not tremble. There were no tears in her eyes. But she was crumpling the envelope, the one which had contained her letter, into a shapeless wad in her hand. She was staring at the letter she had received—as one might imagine she might have stared if she had seen a ghost, that is, if such pretty women as she are ever haunted. And her smile, without which Elsie had never before seen her face—her smile was gone now—undoubtedly gone—utterly blotted out or swallowed up or swept away. It was little wonder that Mrs. Senn cried out as she did.

"N—no, not very bad news. I—I must go away for a little time—a few weeks, perhaps, to—to—to London."

"To London? Why—what——"

"Business, my dear," said Miss Bannottie, her smile back again, as she rose and kissed Elsie; "only a little business, which you would neither understand nor be interested in. My only sorrow in the matter is in having to be away from you. But it will not be for long—not for long——"

"But why may I not go, too?"

Miss Bannottie shook her head.

"That is impossible. I must go at once, and——"

"At once? How soon?"

"As soon as I can get away. Send out to see how soon that will be. I must go up and pack a few things for my journey."

"But may I not go up and help you?"

"No—no. You attend to sending some one for the information I mentioned. I must go this very night if possible. I think my letter has been delayed, and that I am late already."

"And you will return——?"

"In a few weeks, dear."

"And you will write?"

"Whenever business permits, if it does at all."

And then, while Mrs. Senn remained to give the necessary directions to the servant, Miss Bannottie hurried from the room, and——

And almost fainted just outside the door. She leaned against the wall for support; her hands trembled so that she could scarcely hold the letter she had received; her cheeks grew pale, as pale as they will be when she is dead, perhaps; her black eyes shone like hellish fires in the semi-darkness; as for her smile, if you had never seen her until then you would have doubted if she had ever smiled, or ever would.

"Pshaw!" she cried, shutting her white teeth over her lip until it bled; "is this really you, Lurline Bannottie? Are you really frightened because that scoundrel has threatened you? Have you never met other difficulties, that you should tremble and grow faint at this? Threatens, does he? Threatens, this man who owes everything he is and has—his life, even—to you? Do you fear him? Let him fear, rather. As for you, go to him—go as he demands. And then—watch your opportunity—take every advantage in your own hands—play out the drama in your own way—and in it be as merciless as he is."

She paused. She drew her hand wearily over her face. And then, as though it had been another who had been speaking before, she gave herself an answer.

"I will do it," she said.

And then she stood up, straight and firm. The smile came back, as the tide comes up the beach after earthquake shock has driven it away. Her hands no longer trembled. Her steps no longer faltered. She walked—shall I not rather say she gracefully floated—up the stairs.

She burned the envelope.

Then she read the letter again:

> "MISS LURLINE BANNOTTIE: Everything has gone wrong. The worst has come—unless it is more fitting to keep that superlative for use in recording and celebrating your expected arrival.
>
> "I must see you, and at once, for I am going away for ever. And, as I cannot go to you, you must come to me. And you must come at once.
>
> "I can imagine your pausing there to say you cannot come. But I know better. There was never a thing mentioned yet that you couldn't do—if you would.
>
> "Perhaps you'd like to say you will not come; don't you do it; don't you dare do it! You must come! If I know anything you would wish me not to tell—anything you'd like a chance to hire me not to tell, *come!*
>
> "Be at the bridge, a half-mile south of town, at midnight, on Saturday, March 4th. I will meet you there. Fail me, and take the consequences.
>
> "I shall not sign my name; I think any one should be careful how he uses his name; but let me tell you it will be the worse for you if you dare to pretend, even to yourself, that you don't know who I am and what I mean."

She burned the letter then, as she had burned the envelope.

"Oh, you wretch, you scoundrel," she whispered, as she watched the bits of paper blaze—blacken—disappear; "how I hate you—hate you—hate you. How I wish you were as easily disposed of as your threats."

* * * * * *

Miss Lurline Bannottie made her journey to London in the very shortest time in which it was possible to make it, and yet she had been in a fever of excitement—in a chronic hurry, so to speak—all the way. Surely the business on which she came must be very important. She had said she hated the writer of the letter whose call she had obeyed so immediately. Was it not likely she feared him as well?

She came to London. But her journey was not yet done. She remained only long enough to see a member of a certain firm of bankers. From him she drew some money—a very large sum indeed if she expected to remain in London, and consequently where it would be convenient to see him frequently—but a small sum if her plans were such as they might be; of him she inquired for letters, but there were none for her. And then she took the first train for Liverpool.

Nor was Liverpool the end of her journey, any more than London had been. Her first question on her arrival testified to that fact.

"What steamer sails first for any American port?" she asked; "and how soon? and for what place?"

She was informed that a steamer sailed for New York almost immediately. She secured passage and went on board almost at once.

For reasons which will be obvious a little later, if they are not already, I shall conceal the name of the steamer and of the captain under fictitious designations. I desire to assure the reader, however, that the *Pond Lily* was one of the most comfortable and swiftest of the many fine steamships then plying between Europe and America, and that *Captain Dennis* was one of the most able and popular of officers. These facts would be indorsed by thousands of travelers if I were to give the real names.

Miss Bannottie would, perhaps, have found time for rest after the arduous beginning of her journey, had not the elements seemed to be in league against her. With fair weather and a prosperous trip she would have found it possible, I presume, to have slept at night in her stateroom, and to have read, with some degree of pleasure, on deck, in the daytime.

But there were head winds against them almost from the very first; the nights were filled with darkness so dense that nothing could be seen at the distance of the length of the vessel; and when they were once fairly out on the ocean the weather was such that it was decidedly imprudent and unsafe for passengers to attempt to spend much time on deck.

So Miss Bannottie remained below most of the time, chafing at the delay, bothering even so amiable a gentleman as Captain Dennis with her oft-repeated questions as to how far they had come, and how many days more would be necessary to reach New York. She could not read; she could not work; she could not sleep; she could not remain quiet in one place for long at a time. She walked nervously up and down for hours at a time, giving some of her own nervousness to others of the passengers who watched her. She would sit down for a few minutes, from time to time, and calculate over and over and over again just what time she must reach New York, just what time she must leave New York, just when she must do this, just when that, or—fail to reach the rendezvous appointed at the time mentioned, midnight on Saturday, March 4th, 1871.

"If I don't," she would mutter desperately to herself, and sometimes despairingly, "what will he do? Will he dare—dare—— Oh, God, yes; he is a coward, a craven, but in my absence he will dare do anything—anything against my happiness, my peace, my safety."

Sometimes she crept up, for a little time, to the slippery and storm-swept deck, and looked away over the waste of wrathful waters through which they were fighting their way. Sometimes the clouds parted for a time, a short time, and the lights from beyond them shone down through ragged rifts upon the vessel, upon the sea, and upon her. Were it morning, she never turned to look behind her at the sun as he sprang from his watery couch and rose slowly into the flying clouds and tossing mists so near the horizon's edge. In the evening she watched the sun—sometimes—as he slowly withdrew from the world—her world—as hope seemed withdrawing from her; how far away he seemed—how distant the bounds of the sea—how menacing the clouds which folded about him as he dipped below the tossing waters in the west; must she go on thus for all eternity, regret behind, fear before, and a feeling in the present which she had neither the power nor the will to analyze? This was the fantastic question she found shaping itself in her brain, time after time, as the days went by. There was regret behind her; the regret one feels whose plans have somehow gone astray—whose purposes have failed—who finds God's providence too strong and too good for their desires. Fears for the future, she had them; the fears which recognize the fact that the human will is finite, no matter how wickedly one may scheme and plan; such fears as arise in the mind of one who suddenly discovers that treachery may be false to its friends—that it may betray fellow-treachery, for safety or for revenge. In the present—don't ask me. Lurline Bannottie did not ask herself what name would describe the emotion in her soul; but, I can assure you, it was not remorse—*it was not remorse!*

Usually she was alone on deck, alone except for those whose duties took them there. Many were sick in their rooms; many were full of fears of the dangers on the deck—dangers to health from cold and dampness—dangers to life—even, from washing waves, rushing winds, and the reeling vessel; many who were not fearful were prudent—so she usually had the solitude of the sea to herself when she went above.

And yet—there were two or three men who always followed her with their glances wherever she went, and who found courage to go on deck, sometimes, because she did. These men did not know Lurline Bannottie; they had never spoken to her; and even the unconventionality of an ocean voyage—and a stormy one at that—did not seem to promise them an acquaintance with this self-absorbed young woman who had most likely not noticed them at all. They saw her pale cheeks; they saw her nervous thoughtfulness; and they said to themselves that she was in trouble and that they were ready, if they only might, to spend time and money in her behalf; they were ready to fight for her; ready to do anything honorable which she should desire done, and for which she would give a pleasant word in return, and I am not sure but that one or more of them would have left "honorable" out of the question altogether, had she asked it. They saw her smile, the everlasting smile which neither worry nor danger nor regret nor fear—no, nor the emotion I have not explained, and which she did not explain to herself—ever stripped from her cheeks and lips or brushed from her eyes—so far as these men knew. They saw her smile, and they were ready to fight—to fight any one—to fight each other—to kill and maim and cripple—if by so doing they could see that smile shine for them.

Rich, talented, successful, happy; this was the history of some of these men. And more than one of them was planning how he might make her acquaintance, how he might improve all the opportunities an acquaintance would offer, how he might win her love. More than one was saying to himself that with her his life would be heaven—without her, an utter failure. These men were in love with Lurline Bannottie, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that they were in love with an ideal Lurline Bannottie who had never existed—a woman whose soul would have been correctly indexed by Lurline Bannottie's face. They saw the smile her face wore; they looked upon the curve of cheeks and chin and lips; they caught, sometimes, the warm glances from her deep, dark eyes; they saw her high, broad forehead; they noticed her elastic step; they admired her long, strong fingers, with their tapering whiteness; they——

But why multiply words?

Lurline Bannottie had been drawing men after her in that way all her life. She had been admired, loved, raved over, fought for. She had gone her way, unscrupulously and carelessly, deliberately seeking the admiration which was no more than a passing pleasure to her and the love which she cared only to scorn and mock at. Most men had loved her, when she willed it. Many had worshiped her, when she had only permitted and tolerated it. Her regrets—her fears, and whatever other feeling dominated her—surely these must have been keen and strong to make it possible that she had awakened such passion as had sprung to warm life in the hearts of some of her fellow-passengers — while she neither knew nor guessed it.

They had done no more than many men had done before them. They had watched and admired, as I have said. They had summed it all up in one word of reverential awe and unswerving loyalty: "Angel," they had called Lurline Bannottie, each to himself, each unknowing that another had breathed the word in confidential privacy to his own heart, each unknowing that "angel" ceased to be an original designation for this woman with the sweet face and the strange name, long, long ago.

And they worshiped—a face—a form—an animal; they loved the woman who should have lived in such a body. They forgot the omnipotence of God; they did not remember that He can make a face on which a smile shall be a mask; they forgot that the curves of muscles may mean cruel strength instead of tenderness; they failed to recollect that the fire in an eye was not necessarily kindled in heaven; they overlooked the fact that the giant intellect stirring behind the broad, high brow may be the evil genius of all on whom it exercises its strength; they did not stop to think that a strong, light footfall may mean treachery; they did not go from their admiration of a woman's dainty hands to the question, "What have they done?" they forgot that God may give the body of an angel to a devil.

And so—they loved her.

And so—she did not guess it.

Although—it had been the way with men as long as she cared to remember, and perhaps longer.

They loved her, and they did not stop to think of asking her from whence she came—where she was going—nor whose call she was obeying—*nor why!*

CHAPTER XX.

A TRAITOR'S FATE.

It was night. It was, if possible, darker than any previous night during the trip had been. The captain, as soon as evening came, took his place on deck. All felt that it was a time of danger, although the storm was not as severe as it had been.

"If we run into anything, either solid or afloat," had said some one, "it is likely to be the end of us, isn't it, Captain Dennis?"

And the captain had gravely nodded his head in the affirmative.

One of the men who had allowed himself to become infatuated with Miss Bannottie had come nearer to her as the darkness increased outside, and the evening deepened into night. Perhaps he feared some terrible catastrophe, and hoped to be near her to help her when the crisis came. She had never spoken to him—had scarcely even noticed him; but he was building castles for his future—in his busy brain—letting hope whisper lies to his soul—with only the sides of this frail vessel between him and eternity—with such a woman near him as was Lurline Bannottie.

She had never spoken to him; he had scarcely heard her voice; and yet, suddenly—

She turned toward him, and beckoned him to come nearer her. Need I say he came?

"Will you find out how long it will take us to reach New York?" she asked. "Will you go up and ask the captain?"

He knew the sort of night he would find above; he knew the dangers he must face; he knew the risks he should run; he knew that he might give his life for her, in what he was about to undertake, but he did not hesitate. He went.

I hope Lurline Bannottie did not know how great the danger, and how fearful the risk of the errand on which she sent this young man. I do not know whether she did or not; I have a very definite and decided opinion, of course, but I am not sure. But I am sure of one thing—I am sure she didn't care.

The young man went. He was gone a long time. He was as wet, when he returned, as though he had been dipped in the sea. He had had one or two narrow escapes during his absence—one of them resulting in his remaining aboard, instead of being blown into the ocean, by the merest chance. But he said nothing to Miss Bannottie of all this; he was too proud to seem to boast in the first hour of this new acquaintance—this probable friendship—this possibly more than acquaintance and friendship ever was or will be.

"You saw the captain?" she asked.

"I did."

"Well, what did he say?"

"He said he is not *sure* of where we are now. Basing his opinion on the position of the vessel when an observation was last possible, and on the distance we have probably come since, he thinks we shall arrive at New York early day after to-morrow morning. Of course he is not sure."

"Day after to-morrow morning!" moaned Miss Bannottie. "Too late! too late!"

"To late? Too late for what?" queried the young man.

"*For everything!*" she replied.

"But suppose——" he began.

"Suppose nothing," she interrupted; "I cannot and I will not bear this cruel disappointment. Go and ask the captain to give us a greater speed."

"But—Miss—Miss Bannottie is your name, is it not?"

"Yes."

"Miss Bannottie, it cannot be done. A greater speed would be unsafe. I cannot ask it?"

"Do you mean that you are afraid?"

"I? No. But the captain would never grant such a request."

"You will not ask him?"

"God knows I would do anything for you, Miss Bannottie, but——"

"But I may ask some other man to do this for me? Is that it?"

The man stood up then, pale and calm.

"No, a thousand times No. I will ask the captain this question for you."

He came a step nearer to her. His eyes flashed. There was that in his face, his step, his whole bearing, which spoke eloquently of the passion which filled and dominated him.

"Miss Bannottie," he began, "I—I —"

She raised her hand, warningly.

"Hush," she said; "remember there are others here to listen; say nothing."

And he held his peace. He went his way.

No matter how many times he saw her during that voyage—he has never seen her since, and he never will—no matter how womanly she seemed to him—she gave him an address a thousand miles from where she had ever been or ever will go. If she had been honest with him—she would not have been Lurline Bannottie.

She gave him a glance, as he left her to go to the captain on that desperate errand, which will keep him single all his life; a look which will come to him again, in imagination, when he shall lie on his dying bed, and thrill his nerves again with the fierce pleasure and hope it gave him; a look to make him a wanderer always; a look to make him a searcher for what he will never find; a look to embitter his life in this world, and to endanger that in the world which is to come. It would be strange to think that such a glance ever fell from the eyes of a woman across the path of a mere stranger—were the woman any other than Lurline Bannottie.

FAIR SUABIA.

The man was gone longer this time. The wind was wilder. The sea seemed more and more angry with the vessel it tossed upon its surface.

He returned, after a very, very long time. He walked up to her, trying hard to preserve his calmness, though his face was like marble and his limbs trembled beneath his weight.

"I have failed, Miss Bannottie," he said; "now you may ask some of the others to try the same errand—if you wish."

Again she flashed that wonderful glance upon him—that fascinating look which told the lie of friendship and trust and dependent faith—the look which was an invitation and a challenge.

"No," she said, quietly, "I shall send no one but you. Will you ask the captain to grant me an interview?"

The man went on this errand for her. In a few minutes he returned with the captain. Miss Bannottie thanked the gentleman for his kindness, and if there was something of coolness in her manner now, I fancy he was

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fool enough to regard it as a rebuke for failure—as though woman has not been setting men at the tasks of impossibility ever since the world was.

Miss Bannottie drew Captain Dennis to one side.

"I sent a gentleman to you with a message a few minutes ago," she said, "and he returns to me and reports his errand a failure."

"Certainly. I regret ——"

"Don't, please," she said, making a contemptuous little gesture with one of her shapely hands; "don't. I don't want politeness, and consideration which goes no further than words. I am in trouble, and——"

She paused and smiled up at him. He smiled down at her. I am afraid he forgot his pretty wife in their quiet English home, for just a minute, and that his heart beat just a little faster than it ought as he stood looking down into the eyes of Lurline Bannottie.

"I am very sorry," he said: "will you explain your trouble to me?"

"I cannot, fully. But I will say this: I must be in New York city by noon to-morrow."

The captain smiled in spite of himself.

"Must is a very hard word. You cannot be."

"If I am not, I don't care if we never get there. I had rather go to the bottom of the Atlantic than be late."

"Very likely, but I cannot run this steamer for you alone. Think of the lives intrusted to my care. Think of the awful fate we should find if we were to run on to some unsuspected ledge. Think of the danger to both vessels of a collision between this steamer and another if we were going at full speed; think of what would result to the smaller craft if we were to run into some fishing-vessel: think——"

"Don't, Captain Dennis. Don't ask me to think of anything but my own needs. Don't ask me to think of anything but the fact that I must be in New York at noon to-morrow."

"How important is it that you should be there?" asked the captain.

"As important as anything can be in this world."

"And yet you cannot explain it to me?"

"And yet I will not," she replied, and there was an emphasis on the important word of the sentence which could scarcely escape his attention.

"A matter of money?"

"Money? Bah! What is money? Do you men all measure the good and evil in this world by dollars and cents? Money? I've ten thousand dollars here, Captain Dennis, ten thousand dollars in Bank of England notes, and it's more than half of all I own. And yet it's yours—yours to the last penny—if you'll land me in New York by noon to-morrow."

"It does look serious. A love affair, I suppose?"

"I have no lover, Captain Dennis."

"Some family matter?"

"I have no relatives in the world, so far as I know."

"You are devoted to your friends, Miss Bannottie, if you can afford to spend money in their service as you have just offered to do."

"I have no friends in America, sir; I have no friends nearer than Italy."

"And yet this is a serious matter? I suppose," and his words were spoken lightly, "that it is a matter of life and death."

"Yes, Captain Dennis," she said, solemnly, "it *is* a matter of life and death."

A curious change flashed over his face. Before, she had smiled up at him and he had smiled back at her. Now, he smiled down at her, and she—she was looking over him and beyond him—looking at the success of her plans, perhaps. I hate to have to write it, but it is my duty to tell the truth; I am sure that the sweet-faced wife of Captain Dennis was utterly forgotten at that moment.

"You're going beyond New York, I presume?"

The woman looked the man in the face. She understood him.

"Certainly. I am going home. I shall be glad to have you call in person, after my troubles are all over, to let me thank you. My home is in Denver; a note addressed to me there at any time will reach me."

"I've never been West. I've always thought I should enjoy a trip there. I will write and announce my coming if I should ever find it convenient to call."

"I shall be glad."

"Miss Bannottie, I——"

She stopped him imperatively.

"You must waste no more time here," she said, decidedly; "are you going to try to help me?"

"I—I will get you to New York to-morrow noon," he said, huskily.

"Thank you," said she.

"Or we'll all go to the bottom together to-night," he added to himself.

He turned away to go on deck again.

"And the money?" she said, inquiringly, as she reached a huge roll which she had taken from her pocket toward him.

"I don't want your money, girl," he cried, gruffly; "I want——"

"You want to do me a favor? You know it will injure no one else. I thank you. Good-night. I rely upon your promise."

"I want her—I want her," said the captain, as he went away from her and to his post of duty, and gave the necessary and astonishing orders for an increase of speed.

It was a strange thing for a man to say to himself, with danger so near and death so possible in so short a time. Though I suppose death is as possible and danger as real, many times, when all is peace and calm and sunshine; and I do not doubt that men have been as blindly weak and wicked, many a time and oft, as was Captain Dennis.

"She shall never know that I was not a single man when I met her," he said, under his breath; "as a single man I will woo her; as a single man I will win her. I will marry her somewhere in the West, where I am unknown, and no one shall ever know that I sin when I do it."

No, Captain Dennis, you will not do as you plan. It is easy to say; it is hard to do. You are weak and wicked. Miss Bannottie is wicked, but she is not by any means weak. She understands you, fully and entirely. But you neither know nor understand her. Perhaps she is proud in the knowledge that you love her—or think you do. Possibly she regards your determination—you may not know that you showed it in your face, Captain Dennis, but you did—to deceive her by a pretense of honorable marriage, as a delicate compliment to her; though the slight it puts upon her powers of observation and good common sense may more than balance her appreciation of the compliment to her character. You will not marry her: you will not ask her hand in marriage. You will set her upon the wharf at New York at the time you promised, and you will never see her again. You will have been a tool in her hands, and she will cast you aside because she is done with you. Your letters to

Denver will meet with no answers, though they may make interesting reading in the Dead-letter Office at Washington. Your search will be unavailing. Hurry now; make to-morrow noon the end of your chapter, and you need never cross these pages again. Pray for pardon for the sin you contemplated, but will never find an opportunity to commit; in time you may deserve it; in time you may receive it. But the silence with which you intended to cover and conceal your sin could have been no greater than the silence which shall fall for ever between Lurline Bannottie and yourself. A traitor's fate, Captain Dennis, a traitor's fate; and we know Lurline Bannottie well enough to say that her silence is better than you deserve.

* * * * * *

The captain remained on deck. Miss Bannottie remained below for some hours. The man who had gone on the errands for her said nothing to her. He did not even come near her. Perhaps he had nothing to say. None of the others presumed to intrude upon her evidently desired silence. But all recognized, by the changed motion of the vessel, and by the new noises among the machinery, that the speed had been greatly increased. To some, this was a source of terror; some doubtless, were gratified; the man who had failed when sent to the captain was in the depths of despair and sorrow—for he did not know how the result had been brought about; and Lurline Bannottie herself, she was quietly serene and triumphant—for she did not care how any result was brought about, so that she only had her way.

After some time she went to her stateroom and clothed herself in her thickest and warmest garments. She put on her waterproof cloak over them all. She went up on deck. The night was still pitchy black, but the storm had somewhat abated. The circles of light cast by the various lights about the vessel were very narrow indeed, and seemed to leave the darkness outside them blacker and deeper yet.

She found a place where she felt secure; a dark place where she could sit, unseen by any of those whose places were upon deck, and strain her eyes in a vain attempt to pierce the wild night through which they were so madly plunging.

It was a pleasure to her to think that all this was for her. For her, the firemen were piling more coal upon the fires; for her, the engineers were coaxing greater and greater power from the ponderous machines which responded almost humanly to their wishes; for her, the outlook was watching with redoubled attention and zeal; for her—she was musing now—almost dreaming—almost asleep after all the strain which had been put upon her mind—almost absent from the real—almost walking through the shadowland of sleep, in spite of storm and danger—for her, Captain Dennis, had, had—what had he done?—she didn't know—she couldn't remember—she didn't care. What was Captain Dennis to her, or she to him? Only let her sleep, and——

She awoke again. She knew it was unsafe to remain where she was and sleep. She knew she might be missing in the morning if she dared risk it. But the half-relinquished powers of slumber still held some power over her; she could not rise; she could not speak; she could not think clearly.

"It—it makes little difference, perhaps," she muttered, as the lids closed slowly—slowly—slowly—with leaden weight, over her tired eyes; "little difference. If I am not in new York by to-morrow noon I might as well be in—in——"

She didn't finish the sentence. I don't *know* how she would have finished. But, having the opinion I have, I venture the assertion that she had been traveling in that direction longer than she had toward New York.

Lurline Bannottie slept. She dreamed. She was a little girl again, saying her prayers at her mother's knee, with all the world and the future before her, with innocence for her possession and hope for her future: "And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from——"

She awoke with a loud cry. Dream which could never fall her way in waking hours again, the mother she had disappointed and whose life she had shortened, the prayer she neither clung to nor lived by—all were gone.

She was conscious of having experienced a terrible shock. The vessel was groaning and creaking in every joint. The crash of shivering timbers and splintering planks was still sounding in her ears.

Her first thought was of shipwreck, and of the near presence of death in an awful form.

And then, there arose such a shrill cry of despair and horror and anguish from the blackness outside the vessel—the night's domain of sea and storm—as she had never supposed the human voice to be capable of.

And in an instant she knew it all—knew it before the pitiful cry for help had died into the silence which seemed so utter and awful in spite of the roar of the winds and waters and the hoarse commands on the *Pond Lily*; she knew it all—they had only run over a small vessel, only run over it and cut it in two; the *Pond Lily* was uninjured, she had only sent the smaller craft to the bottom!

Only!

What an awful word! What a thoughtless and heartless word to use at such a time and under such circumstances!

But Lurline Bannottie used it! I beg the reader to remember that the word was not mine.

Lurline Bannottie had had a bad dream—bad for her. She had had a strange awakening—even for her. But she was not slow of intellect; and I think we may safely say she was quite herself again.

She met the captain just at the head of the stairs, under the light of the lamp there, she coming from one direction and he from another. She had never seen him so pale before; perhaps he was of a slower nature than she, and took longer to recover from a shock. She had her color in her face now, and the smile on cheeks and lips and in her wonderful eyes. Perhaps she had not lost them at all, not even in the moment of awakening.

"My God, Miss Bannottie!" cried the captain; "you here? Did you see? Did you hear?"

"I heard. I saw nothing. Was there anything to see?"

She had laid her hand upon his arm as she spoke.

"For just a moment, yes. The vessel was evidently cut squarely in two. There is no help for the poor fellows unless we can pick them up."

"But our engines have not stopped yet."

"No; and there's something wrong about giving orders from above. I must go below and have the vessel stopped, and," shaking her light hand from his arm, "you must not hinder me."

She laid her hand upon his arm again. Her hand was a little heavier, her clasp a little tighter. She looked him squarely in the eyes.

Her lips, slightly parted, showed the strong, even, white teeth beneath. The captain drew a long, gasping breath; drenched though she was, with her hair tangled and

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disheveled, she was still by far the most beautiful creature he had ever seen.

He tried to shake off her hand again. She clasped him more tightly still. She laid her other hand beside the first one.

"Do you not know, Captain Dennis," she said, and her voice was so low that he had to bend his head to catch her words; "that it is utterly useless to get out the boats now?"

THE WOODLANDS.

He looked down into her face. A passionate sigh shook him. For a moment he hesitated. Then he turned back from the stairs.

"I—I believe it is," he said.

Perhaps it was useless. I hope that he thought so. I know she didn't.

It was not quite twelve, the next day, when Captain Dennis walked down from his vessel with Miss Bannottie, and found her a carriage.

She gave her order to the driver. He took her hand for a moment. He lifted his cap.

"Farewell, Miss Bannottie," he said; "farewell until we shall meet again."

And which meant, Captain Dennis, so far as this life is concerned, "Farewell for ever."

"Call on me in Denver, captain," she said, gayly; "I shall always be glad to see you."

And so they parted. And so she had her own way, as she rarely failed to have it, and, as usual, at great cost to some one else and little to herself.

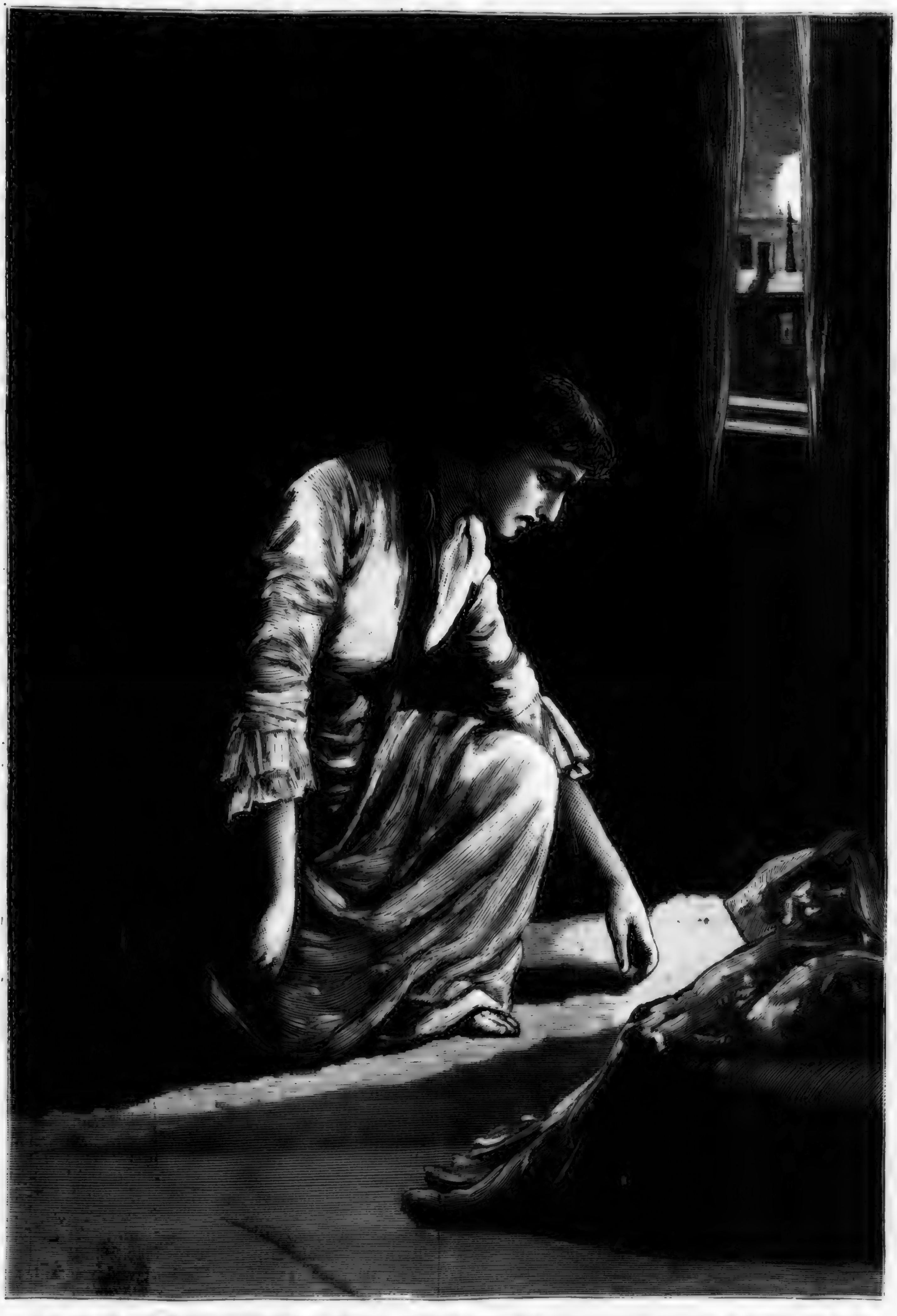
She rode to the place she had mentioned to the driver. She paid and dismissed him. She walked just one block. She waited just long enough to be sure that neither Captain Dennis nor any of her companions of the voyage had followed her—though why she should imagine that these loyal and trusting fellows, so far as she was concerned, should do so, I cannot tell. Then she found herself another carriage, with another driver, crossed at the proper ferry, drove far enough from New York city to baffle any questions or investigations which might be made in or near that city, and took the necessary train for the point she had in view, paying her fare from a "thousand-mile ticket," instead of buying a ticket for the trip.

Farewell, young man, nameless to me, who art doomed to the miseries of memory and the horrors of hope for Lurline Bannottie's sake. I wish you well. I pity you. Farewell.

And you too, Captain Dennis, good-by. You go out of my story with my wishes that you may do better, think better, be better. You have my pity. Go. You have not played a part to be proud of. You should find shame and sorrow in your soul for what you have done. Search for Lurline Bannottie, you will not find her. Pray, but of what avail are the proud prayers of the wicked. You will never see Lurline Bannottie again, until you stand together before the Judge of all in the Last Day. And, Captain Dennis, though you may not guess it, though your weak humanity may protest against it, if there is one thing, more than another, for which you should thank God every morning and evening, it is that Lurline Bannottie never crossed your path in life but once.

(To be continued.)

CALAMITY is man's true touchstone.



WILL SHE ALWAYS REGRET IT?—"SHE TOOK THE RING OFF HER FINGER AND FLUNG IT OUT UPON THE FLOOR; BUT HER MOOD CHANGED, AND SHE GOT UP, AND GROPED ABOUT IN THE MOONLIGHT TO FIND IT."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

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IN THE MOONLIGHT.

By C. Kitchin.

Gray through the lattice creeps the light;
  Fretted the quilt beside the bed;
The Moon is out upon the night,
  And all the city overspread.

There riverward the mists arise
  Pale from the water; shadows close
The line of roofs; now ceased the cries
  That newly from the pavement rose.

Thou bringest weary heads their sight
  Too soon; too soon to wisdom borne,
Our sense is flashed by visions bright,
  And hurried trembling to the dawn.

Let dull-eared Lethe still the woes
  Of empty souls whence thought has fled;
A world quite hushed: and all it knows
  A single silence as the dead.

O solemn disk of hoary skies!
  Mingle half pity with the scorn;
Not only fix those earnest eyes
  Which mirror to the greater Morn.

WILL SHE ALWAYS REGRET IT?

By E. S. Crannell.

Louise Archer looked up with a roguish glance at two gentlemen passing, as she said to her cousin, Kate Clifford:

"I am going to Sinsebaugh's for a dish of cream. Will you come?"

One of the gentlemen looked at her with a smile, and gave a little affirmative nod of the head; while Kate answered, without any suspicion of this byplay:

"I do not care for cream to-day, Louise. Let us walk home slowly. It is nearly time for dinner."

"I shall have a dish, anyway, and if you do not care to come in, you may go home alone," said Louise, defiantly; then, changing her tone, she took Kate's hands in hers and said, in a coaxing manner: "Do be good, Katie, and come in with me. You need not eat anything, you know, but I am dying for a dish of cream."

And Kate, who was good-nature personified, let Louise persuade her, and walked in the door.

The gentlemen had stood outside at one of the windows, apparently examining the huge mountains of candies, etc., until Louise and Kate passed in, when one of them, in response to a glance that Louise cast at him as she passed through the door, started forward.

"What are you going to do, Earl?" asked his companion.

"To get a dish of cream. Come in, Ross," laughingly.

"You don't mean to eat a dish of ice-cream at this hour simply to get a closer view of that girl!" exclaimed Ross Dunham.

"Yes, I do," answered the other.

"But consider, Earl; what would your wife say?"

"Fortunately, she will not know it."

"I don't think I will go in and countenance it," said Dunham.

Earl Lyndham started a little.

"Just as you please," he said, coldly. "I am going to eat a dish of ice-cream," and he passed through the door.

Ross Dunham hesitated a while, and then followed him.

"It makes no difference whether I go in or stay out," he soliloquized. "If I go away, Earl will be mad, and carry things with a higher hand than ever. I guess I will go in and act as a dampener to the gushing young miss."

Earl was seated near the young girls when his friend entered, and was acknowledging the merry glances of the pretty blonde with bold looks of admiration; but when Ross entered he turned to him, and apparently soon forgot his abstraction.

Louise smiled, talked loudly, and at last, when she could not attract his attention again, she rose slowly and allowed Kate to precede her. As she approached the table where Ross and Earl were sitting, she dropped a rose upon the floor.

At the desk, after paying her bill, she said, with a little start:

"I believe I have left my gloves at the table. Will you get them, Sam?"—to the waiter.

As Sam started to get them, she turned to follow him with her glance, and saw that Earl had the rose she had dropped; and, as she looked, he pressed it to his lips, and gave her a glance that caused the blood to suffuse her face in a torrent.

Louise Archer was not a bold, loud girl, as one would be apt to infer from the above. She was only a very pretty blonde, who had been spoiled by admiration in her native city. A good, true girl at heart, but through vanity and want of anything else to employ her time, an idle flirt.

All was fish that came to her net, and men were made only to admire her.

She was visiting her cousin Kate, and she was, to use her own words, "dying for a flirtation."

Earl Lyndham was also a stranger in Ilium. He was staying for a few days with his old-time friend, Ross Dunham. His wife was at Saratoga, and he was on his way to join her, but he did not like Saratoga for a long visit, and he thought he would remain with Ross until the races began; and if he found a pretty girl who threw herself at him, why, he proposed to enjoy himself; he hadn't a doubt but that his wife was having a good time at Saratoga; he didn't doubt, as he told Ross that evening, as they were smoking a cigar, sitting upon the balcony of the house, but that if he should go up to Saratoga unexpectedly he would find some spoony fellow sitting at his wife's feet, or following her about like a lackey.

"You don't really mean it!" cried horror-struck Ross Dunham.

Earl laughed a little.

"I'd be willing to stake a small fortune on it," he answered.

"Doesn't she love you?" asked honest Ross Dunham.

"Oh, yes," answered Earl, "after a fashion—in fact, I guess about as much as most women love their husbands."

"But she seemed so fond of you at first!" ejaculated Ross.

"Yes," answered Earl, laconically.

"And you—why, Earl, I remember, when you were engaged, you were almost frantic if she didn't write you every day while we were out at Lake George."

"Yes," Earl answered again, in the same tone.

"And you love her the same way now?" Ross asked, with a tremor of sympathy in his tone.

Earl took his cigar from his lips, and watched the smoke ascend in a volume, and then said, as he lazily hit off the ashes from the end of his cigar:

"Well, no; not quite the same, old boy, for here I have been three days and have not heard from her, and I haven't acted as if I cared much, have I?"

Ross looked astounded.

"But you do care," he said, vehemently; "that is why you look so serious when I am not talking to you; I knew you had something on your mind. Confide in me, Earl; it will relieve you, and you will feel better afterward."

"On the principle that 'open confession is good for the soul,' eh? Well, Ross," continued Earl, as he laid his hand upon that of his friend, "I haven't anything to confess, save that we were too spoony at first to have it last. We haven't quarreled, or anything of that kind, you know; but we have grown a little tired of each other when we have been too long together, and we have concluded not to ask too much of each other, but to try and be happy in any honorable way that we can."

"But I do not think it honorable for you to flirt with young girls, or your wife to receive particular attention from gentlemen when you are absent," Ross said, with emphasis.

"Don't you?" said Earl, lazily. "Don't fret over it, Ross. You'll come to the same opinion some day when the *mater* dies and you are forced to marry; only I hope you'll be as fortunate as I am, and get a wife who doesn't trouble you or trouble herself about you."

The conversation of the young ladies turned on the same topic.

"Oh, Kate!" said Louise, kissing her, "you are a goose! You will see what I can do."

"What do you mean?" Kate asked, in consternation.

Louise was braiding her hair, and she said:

"Kate, tie these strands for me. Thanks. What do I mean to do? I mean to make Ross Dunham's friend ask me to marry him."

Kate dropped the brush.

"Louise!" she exclaimed.

"Well," said Louise, "what if I do?"

"Jack Horner!" again exclaimed Kate.

"Can sit in the corner, as his namesake did, and if he can't put in his thumb, and pull out a plum, it will be because he was not a good boy."

Kate began to cry.

"Don't be a simpleton, Kate," said Louise. "I did not say I should marry the man, if he did ask me."

Kate wiped her eyes.

"Poor Jack!" she said.

Louise smiled.

"If I should change my mind about marrying," she said, "why, I'll give Jack to you. How will that do?"

But Kate was busy uncovering the bed, and Louise could not hear her answer, or, what she regretted more, see her face.

This was Wednesday; on Friday there was to be an excursion down the river to an island—a Sabbath-school excursion—and as Mr. Clifford was superintendent of the school, Kate and Louise were going.

"If I could only get him to go!" said Louise to herself, softly, as she went to bed, and in the morning her first thought was, "If I could only get him to go!"

At last she took the paper and marked the advertisement of the excursion, and then addressed it in a feigned hand, "Mr. Ross Dunham."

As Dunham looked over the paper in the afternoon, he remarked:

"Who could send me this paper? Why, it is the daily that I take myself! Here is an advertisement marked. An excursion! A Sabbath-school excursion at that! I can't imagine who sent it."

"What Sabbath-school?" asked Earl, as he looked up from his paper."

"The Grace—Methodists."

That afternoon they passed Louise and Kate on the sidewalk, and Earl smiled as he passed.

"What did you say that girl's name is?" asked Earl, of Ross.

"Clifford, she doesn't handsome much, but they say she has a fine voice. She sings in the church, I believe."

"What church?" asked Earl.

"The Grace. They are Methodists."

"Yes," lazily.

And then Earl began talking of something else, and Ross soon forgot to wonder about Earl's interest in the young girls.

That evening Earl surprised Ross by exclaiming:

"I should like to go on that advertised excursion!" and, in answer to Ross's surprised look, continued: "I have never been on a trip of the kind, and I think I'd rather enjoy it."

"You would find it fearfully dull."

"No worse than Ilium. Without any disparagement to your hospitality, Ross, I assure you I'm getting a little bit bored; and if I do not get something to rouse me, why, I guess I'll have to go to Saratoga sooner than my lady wishes me. Listen, Ross; this is what she writes me, and then say if you will not go with me to-morrow:

> "'DEAR HUSBAND: Am glad that you are so pleasantly situated,' etc., etc., etc. 'Greys are here.' No, that isn't it. Oh, here it is! 'Do not hurry yourself. You will find it stupid here, and if you are enjoying yourself where you are, I advise you to stay. By the-way, can't you run down to New York before you come here, and see Markham about a young man who is clerk here in the hotel? I have promised to get him something better in New York. He has never been in a hotel before, and he is too much of a gentleman for the position. Don't think of writing to Markham, as he wouldn't pay any attention to it, and my word is given to get Mr. Horner—Jack Horner; isn't it a funny name?—a situation this Fall,' etc., etc.

Now what do you think of that?"

"Why, that Mrs. Lyndham is very kind to interest herself for a poor clerk."

"And would you advise me to run down to New York to second her effort?"

"Well, it would be rather hot work, but her word is given, you know, and she seems to have set her heart on it."

"Heart!" contemptuously exclaimed Earl. "My dear Ross, women—married women, particularly—have no hearts. There is a thing that they call by that name that beats placidly beneath their silks and satins, and which is a very convenient thing to have, as it is always diseased, and anything that annoys them causes it to palpitate, and places them in danger of sudden death. 'Oh, you cruel man, to treat me so! And you know I have heart-disease, and I can't bear anything!' And then you get out of the way, for you have nothing to answer when every word but aggravates the disease."

"Oh, Earl," said Ross, "I don't like your sarcasm! I do not think it becoming or advisable."

"No? Then I will be quiet; only promise to go on the excursion to-morrow, and I will go to New York in a day or two and get my wife's last *protégé* a situation."

"I will not promise; but I'll go to the boat with you to-morrow, and then, when you see the crowd, you will not ask me to go."

"All right. And, if I do ask you, will you go?"

"Yes; but you will not ask."

And then they smoked on in silence.

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Next morning Louise and Kate stood on the bow of the steamer, watching the people come on board of the boat.

As Earl and Ross drew near, Louise waved her handkerchief slightly.

As that was the continuous adieu to the friends who were not going with them, Kate did not notice it.

Earl did, and he took off his hat and smiled his recognition.

"Do you still want to go?" asked Ross, as they approached the boat.

"Certainly. Listen to the band. Can you resist 'My Grandfather's Clock'?"

"I think you will repent of this. You have no idea how tired you will be of it."

"'Sufficient unto the hour is the evil thereof.' Just now I am anticipating a pleasant time. Don't throw cold water on me; let me dream a while longer."

Once on board of the boat, Louise suggested to her Uncle Clifford that they were strangers, and he ought to see that they were introduced.

Jack Clifford looked up from his notebook.

"Why, that is young Dunham. "Yes, I'll see that they enjoy themselves. I'll introduce him to Elder Hopkins."

And he started off briskly.

"It would be very much more to the purpose if he introduced him to you, Kate," said Louise, poutingly; and then she watched him as he approached the gentlemen, and evidently offered to introduce them to the elder.

As they graciously accepted, Earl threw a roguish, backward glance to Louise, and then started on.

After talking to the elder for a short time, Earl asked Mr. Clifford something regarding Louise or Kate, for the old gentleman put on his spectacles and looked over at them, and then, with an affirmative nod, started in their direction, followed leisurely by Ross and Earl.

When the introductions were over, Mr. Clifford said:

"There is Deacon Skinner; I'll take the liberty to introduce you to him."

URANIA.

"No, thank you," said Earl. "We will do nicely, now; if you will let your daughter and niece entertain us."

Joel Clifford's expression seemed to imply that tastes differed materially, but he said:

"Well, any way you like, but I must go and see the deacon."

"Do not let us detain you, said Earl;" and the good man walked away.

Kate Clifford was not pretty, but she was sensible and intelligent, and she had a low, sweet voice.

When they were out on the river, some one asked her to sing, and, at her father's request, she sang the sweet hymn commencing, "I will sing you a song of a beautiful land."

Ross Dunham confessed—while he listened to her, and after they landed and walked about with her, talking in the easy, confidential way that one falls into on a picnic — that there were more unpleasant things one might do than go on an excursion.

Earl and Louise wandered through the grove, lunched together and gathered ferns, chatting like old friends.

Louise was witty and vivacious, and Earl found he must needs be on his mettle to parry her sayings and repartee.

What did they say? Even Louise could not have told you as she lay that night looking out at the moon.

The moonlight played upon her hand, and brought out the glow of a sapphire — a ring that had been very precious to Louise; but to-day, when she had pinned a fern-leaf in Lyndham's coat, she pricked her finger, and he had clasped her hand in his, and before she could expostulate, had kissed it.

The ring slightly grazed his lips.

"A sapphire," he said—"only a little sapphire for this lovely hand, that should be decked with diamonds!"

Now, as the light played about the ring, she took it off her finger impetuously, and flung it out upon the floor; but as she heard it fall, her mood changed, and she got up out of the bed, and groped about in the moonlight to find it.

At last one of her bare feet rested upon it. She gave a little cry of pain, then took the ring and patted it, as one would a child, and said, in a whisper:

"You would hurt me, too, you naughty ring!"

But she did not place it upon her finger, and, as she laid it in its box, she said, half pitifully:

"Poor Jack!"

And Jack, sitting on the piazza of the hotel, is looking up into a pretty, brown-eyed face, and says, in answer to what the red lips say to him:

"And you thought you loved her?"

"Yes: poor Louise!"

They do not speak again for some time; the lady's white hand rests idly upon the arm of the chair, and her diamonds sparkle in the moonlight; Jack thinks of a little sapphire ring that he gave Louise a few months ago; he thought it elegant then; but he had not been at Saratoga; he had not seen this hand that rested so near him. He looked up into her face; she was looking at him sadly, longingly; he bent and pressed his hot lips upon her hand; then she arose and gathered her shawl about her.

"It grows chilly," she said, with a little shiver; "I must go in."

"You are not mad!" he said, as she turned to go.

She looked around with a smile.

"Oh, no," she said, "for I think you will never offend again."

"I cannot promise," he said. "Do not tempt me. I am human."

She smiled softly, but gave him her hand.

"Good-night, Mr. Horner," she said, and he answered:

"Good-night, Mrs. Lyndham."

Louise had promised to take a ride with Earl the next day; and Ross, upon hearing it, sent a little note to Kate, asking her to go with him. Kate had no reason for refusing, and she did not.

The ride was delightful and rather uneventful; if we can call any moment of our lives uneventful.

Every day, for a week after that, Louise and Earl were together and Jack's letter lay unanswered in the drawer.

At last a letter came to Earl from his wife.

"Confound it!" he exclaimed.

"What is it now?" inquired Ross, looking up from his breakfast.

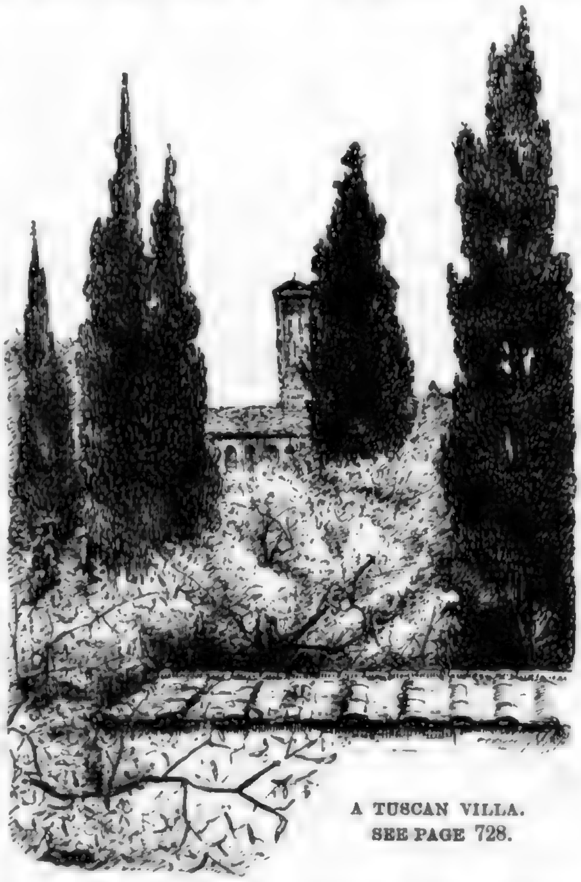
"I had forgotten all about that Horner, or whatever his name is, that Mrs. Lyndham is interested in; and now she wants me to go to New York at once to see old Markham, as she has heard of a vacancy."

"Well, what will you do?"

"I suppose I will have to go."

"I may go with you. I have some business to transact in New York that requires my supervision. Mr. Clifford is interested in it, and he wants me to go, and if he will not, why, I will have to."

Earl sat a moment in silence.



A TUSCAN VILLA.
SEE PAGE 728.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed; "I have it."

"What?" asked Ross.

"Get old Clifford to go and take the girls. You go, too, of course."

Ross shook his head doubtfully.

"I don't know as it would be just the correct thing."

"Oh, don't be a goose, Ross! What harm can there be in it, if old Clifford goes along?" said Earl.

"Why, I should hate to ask him to take the girls."

"You wouldn't ask him. I would suggest it to Louise, and that would be sufficient."

"Well," said Ross, "I will tell Clifford he must go, and that I will go with him. I will leave the rest to Fate."

"All right," said Earl, throwing his wife's letter up in the air and catching it as it came down, like a schoolboy. "Fate will reward you."

It happened as Earl had prophesied, and they soon found themselves in New York.

Earl, as an old resident, did the honors, and at last stopped at Tiffany's.

"I want to make you a present," he said, "to keep in your memory these happy days."

"Oh, I could not accept one!" she said, hastily, yet a little sorrowfully.

"You have a ring," he said, "that I have long desired to own. Let me buy it of you."

And he pointed to the sapphire.

She shook her head.

"Louise," he said, taking her hands firmly in his, "look up at me and say, 'I do not love you, Earl.'"

Her face grew crimson, and she did not reply.

"You can't!" he exclaimed. "And now will you not exchange rings?"

"I dare not!" she said.

"And I love you so very much." She looked up at him shyly. "You will let me have it?" he said.

He held her hand in one of his, and with the other he drew the sapphire from her finger and placed it in his pocket.

When they dined she kept her hand out of view as much as possible; and what was her surprise, as she looked at Kate, to find that she was trying to do the same thing!

As Louise looked she saw the flash of a diamond, and knew that Kate also wore one.

After dinner she said:

"Confess, Kate. Let me see your ring."

"Oh, how did you know?" cried Kate, blushing.

"I saw it. Now, tell me all about it."

"Not now—not till to-night. Oh, do be quiet! There they come!"

That night Kate told Louise that Ross had asked her to marry him.

"He is going to ask papa when we get home. He wanted to ask him now, but I would not consent."

"Then you will take back all you said about men in his position marrying socially beneath themselves?"

"Oh, Louise, I will take back everything! I do not know or care about anything, save that he loves me and that I am so happy."

"And I, too, am happy," said Louise.

"Oh, yes! I had nearly forgotten your engagement to Jack."

"Forget it entirely, then; for that is not what makes me happy."

"No?" said Kate, inquiringly.

Louise held up her hand.

"You have a diamond, too! Oh, Louise, does Earl love you?"

"Yes."

"And you love him?"

"Love!" said Louise, passionately. "I adore him."

And then she buried her face in her hands and began to cry.

Kate looked at her in amazement.

"Why do you cry?" she asked.

"I do not know," answered Louise. I am so happy, but it will not last—it cannot last! If it did, Kate, I could not die."

The next day they returned to Ilium, when Kate and Ross were formally engaged.

They were to be married in the Fall and go to Europe.

"It will be so pleasant!" said Kate to Louise. "Oh, I do hope that you and Earl will be married about the same time and go with us!"

Louise said nothing.

She did not doubt Earl, but he had never spoken of marriage to her; she thought that she would try him that evening.

"Do you know," she said, toying with the ring he gave her, "that the ring you have of mine was given me by a man who loved me devotedly?"

"I supposed so," he said, with a smile; "and that is the reason that I wanted it."

"But you don't know all," she replied, petulantly.

"Well, you may tell me all, my darling," he said.

"He wanted me to marry him."

"I do not blame him."

"I told him I would."

"The deuce you did!"

"Yes, the deuce I did," she said.

"And when were you to be married?" he asked, after a moment's reflection.

"This Fall," said Louise.

"Will you marry him?" he asked, looking at her with a smile.

"I do not know why I should not," she answered, defiantly.

"But I do," he said.

"Why?" she asked, tossing her head proudly.

"Because you do not love him."

"Do not be too sure."

"But I am sure," he said. "You cannot love two men."

"That does not apply to him."

"Yes, it does. You love me, and I am one man, and this fellow is another."

"But Jack isn't a fellow," ignoring his first remark.

"He has a nice name"—ironically.

"His name is John," said Louise, proudly; "Mr. John Horner; and he is a gentleman."

He gave a whistle.

"The deuce!" he said.

"That is the second time that you have made that very lucid exclamation," said Louise; "and I must confess that I do not consider it very gentlemanly."

"Oh, beg your pardon, Louise," he said. "So you were engaged to this Horner?"

"To John Horner."

"And you were to be married this Fall?"

"If he got a situation. He is a clerk in a hotel at Saratoga now, and he thought perhaps he could obtain some one's influence to get him a situation in New York this Winter."

"Do you know what I went to New York for last week?"

"No, of course I don't."

"Well, I'll tell you. I went to get a situation for a Mr. Horner."

"What, Jack? My Jack Horner?"

"For Mr. Jack Horner. My—a friend wrote me from Saratoga, and asked me to do it; so I went down."

"And you obtained it?"

"Yes."

After a while Earl spoke again.

"I suppose he will want you to marry him now?"

Louise looked at him, and then answered, bitterly:

"Perhaps."

"Why, perhaps?" asked Earl

She rose up passionately, and said:

"Would you advise me to marry him?"

"If you loved him," answered Earl.

"Oh," she said, wringing her hands, "you are as cruel as all men are."

He smiled.

"Will you marry him?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, proudly; "yes, if he asks me. Give me back my ring, Mr. Lyndham."

"Not yet, Louise—not just yet; let me keep it till you are married."

"Not one hour longer!" said Louise, passionately.

He took her hands in his—the hands that were trembling and cold—and said:

"Can you give me up for him?"

She looked at him doubtfully.

"Why," he said, "I thought you wanted to go to Europe. Horner can't take you; but I can."

"Oh," she said, joyously, "you are in earnest; you will?"

"Yes," he said, "if you will go with me."

"And we will be married when Kate is, and go with them?"

"No," he said; "we will go alone."

"I should like to go with them," she said. "But just as you will! Oh, Earl, I was nearly wild when I thought that you did not love me!—that you would never marry me!"

"Do not ever doubt my love," he said. "I swear I love you better than woman ever was loved before."

That night Louise told Kate that she, too, was going to Europe, and Kate said she would urge Ross to persuade Earl to go with them.

The next morning Louise found a letter on her plate. She opened it carelessly, and was about throwing it down, when her eye caught a name, and she read:

> "I have the situation, thanks to one of the best of women, a Mrs. Earl Lyndham, whose husband is now in Ilium, and who obtained it for me."

That was all she read. The room suddenly became dark, and she rose up unsteadily.

"I am unwell," she said; "will you excuse me, Kate. I must go to my room."

"Let me go with you!" cried Kate, jumping up. "You are faint."

"No," said Louise, waving her back, and laughing bitterly, "I am not faint. I shall be better soon. Let me go!" she cried; "only let me go!"

When she entered her room she walked over to the mirror and looked at herself.

"Oh, how wise you thought yourself!" she said to the face that looked out at her. "How you have laughed at Kate's simplicity! You were so sure of yourself, you did not doubt, you did not question; and you let yourself love a man you did not know! Oh, foolish, foolish girl. How he has laughed at you! Did he promise to marry you? We will go to Europe, he said; we will! Oh, base, miserable coward! I hate him! I hate him!"

Then she turned and sat down upon a chair and laid her head upon a table.

"If I could only cry!" she said.

Just then some one rapped on the door.

"Come in," she said, raising her head.

Kate entered the room.

"Are you ill, Louise?" she said. "I am so sorry! Earl is here in the parlor; he wants to see you, and I told him you were not well; but he wished me to ask you to come down for one moment."

"I will go," she said, getting up.

"But your hair is disarranged."

"Never mind." Then as Kate tried to pin the collar, "Leave me alone! do, Kate," and she walked out of the room.

Earl heard her enter the door, and hastened to meet her.

"They told me you were ill," he said, "and I would not believe it, my darling; I have come with news—good news; we are going away at once, you and I; to-night, if you are well enough. There is a steamer that starts to-morrow, and we will take it."

"Why this haste?" asked Louise, coldly.

"Because I love you, my darling," kissing her hands. "I want to take you away from every one who has any claim to your affection; so that you will be all mine own, and love me alone. I am jealous of every one, even Kate."

"And when will we be married?" asked Louise.

"As soon as we arrive in New York."

"I prefer being married here."

"Well, anywhere, so long as you go with me."

"But, Earl," she asked, eagerly, wishing to prove her question false, and almost believing he would, "what will your wife say?"

He started back, and leaned against the piano. At last he said:

"What do you mean?"

Her tone had grown cold again.

"Just what I said. If you marry me, what will Mrs. Earl Lyndham, who is now at Saratoga, say?"

He took a step forward.

"How long have you known of this?" he asked.

"A half-hour," she answered.

"Oh, Louise," he cried, taking her hands, "do not forsake me! I love you, Louise. I will leave anything—everything for you. I will marry you, Louise."

"How can you?"

"I will obtain a divorce. We will start for Europe to-morrow, and I will apply for a divorce and marry you."

"No," she answered, coldly.

"Then I will get a divorce first; only do not be untrue to yourself, Louise. Promise to be my wife, and I will find means to make you so."

Louise looked at him for a little while in silence.

"I thought," she said, musingly—"I thought you were so noble."

He winced a little.

"And yet," she continued, "you would have deceived me. Go! I have nothing to say to you. I have too much to blame myself for."

"Louise!" he cried.

She sat down upon a chair and pointed to the door.

"Go!" she said.

He knelt at her feet.

"Darling," he said, "consider what you are doing, and how you love me."

She drew her hand away from him.

"I hate you," she said, bitterly. "Go, before I tell you what I think of you—coward!"

He rose to his feet.

"Very well," he said, angrily. "I can bear it, if you can."

She did not look at him. At the door he turned.

"Louise!" he said.

She did not answer.

"One thing—remember that I loved you, and shall always love you better than any woman in the world. Will you not kiss me good-by?"

She did not look at him, but pointed to the door.

He turned and walked out.

When she heard his step outside, she threw herself upon the floor and reached out her arms toward the door.

"If I only had dared," she said—"if I only had dared to let him kiss me!"

When Kate came up to her room, she said to her:

"Will you go with me to Saratoga? I want to see Jack."

"Why, where is Earl?"

"Do not speak of him to me. He is married."

Kate was dumb from astonishment, and Louise said:

"Kate, dear Kate, will you go with me to Saratoga, to-morrow?"

"Not to-morrow, but next day I will: Ross wished me to go. He is going, and I think mamma will accompany us."

"Very well," answered Louise.

And so, two days afterward, Jack Horner was surprised to see Louise walk into the office.

"Louise!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, Jack," she said, "I want you so badly!"

He came round to her.

"What is it?" he asked.

"When can we be married?"

"Next week, I hope. I had a new situation offered me to-day, if I will go abroad. But I must go next week, and I was afraid you would not like it."

"The sooner the better," she said. Then, seeing his look of astonishment: "Oh, Jack," she cried, "you came near losing me! I thought seriously of marrying another man, only he was married, you know," she said, with a little laugh that was half a cry.

Jack thought of the past few weeks, and resolved to be magnanimous and forgive her.

"Here is Mrs. Lyndham," he said, as a lady approached. "You must thank her for whatever happiness has befallen you through me, as she obtained this place for me." Then, as she drew near, "Mrs. Lyndham, let me introduce to you the lady I have spoken to you of—Miss Archer."

Mrs. Lyndham bowed graciously.

But Louise could only give her a cool nod in return.

"So this elegant woman is his wife ?" she kept saying to herself.

"I came to see if Mr. Lyndham is here," said Mrs. Lyndham to Jack. "Oh, there he is now ! I want to introduce you. Earl, come here, please. This is Mr. Horner, that I wrote you about, and for whom you obtained the situation at Markham's ; but something better offered this morning. Vandermillion is going to send him abroad."

"Yes !" said Earl. "I am pleased to meet you, Mr. Horner."

"And I to thank you for your kindness to a stranger," said Jack.

"Oh, that is nothing. Mrs. Lyndham, who is a sort of Lady Bountiful, always has some one on her hands to be taken care of, and I like to assist her when I can do so without greatly incommoding myself ; and I assure you, Mr. Horner, my trip to New York on your business was one of the most enjoyable in my life."

And then he turned and saw Louise, her great eyes looking sadly at him.

He drew back with a start.

"Miss Archer," said Jack, simply.

"The young lady who is to go with Mr. Horner abroad —in fact, I may say the future Mrs. Horner," laughed Mrs. Lyndham.

Earl bowed and walked away, with his wife on his arm, and Louise looked after him till he was lost to sight.

"What a cold, disagreeable girl he is going to marry !" said Mrs. Lyndham.

But her husband did not answer.

The next week Louise married Jack Horner, and they started for Europe, where they will remain several years.

Long enough, Louise hopes, to cure her of her mad passion—long enough to punish her for her reckless flirting.

"If I had only had a mother !" she said, as she sobbed herself to sleep.

When Mrs. Ross Dunham went abroad, she met Louise, and exclaimed :

"How you have changed, Louise ! Are you ill ?"

"No," she answered ; "and you, Kate, you are happy ?"

"Oh, yes, so happy ! After all, Louise, your foolish habit of flirting brought no bad results, but a great deal of happiness."

"Yes," answered Louise, sadly, "a great deal of happiness."

"By-the-way, have you seen Mr. and Mrs. Lyndham ? They came over soon after you left."

Jack looked up from his books.

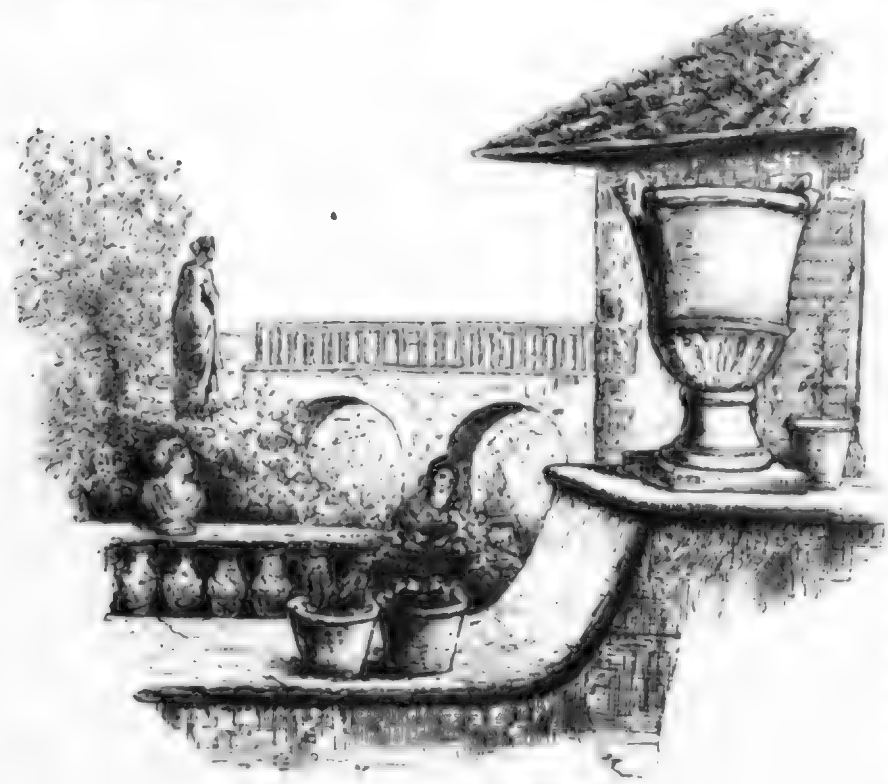
"Do you know, Kate," he said, "I was almost in love with Mrs. Lyndham once, and I believe Louise is jealous of her still ; for she will not let me mention her name, and when we came near meeting them, a few days ago, she made me cross the street to avoid them."

Louise looked at Kate with a smile about her lips, but her eyes full of pain ; and Kate said afterward to herself :

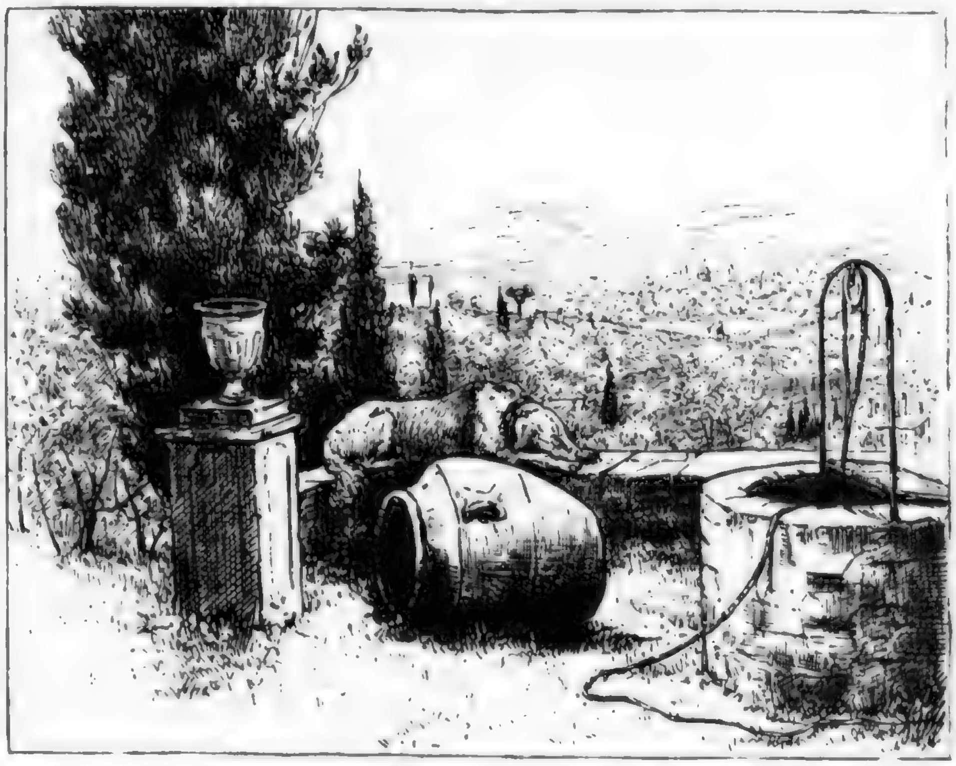
"Poor Louise ! I am afraid she will always regret it."

A TUSCAN VILLA.

On a spur of the steep hillside beyond Settignano, four miles to the northeast of Florence, stands the Villa Gamberaia. It is a sturdy, oblong mansion, facing the western sun. It is two-storied, brown-roofed, and its lower windows are sternly barred. From either end of its eastern front balconied arches stretch out like arms, and lead by hidden stairways to the chapel at the corner of the avenue, and the garden on the southern side. And though these arches are plainly an after-thought, and out of harmony with the grand severity of the main building, they are not unpleasant to the eye, and add to the quaint charm of this rural palace. The Gamberaia is a typical villa of the late Renaissance period, and its founder, Messer Zenobio Lapi, whose grim portrait decorates the saloon, must have been a man of lordly tastes as well as substance. No position could have been better chosen, no outlay spared in planning its groves and gardens. It clings midway on the olive-clad slopes rising from the basin of the Arno to the pine-fringed ridge that sweeps round from Monte Ceceri to Compiobbi ; and its ilex woods and cypresses interrupt the soft monotony of the gray-green foliage above and below its terraced walls. It is approached by a precipitous lane from Settignano ; a range of giant cypresses guards its gates, and it has an avenue of the same trees clipped to a broad, flat surface, about ten feet from the ground. There is a great grass terrace before the western front, bordered by a low wall set with stone dogs and lions, and commanding a glorious prospect. You look down on the City of Flowers across a sea of greenery—olives and vines and gardens and cornfields ; you see all its gracious coronal of tower-capped hills, its branching valleys to the south, a stretch of plain dotted with towns and villages innumerable, a gleam of the river here and there, and curve beyond curve of mountain lines, crowned by the translucent Carrara peaks, and the advanced guard of the Central Apennines still whitened by lingering snows. In the foreground to the right, across an interval of olives and corn, a white-



A TUSCAN VILLA.—THE TERRACE.



THE VAL D'ARNO, FROM THE TERRACE.

belfried church crowns the hill of Settignano; while the pine-clad ridge beyond, and the amphitheatre of Maiano, with the massive tower of Mr. Leader's villa below Vincigliata, are delightful details of the middle distance. And this view, beautiful as it is in mere outline, wears a different charm at every hour of the day. In early morning Florence is a faintly tinted bass-relief against a background of vaporous hills; toward evening its domes and cupolas are as dusky jewels set in a verdant cup; at sunset it is flooded with golden light, while the sky to the south and east is luminous sea-green or delicate blue, besprinkled with carmine cloudlets fading to ashes-of-roses. Or perhaps storm banners are abroad, and the lurid orange light to the west is barred with black and gray.

Our sky scenery is ever new, just as the fleeting cloud-shadows for ever change the face of our hills. Dearest of all moments, perhaps, is when the afterglow has burnt out and the value of every mountain-line is clearly defined, and pine and cypress are intensely black against the sky. For then the great dome of Santa Maria del Fiore assumes a gloomy grandeur. Florence is a city of mystery, and you scarcely rejoice when gleaming chains of yellow light again transform it into a smiling abode of men. Neither from Bellosguardo nor Fiesole nor other well-known posts of vantage does Florence wear so pictorial an aspect. No meanness of modern stucco, no cross lines of chessboard streets, are visible from this Settignano hillside. Beyond olives and vineyards, you see the city clasping the river, worthily crowned by Brunelleschi's dome and Arnolfo's tower, and with all lesser spires and belfries grouped in graceful order.

But this grand outlook is not the only charm of our Gamberaia. The house itself is an ideal Summer abode, with great vaulted rooms round a cloistered court, whence a doorless stairway on either side gives straight, steep access to the upper floor. The lofty entrance-hall looks to the west, and measures about eighty feet by thirty. This also opens on the courtyard in a straight line with the eastern gateway, so that a fine current of air is always to be had. Its scanty furniture is in keeping with the architecture—straight-backed chairs and huge tables of mediæval build, and great battle-pieces and portraits by old, if deservedly unknown, artists. Sundry mysterious recesses and secret stairs in the walls are suggestive of past romance, and from one of the enormous cellars stretching under and around the house runs a subterranean passage communicating with the upper garden. This, however, has been long locked up.

Several of the doors are surmounted by Latin inscriptions, setting forth how the mansion was built in the year of our Lord MDCX. by Ser Zenobio Lapi, and how it was enlarged and completed by his descendants some fifteen years later. After changing hands several times, it became a possession of the Gondi, then passed to the Counts Capponi, who sold it to a French gentleman, to whose family it still belongs. It is said to have been a Medici villa, but the well-known balls are absent from the various escutcheons on the walls, and there is no historic record of their ownership. It is true that a Gamberaia was numbered among their estates, but there are three other villas of that name in the neighborhood of Florence. Even the derivation of the word is uncertain. Some say that the ground was once held by the Gamberelli family; others, that a little lake formerly existent in the valley below and well stocked with *gambere* (crayfish) was the origin of the title. The only historic personage who has any discoverable connection with the Gamberaia is one of our own times. Napoleon III. inhabited it for some months when he was Prince Louis Napoleon. His father lay ill in Florence, and for political reasons he was not allowed to reside in the city. He must have known sounder slumber in the quiet yellow chamber to the south than he ever slept afterward amid the imperial splendor of the Tuileries.

Whether the Medici had a hand in them or not, certainly the grounds of the Gamberaia were planned on a princely scale, and with various dividing walls and stout iron gates that, together with the secret passage, show a princely regard for personal safety.

The eastern front looks on a narrow lawn nearly four hundred yards in length. At one end, behind neglected rose beds, broken fountain and rock work, rises a screen of mighty cypresses a hundred feet in height. At the other is a statue-decked balustrade overlooking a billowy sea of olives, a reach of the Arno, and a delicate interchange of hill and valley. This long stretch of lawn is one of the prides of the Gamberaia. No other villa far or near can boast so great an extent of level space, and beyond the vase-crowned wall of the upper garden it is bordered by a close box hedge, on which three persons might easily lie abreast.

"God Almightie first planted a Garden. And indeed it is the Purest of Human Pleasures. It is the greatest Refreshment to the Spirits of Man." Thus Lord Bacon, and there was much at the Gamberaia to remind us of the statesman's ideal pleasaunce. For it is duly divided into three parts, and has a "greene" at the entrance, but of far smaller extent than the four acres prescribed

XUM

by our author. Likewise it has two fair alleys of grass hedged with clipped box and cypress that give out their fragrance to the sun; and, instead of covert alleys, has groves of ancient ilex trees with gnarled and twisted trunks. One of these lies open to the east and "looks abroad into the fields," and over rolling olive slopes to the turn of the hills by Compiobbi. It has evergreens "rounded like Welts," though these have expanded in course of years into monstrous globes of foliage. And in the middle of the main garden, where vines and vegetables, fruit trees and Egyptian wheat are bordered with pink and red roses, there is a fountain where Cupid on a dolphin "sprinkleth water" on the goldfish below, and can on occasion shoot jets of spray almost as high as the eaves of the house. Across the grass, and directly opposite the eastern door, is a narrow inclosure of the true rococo style. It has miniature flower-beds and paths; a fine oval fountain of granite, with graceful handles, set in a circular carved basin, decorates the alcove at its end. Stone deities and troubadours are set in niches round its walls and draped with climbing weeds, while two dainty flights of steps on either side communicate with the ilex wood and the upper garden. Great bushes of lavender guard these steps with their fragrant spikes, and roses lead down from the trellised arbors that are fit entries to the treasury of flowers above. For there lilies and carnations, heliotropes and geraniums, are ranged in tempting order, and, with hundreds of lemon-trees in huge earthen vases, crowd the air with a symphony of scent. Pomegranates are putting forth their buds of flame, and the rose-oleanders coming into bloom by the wall that is crowned with tall white lilies. Here, too, is a large fountain with a "fair receipt of water," peopled with goldfish and overgrown with water-lilies. And when the sun beats too fiercely on these flowery terraces, a gate by the empty orangery leads to the second ilex wood, where the light plays pretty tricks among the glossy leaves, and you look down a vista of twisted trunks to an open space, framed in dark greenery, that might well serve as the set scene of some classic idyl. And by this cool descent you will find your way, through another gate, back to the long lawn by the rose-festooned cypress-trees.

This Summer paradise, musical with bird voices and the hum of bees, is as secluded from the world as if forty miles, instead of four, divided it from Florence. Only one small villa lies beyond it; then nothing but olives and corn, and one or two scattered cottages, right up to the crest of the hill above Compiobbi. There, by a ruined chapel of the Holy Cross, where a few cypresses point to heaven, you overlook another reach of the Arno, a cluster of picturesque villas, crowding summits, and the dark woods of sweet Valombrosa nestling in the folds of the hills below the sun-baked curves of the Consuma Pass.

In searching for local romance we learnt that the archway spanning the little lane at our gates was supposed to be haunted by a spinning ghost, and that the country folk did not willingly pass through it after dark. It was disappointing to be also told that the legend originated in a trick played by a boy years ago, and recently confessed by him to the owners of the Gamberaia. But superstition is hard to kill, and the Settignano peasantry cling to many primitive beliefs. They place rosemary in their windows to keep away evil spirits; they prefer the charms and nostrums of a wise woman down in the valley to the scientific treatment of the local doctor; and they ascribe cholera and all epidemics to the effect of poisons willfully scattered by Government agents.

Settignano itself is a delightfully pretty and well-to-do village, or rather—I beg its pardon—fraction of the township of Fiesole. The road to it from Florence has no suburban ugliness. It winds through fields and vineyards, and climbs the ascent among the olives with no walls to impede the spreading view over hill and valley. Runlets of clear water trickle down beside low hedges of sweetbrier; poppies and gladiolus and love-in-the-mist are ready to your hand among the corn, and brown-roofed farms emerge from a sea of greenery. The carriage-road proper ends on the triangular piazza, where a realistic statue of Tommaseo suggests sympathy with modern thought, and a much-mutilated monument to Septimus Severus records the mediæval belief that that Emperor was the founder of Settignano. As a matter of fact, it can boast a far older origin, on the testimony of ancient inscriptions that have been dug up close by. One rough, paved track leads through the village to an outlying mountain hamlet, another dips down to the Gamberaia.

The people of Settignano are thriving and energetic. They have a little open-air theatre where performances are often given, and they are slowly erecting another on a more ambitious scale. They still preserve traditions of art; and if no great sculptors are born among them as in the days of Desiderio da Settignano, or their foster-child, Michael Angelo Buonarotti, they have an inherited faculty for working in stone and marble. They are also very skillful in Florentine mosaic, and nearly every house has its wheel and bench for the cutting of gems. The big mosaic manufactory near the Villa Michael Angelo has given much development to this delicate industry.

The church is not interesting. It has a curious old pulpit of gray granite, but its many pictures are below mediocrity. But the neighboring chapel of the Misericordia contains one of Desiderio's best works, a bass-relief of the Madonna and Child executed in his daintiest style.

But the artists of Settignano must not make me forget the musicians of the Gamberaia. Spring was late, and the nightingales were still in full song toward the end of May. They dwelt in the ilex groves, and

> —"never elsewhere in one place,
> I knew so many nightingales."

Their jocund voices gladdened our days and nights. We seldom saw "their bright, bright eyes," but even in the stillest hours of hot Summer noons there was always a pleasant domestic stir among the nests overhead in the thick, green foliage. And about an hour before midnight their evening concerts would begin:

> "With skirmish and capricious passagings,
> And murmurs musical and swift jug, jug,
> And one low piping song, more sweet than all,
> Stirring the air with such a harmony
> That, should you close your eyes, you might almost
> Forget it was not day."

But as time went on their tuneful voices were less often heard. Even nightingales are oppressed by family cares, and, like young ladies, apt to give up their music after they are married. The blackbirds, however, were untiring singers, and continued to greet us with their sweet if flippant, love duet. One sings, "*Ben mio ti vedo;*" the other replies, "*Se tu mi vedi, vieni a me*"—"I see thee, my sweet." "If thou seest me, come to me." But in English the words scarcely fit the pretty strain.

The passage from Spring to Summer was a leisurely pageant this year. When first we came to our Tuscan villa the fields were fringed with the azure flames of the scented iris; we saw the corn plots change from blue to yellow-green, and then to tawny gold; we saw haymakers tossing the fragrant grass that was all ablaze with poppy and gladiolus; and we saw the long swathes of bearded wheat fall before the reaper's sickle. The clamorous *cicale* sawed all day, as though grinding the heat; crickets chirped all night; hot mists rose from the plain; Summer lightning flashed from the skies; and the last fireflies—they go with the corn—wove their gleaming devices in the air. The starlit terrace became our evening saloon, and the songs of the young girl with the guitar, leaning against the stone lion on the wall, were often interrupted by the cry of the screech-owl or the softer note of the dark bird that flew so heavily down from the roof to the olives below. But all things must have an end, and just as the young swallows were learning to fly, we looked our last on the glittering, bright city and dusky hills; and then in a haze of early morning drove down our cypress avenue, bound for wind-swept heights long miles away from Villa Gamberaia.

THE WEST INDIAN SEAL.

It will probably interest zoological readers to learn of the re-discovery—or the full discovery—of the West Indian Seal (*Monachus tropicalis*). The history of this pinniped is in brief as follows:

It was first noticed by Columbus in his account of his second voyage (1494) as having been found in some numbers on the rocky isle of Alta Vela, off the southern shore of Hispaniola, where his sailors killed eight of them for food. Later—in 1675—Dampier found this seal in abundance on the Alacram reefs, about eighty miles north of Yucatan. At that time it was killed there in great numbers for its oil.

The seal then remained unnoticed for over a century and a half, having no place whatever in the writings of zoologists until 1843. Then Mr. Richard Hill published an account of it in the "Jamaica Almanac," calling it the Pedro seal, from the Pedro Keys, some sixty miles south of Kingston, Jamaica, where he had found it. A few years later Mr. P. H. Gosse obtained an imperfect skin (without skull) which he sent to the British Museum, where it was described by Dr. Gray in the "Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London," 1849. Dr. Gray gave it then no name, probably by reason of its imperfect characters. Later—in 1850—("Catalogue of Mammals in the British Museum") he described the same specimen as *Phoca tropicalis*, and afterward ("Catalogue of Seals and Whales, 1866") as *Monachus tropicalis*. But so imperfect was the specimen on which the description was founded, and the animal itself was so little known, that even its generic relations were in doubt, and its reference to the genus Monachus was considered provisional. From thence on to the present, rumors of the existence of this seal have been not unfrequent, but nothing seemed trustworthy and positive, and no specimens were obtained, if we except a young skin, without bones or skull, which came from Cuba to the National Museum at Washington, in 1884, without any indication as to locality.

It has long seemed to the writer—as, doubtless, to many others—that the certain presence in our waters of so important a mammal lying *perdu* in regions which our naturalist collectors are yearly visiting, was the opprobrium of American zoologists. We made inquiries, and collected notes from many sources, which showed clearly that this seal existed at isolated points—on small islands and keys—not only in the Caribbean and among the Bahamas, but also in the Gulf of Mexico. Last Summer, while on a visit to the western shore of the Gulf of Mexico, we were so fortunate as to *locate* this seal with much certainty. This was upon the Triangles (Los Triangulos), three little keys, scarcely above the water-level at high tide, and lying some 100 miles northwest of the Campeachy coast, in latitude N. 20° 50′, and longitude W. 92° 10′. Following this clew, my son, Mr. Henry L. Ward, last December visited the Triangles in company and partnership with Señor F. Ferrari Perez, naturalist of the Mexican Geographical and Exploring Expedition. His hunt was highly successful, and he has lately returned with nearly twenty specimens—skeletons and skins of all ages, from a suckling to the fully adult male, seven feet in length. This ample material has just been carefully studied by Professor J. A. Allen, the well-known zoologist, and author of the "Monograph of North American Pinnipeds." Professor Allen has given a preliminary notice of the specimens in *Science*, January 14th, 1887, and promises an elaborate account, with plates, in an early issue of the *Bulletin of the American Museum of Natural History*, New York.

It is a fact of rather peculiar interest that this, the first large mammal ever discovered in America, should, by the strange mishaps of natural history collecting, be the very last one to become known satisfactorily to science.

Henry A. Ward.

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

The Sea of Galilee is beautiful in Summer. Wherever its shores are cultivated they are one mass of waving grain. The chief beauty, however, lies in the oleander-bushes that fringe the lake all round. They grow in clumps about ten feet high, and the flowers are so plentiful that each clump has the aspect of a large bouquet, arranged with a naturalness that defies competition. The plain of Gennesareth is partly cultivated, but it still retains its desolate appearance. Huge weeds make impassable barriers along its many marshy brooks. This plain, from El Mejdel—ancient Magdala—to Khan Meiryeh, is one of the most highly favored spots in the world from the agricultural standpoint. Well might Josephus, in his description, speak of it as "the ambition of nature." There never was more fertile soil, and copious springs send perennial streams meandering in every direction. This spot will be a mine of gold to some wise capitalist as soon as a good government will guarantee perfect security. The thorn-trees which we met at Jericho seem to thrive along the whole course of the Jordan, and are everywhere the home of numerous pigeons. These are plentiful on the plain of Gennesareth, and are very tame.

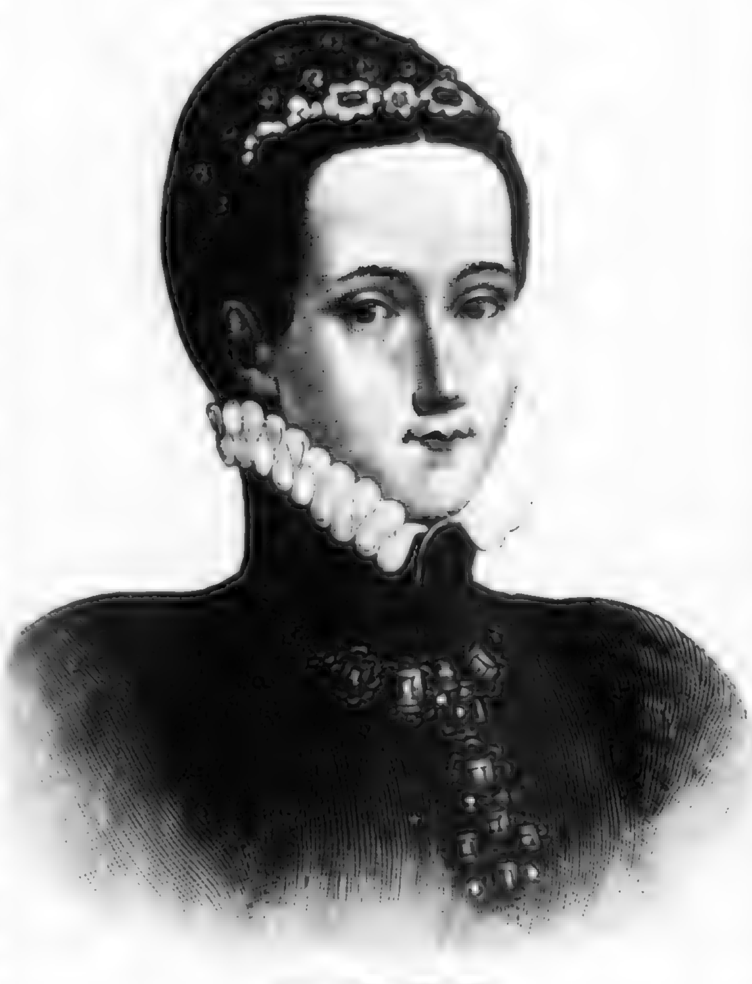
Photography and Disease.—A well-known photographer relates that he once made a picture of a child who was apparently in good health and had a clear skin. The negative showed the face to be thickly covered with an eruption. Three days afterward the child was covered with spots due to prickly heat. The camera had seen and photographed the eruption three days before it was visible to the naked eye. It is said that another case of a similar kind is recorded, where a child showed spots on his portrait which were invisible on his face a fortnight previous to an attack of smallpox, much to the surprise of parents and friends.

THE ARCHDUCHESS FERDINAND OF AUSTRIA.

By Madaline Durant.

Five centuries have come and gone since the birth of a little German girl in Augsburg, Germany, named Philippina Welser. Victor Hugo declares, "Nothing is so imminent as the impossible," "And what we must always foresee is the unforeseen." The parents of Philippina could scarcely have foreseen the high destiny awaiting their infant daughter, and would have exclaimed against the impossibility of her ever marrying the son of an emperor.

Our fairy godmother, who stands at the cradle of every infant born into this world, waiting to bestow her gifts, endowed this little German fräulein with marvelous beauty of face and form, a noble and generous disposition, and a heart full of tenderness and bravery. That nothing might be wanting, this same old godmother, who is often niggardly in her bestowments, added gifts of intellect with charms and graces of manner. Philip Welser, the father of Philippina, was a merchant of some repute in Augsburg; her mother, the daughter of a poor weaver, who spun for his living. At the time of their daughter's birth they lived in a tall stone house, which is still standing in one of the principal streets in Augsburg. Every traveler who visits this German city makes a pilgrimage to the old mansion, for although it is five hundred years since little Philippina was born, the inhabitants point out the dwelling, and say with pride: "Our schön Princess Philippina was born here."



PHILIPPINA WELSER.

The picture of Philippina is to be found in every print shop in the town, depicted in her peculiar costume, with a high ruff, jeweled cap and necklace of pounded silver. Centuries ago little girls had few opportunities of education. But Fräulein Welser developed an eager taste for all the meagre accomplishments of that age. For nineteen happy years she lived in her father's tall stone house like any other simple German maiden, until one bright June morning her whole life and destiny became changed in the most romantic way. In old times, as now, every German housekeeper took great pride in her ample linen-closet, which was always plentifully sprinkled with sweet-smelling lavender and fragrant herbs. On this eventful Summer day, five centuries ago, Frau Welser desired her daughter to go to the neighboring forest to gather stalks and blossoms to perfume the chests and drawers in which the household linen was stored. Weary with seeking the leaves and herbs, Philippina threw herself down at the foot of an oak-tree in the wood and soon fell asleep.

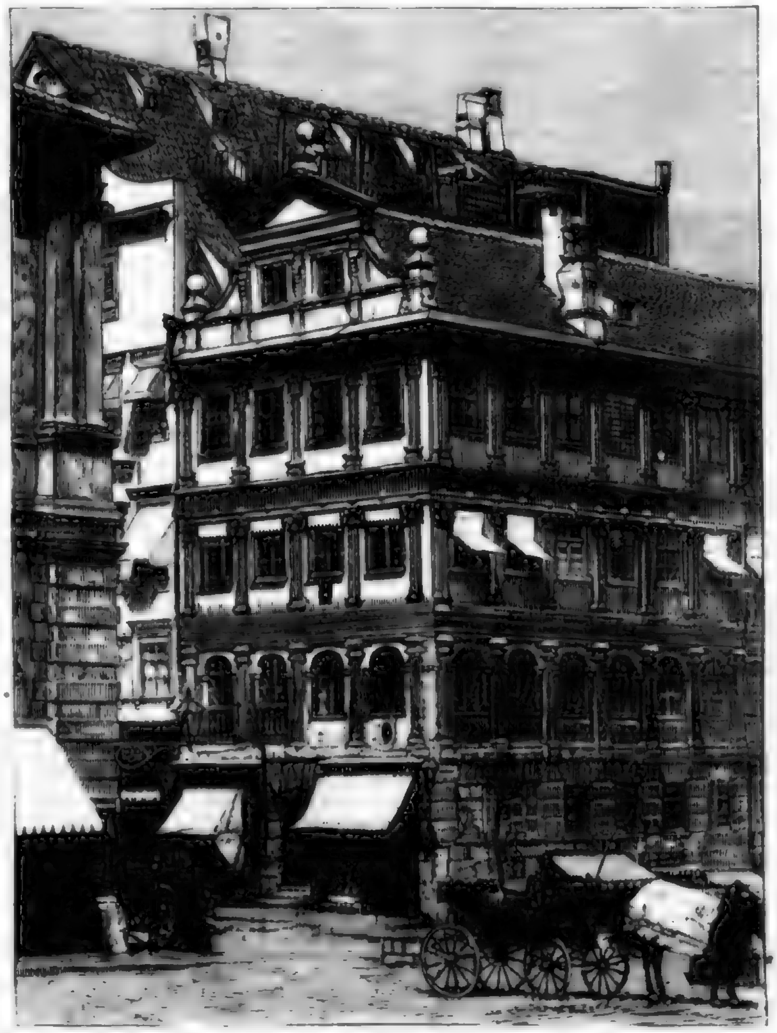
Quite like a story out of a fairy volume, or like what takes place on the stage of a theatre, a hero comes riding through the forest path and reins up his horse to gaze upon the sleeping maiden, looking as fresh and fair as an enchanted princess in a wood.

The sound of hoofs from approaching horses awakened the slumbering girl, who, confused and blushing, rose to her feet, to encounter the dark, admiring eyes of the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, who, together with his suite, were out for a hunt through the forest. In a moment she perceived, from the uncovered heads of those around, that she was in the presence of a person of high rank. So, gracefully courtesying, she prepared to pass on her way, but the prince, who had fallen desperately in love with the beautiful girl, gallantly doffed his cap, and begged leave to escort her through the forest. Nothing would induce him to leave her side until he had accompanied Philippina to the very threshold of her city home. For many succeeding days he lingered in the neighborhood of Augsburg, ever seeking to catch another glimpse of her fair face. History tells us many an evening he paced the pavements under her window, and no doubt occasionally Philippina opened her casement and cast down a timid glance on the tall form of her princely lover. Very shortly after their first meeting, Ferdinand, having been presented to her father by one of the dignitaries of the city, asked the hand of his daughter from him in marriage. Herr Welser was overwhelmed with joy and surprise at such an unexpected honor conferred upon his beautiful daughter. The consent of the bride was never asked in those remote times, but the heart of the maiden was already won by the open admiration of the prince.

The Archduke dared not inform his august father of his approaching nuptials; the marriage was, therefore, kept a profound secret for a time from the whole Austrian court. The wedding was arranged to take place without any pomp or parade in the middle of July, in one of the little Catholic churches outside the city. The dawn of the eventful midsummer day was heavy with thick, black clouds, torrents of rain descended on the parched earth—Nature appeared penitent. "An archduke was about to be married without the consent of his father. Weeping skies foreboded unhappiness to bride and bridegroom." Although the Emperor knew nothing of his son's approaching nuptials, the parents and relatives of the bride had all been informed of the betrothal.

Never had the "Schön Philippina" looked more radiantly beautiful than when she appeared slowly advancing up the aisle of the church at the celebration of her marriage, followed by a page bearing her train. A white satin robe, studded with silver stars, fitting closely her graceful form, was looped up with a cordon of pearls. From her shapely head a costly vail of Flemish lace fell in graceful folds to her feet. When she knelt with the bridegroom at the foot of the altar, the sun suddenly shone from behind the dark clouds, casting a stream of light through the stained-glass windows, and encircled her face like a benediction. Murmurs of admiration burst from every lip at the sight of her marvelous beauty.

> "And well my heart might
> deem her one
> Of life's most precious
> flowers,
> For half her thoughts
> were of its sun,
> And half were of its
> showers."



THE HOUSE WHERE PHILIPPINA WELSER WAS BORN.

The marriage of Prince Ferdinand could not long be concealed from his father, the Emperor of Austria, who, when informed of "the lowborn alliance" of his son, was terribly incensed, and refused to admit his new daughter-in-law into his presence. Philippina, with all a woman's adroitness, contrived to meet him, as if by accident, and, throwing herself at his feet, pleaded love and forgiveness for both. The Emperor was so struck with her marvelous beauty that his anger melted into pity and admiration.

"She is like an angel!" he exclaimed. "I forgive my son."

He then bestowed upon both his royal blessing. The prince and princess lived many years in great happiness at Innsbruck; their memory is much cherished by the inhabitants of that charming little city.

The Archduchess passed most of her time doing good to others. Tender and true, her heart and her purse were always ready to befriend the sorrowful and suffering. Every morning she gave an audience to the poor, listening with pity to the recital of their troubles. Every evening she attended vespers in the Hofkirche (Court Chapel), which is one of the most attractive churches to visit in Innsbruck. On both sides of the aisle stand twenty-eight colossal bronze statues of Austrian emperors. This Court Chapel is called the Pantheon of the Tyrol. A flight of steep stone steps leads on one side to a small chapel containing the tomb of Philippina. A full-length recumbent figure, chiseled in stone, represents her with clasped hands, as if in prayer. This little chapel is called the Blue-and-silver Chapel, from its many adornments in blue and silver. Near the tomb of his wife hangs an immense suit of armor, worn by the Archduke. His ashes repose in a niche in the left wall.

Five hundred years ago these historical personages lived and died. The custodian still relates the kind deeds and noble charities of the "Schön Princess" as if she lived but yesterday, and no time had elapsed since her body was carried to its last resting-place in the little Blue-and-silver Chapel of the Hofkirche at Innsbruck, in the Tyrol.

Men's Deeds.—Few persons recognize how largely happiness is dependent upon generous emotions and sympathetic affections. Probably nothing else is so fruitful of real and permanent enjoyment as this. No one can cast a mental glance over his circle of acquaintances without perceiving that the happiest among them are not those most favored by external circumstances, but those who possess loving, kindly dispositions and generous impulses; those who are interested in the welfare of their fellow-men and active in promoting it; those, in a word, who are seeking to do good rather than to get good. While it is undoubtedly true that injustice and selfishness react upon those who practice them, to their injury and their distress, it is no less true that equity and benevolence react upon those who practice them, to their happiness and best welfare. Though the route may be circuitous, though the time may be deferred, we may rest assured that our deeds, good and evil, will return to bless or to curse us; and whatsoever we sow, that also shall we reap.

There are three kinds of praise: that which we yield, that which we lend, and that which we pay. We yield it to the powerful from fear; we lend it to the weak from interest; and we pay it to the deserving from gratitude.

SONG.

By Philip Thyne.

Oh, three little birds on a bramble spray!
Each flew to find him a nest:
There was one went rarely over the sea,
And one flew straight for the North Countrie;
But the third
Little bird,
He winged his way to the watery West,
Where one that I love sits sighing.

Oh, for the withering bramble spray,
And the bird that sleeps in his nest!
There is one in a castle over the sea,
And one in a pine in the North Countrie;
But the third
Little bird,
He sings at a lattice far in the West,
Where one that I love lies dying.

Ah me, for the thorny bramble spray
And the weary bird in his nest!
There is one that dreams of the silver sea,
And one looks over the North Countrie;
But the third
Little bird,
He sings o'er a grave in the silent West
Where one that I love is lying.

MISS FRENCH.

By Philip Bourke Marston.

The Frenches were not rich—indeed, to make the proverbial ends meet, they had to resort to the mediation of a boarder—a single gentleman preferred, as giving less trouble. They occupied a house in the neighborhood of Notting Hill—a new house in a not yet completed road—guarded at its corner by a spruce public-house, bearing the arms of a distinguished nobleman.

It was a depressing road to live in, for as yet there was no carriage-way through it, and you heard all day long the carts as they lumbered over the uneven surface to discharge great loads of bricks for the building of other houses, and yells of the carters as they backed or urged on their heavily tasked horses, the noise of the bricks being turned out, a sound of sawing timber to set one's teeth on edge, and the light, persistent treble tapping of the bricklayers' trowels.

There was nothing to see out of the window but rubbish-heaps and half-built houses. Of course, the street would get finished some time, but until that time it was not unnatural that the inmates of No. 10 Bloomfield Road should suffer from much melancholy, especially as it was the time of the fall of the leaves, and the first fogs had descended upon them early in the season.

Mrs. French had been many years a widow. The family consisted of herself, her two daughters, Agnes and Jane, and Tom French, the only son, a warm-hearted young fellow, who drudged all the days of his life in the city, and who was the little family's chief support.

The duties of housekeeping—what with superintending the work of the one servant and making pilgrimages to distant co-operative stores—seemed to occupy Mrs. French's time fully.

Jane French, who had great natural business capacities, was an excellent aide-de-camp. But Agnes French, the elder by about two years, was of less assistance. She was regarded as not at all a practical person, and the years had gone by for her very slowly and heavily.

She had more imagination than her sister, being fond of music and reading. She had a nature large and loving. Her youth had passed in dreams, and at the age of thirty life looked very cold and cheerless to those warm brown eyes.

Why no man had asked her to be his wife I cannot say, for she was very nice to look at—neatly made, with pretty, soft hair and plenty of it, a face which at one time had worn a singularly bright expression, but which of late years had acquired a somewhat worn and weary look

There was a melancholy retrospect of boarders to look back upon. Mr. Taylor, now remote in the past, who played the flute and liked his breakfast eggs hard; Mr. Smith, from New York, who touched her heart a little. From him she contracted the sensible habit of saying "Come," instead of our "Come in," and other little Americanisms. But the business on which he had come was at last transacted, and one day he wished them all an affectionate good-by and sailed away to his own far country. Then there was Mr. Jones, who had to be dismissed because of his irregular habits; then followed a procession of mild, featureless youths, who talked about the weather at dinner and took a hand at cards after tea.

She led a solitary life, did poor Agnes. Her one pleasure lay in her books; but that is a pleasure which, to be fully appreciated, must be shared.

Is it not almost as much pleasure to talk about a book as it is to read it? What should we do if there were no ears into which we who read books could thunder our censure or chant our pæans of praise?

The thought is so awful that one almost trembles. Should we not die of suppressed expression?

Agnes French tenanted a world of her own, and she had it all to herself; therefore it is that I am sorry for her.

It was late in October when another "new boarder" was to take up his residence with the Frenches.

"I do wish he might be nice!" sighed Miss Jane French.

She looked good-tempered, but was decidedly plain. The two sisters were sitting in the drawing-room in the fire-brightened twilight.

"Interesting," suggested Agnes, "as they say in novels."

Disregarding this remark, Jane resumed:

"I should like him to be very tall. Brown *was* such a little man, *wasn't* he? Tall and very broad in the shoulders, and fair, with just such a long, tawny mustache as Dick in 'Cometh Up as a Flower' had."

"I confess, for my part," replied Agnes, "I should like something just a little more intellectual in appearance. I should like a man who could talk about something besides the weather."

"Yes, I might like that, too," answered Jane, in a tone of concession; "but I have a sad presentiment that he will be as insipid as all the others were." Then in a tone of startled revelation: "I don't believe there ever was such a thing as an interesting boarder."

Just then Mrs. French came in, and the lamp was lit, revealing the room which had been dusted that day by Mrs. French's own hands, and with even more than her usual zeal, which was at all times very considerable.

She looked round with an air of satisfaction on the somewhat faded but carefully swept Brussels carpet, and spoke of it gratefully and affectionately as the best-wearing carpet she had ever known.

She surveyed with complacency the chairs, with their green-covered seats, their gracefully curved limbs and twisted backs, the round rosewood table with its photographic album and its volume of poetical selections. She gazed contentedly at the marble clock on the mantelpiece that had such a decorous tick with it, such a ladylike, unassuming way of striking; and at the vases filled with artificial flowers, which graced each side of it.

Above the clock was an oil-painting of the late Mr. French, which she would often apostrophize.

Yes, the room could not be neater than it was! The fire-irons stood grouped together ready for action, their much-polished heads shining; the sofa and each easy-chair wore its spotless antimacassar.

Mrs. French ran her hand over the keys of her piano, which only that morning had been tuned—the tuner had done his work in a way eminently satisfactory.

There are people who seem absurdly grateful for small mercies, and also people who seem surprisingly ungrateful for large ones.

Mrs. French belonged to the former class. She thought her house, in its unpretending way, just the nicest that could be; as she believed herself to have been guided to the choice of her butcher and baker by a direct interposition of Providence. Her own things always tasted better to her than those of her neighbors.

She remarked that everything certainly looked very comfortable, adding the agreeable intelligence that the saddle of mutton before the fire was a beauty.

"That's right!" ejaculated Jane. "I'm hungry already, though we haven't had tea yet. By-the-way, isn't it time for tea?"

But Mrs. French thought they had better wait for Mr. Payne, the coming boarder, who had written that he expected to reach Bloomfield Road that evening at five o'clock, of which hour it now only wanted a quarter.

"There he is!" Miss Jane cried, delightedly, as a quarter of an hour afterward the garden-gate was heard to squeak open, which sound was followed by that of a foot ascending the six chubby little steps leading up to the house; there came next a brisk application of the knocker, and in another minute "Mr. Payne" was announced.

It was with a feeling of great relief that the two sisters saw that here was no mild, insipid, featureless youth. He was slight in figure, but yet strong-looking; his handsome face was deeply seamed; something imaginative in it seemed combated by genuine British bulldog pugnacity; the eyes were clearly gray, mouth sensitive, with an occasional expression about the lips which suggested a nature not devoid of cruelty. His voice in conversation was slightly harsh, but in reading—and he read well, as they found out afterward—it could soften into a kind of tense sweetness. His manner at once set the family at their ease.

Glancing at the books on the table, his attention was attracted by an American edition of Tennyson; it had been a parting gift from Mr. Smith to Miss French.

"I think Tennyson wears better than any of the other moderns," he said, taking up the volume. "He may be tame sometimes, but, on the other hand, he is never extravagant. A poet should be able to control his poetry, just as a man should be able to control his temper. There's manly poetry and unmanly poetry, and I confess I like the manly style."

"Oh, won't you and Agnes get on well!" exclaimed Jane; "for she absolutely *adores* poetry!"

"That is good news indeed," Mr. Payne replied, with a quick smile, "for very few people do."

"Well," asked Jane, when the new boarder had gone to his room, "is he interesting, or not?"

"I think," replied Agnes, "that he *is*."

"Foolish girls that you are!" said kind Mrs. French with a laugh, as she bustled from the room to see that the dinner-table was properly laid.

"I'm afraid *I* shall get no fun out of him," mused Jane, "for I know nothing at all about poetry."

Mr. Payne appeared at the dinner-hour in faultlessly fitting evening clothes; no previous boarder had treated the meal with so much ceremony, and Mrs. French thought, with a thrill of satisfaction, that so much homage was not disproportionate to the claims of her saddle of mutton, which would be preceded by some soup, concocted by Mrs. French's own hands; not a bad soup when it did not turn out too salt, which it had rather a way of doing—and succeeded by an apple-tart, the success of which was not always an assured fact.

However, to-day the soup was not too salt, and the pie-crust not too heavy, and Jane was relieved to perceive that Mr. Payne had no idea of restricting himself to poetry, but had a large store of anecdotes, which he gave with admirable effect.

A good anecdote, in the hands of an incapable teller, is like a first-class rapier in the hands of an unskilled fencer—you may see the steel to be of fine temper, but it does no execution.

After dinner, though, Agnes had her own especially good time, for while Jane and Mrs. French busied themselves over the tea-table, and Tom went out for a stroll, Mr. Payne talked to her of the things in which she was most interested, and promised to make her acquainted with books which could not fail, he thought, to delight her.

Then Jane, who could really play well, performed; and, on the whole, the first evening of the new boarder was decidedly a success.

From that day the course of Agnes's life seemed changed. She had found a friend, not an acquaintance. When her eyes opened, they opened on a new world—a world which held, even for her, spiritual and intellectual sympathy; and she had thirsted for both so long!

Mr. Payne generally spent much of the day abroad; but his did not seem to be any regular and abiding occupation, for he would come and go at all hours. He more frequently than not passed his evenings with the Frenches, but when he did not, be sure those were desolate evenings for poor Agnes.

Was it only friendship she experienced from him?—friendship which concentrated all her thoughts on him as she would watch out those dreary evenings when he did not stay at home, sitting in the little prim drawing-room, hearing the cook exchanging pleasantries up the steps with the fishmonger's boy, perchance, or the postman's knock down the whole road.

For Bloomfield Road is a quiet road, in which you find out a good deal about your neighbors, the walls which divide house from house being of very slight thickness, so that, should your next-door neighbor become afflicted with a violent influenza, you will be made painfully aware of the fact.

Was it only friendship which seemed to touch her life as with a transfiguring light? Was it only friendship which stormed her pulses were his name mentioned unexpectedly? Was it friendship which made her glad to lie awake in the darkness, seeing again his eyes, hearing the tones of his voice, remembering his words, feeling the touch of his hand on hers?

Nay, this was not friendship, but Love! Love come late—come in the Autumn, but come, all the same. She was glad over her sweet secret, as is the wife when first she knows she is to become a mother. Whether her love should be returned or not, to have loved was in itself a good! Neither the house nor the road seemed dreary to her any longer.

"How could she have endured her life before?" she would often ask herself, as she looked back on her long uncompanioned years.

Often—for though the month was November, the season was very mild—she would walk round the little strip of garden which made quite a display of modest Autumn flowers, and sometimes from the window of the back drawing-room, which he used as a study, Payne would lean out and talk to her—or sometimes, now that he knew she rather liked the smell of a cigar than otherwise, he would join her and smoke in the garden.

One particular day in November, for a wonder as mild as May, Agnes was tending her flowers. Mr. Payne had left the house about a quarter of an hour before, so that she started in very earnest when she heard his voice from the window of the back drawing-room.

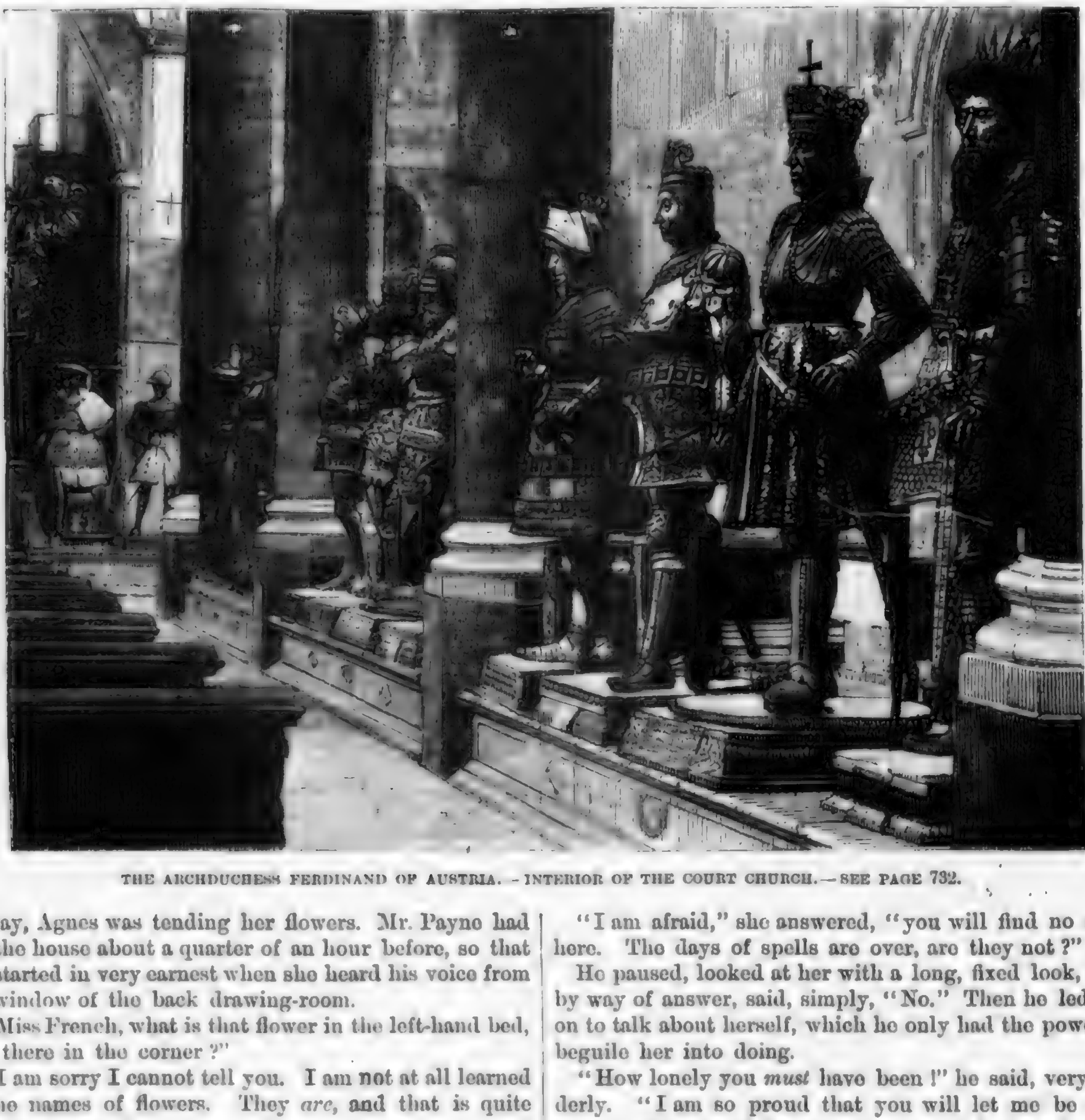
"Miss French, what is that flower in the left-hand bed, just there in the corner?"

"I am sorry I cannot tell you. I am not at all learned in the names of flowers. They *are*, and that is quite enough for me."

"I see you don't care to interview them, to find out all about their personalities—where they originally came from, where they do most abound, and in what way one class differs from another class. Well, I am much of your opinion. I am often thankful that we know so little about Shakespeare."

"I thought you were going to be out for the whole of the day," remarked Agnes.

"So I meant to be; but don't be cross at my return. I will promise to get in no one's way. Should I be in your way if I were to come down and smoke a cigar?"



THE ARCHDUCHESS FERDINAND OF AUSTRIA.—INTERIOR OF THE COURT CHURCH.—SEE PAGE 732.

"You would be very welcome," she said, her face brightening with pleasure.

"Thank you. Then I will most certainly come."

In another minute he was beside her. She was looking unusually pretty to-day, a warm light glowing in her eyes, a delicate rose-color in her cheeks.

"It's such a lazy day," he began. "Do you know what it was that brought me back?"

"I have not the faintest idea. How should I have?"

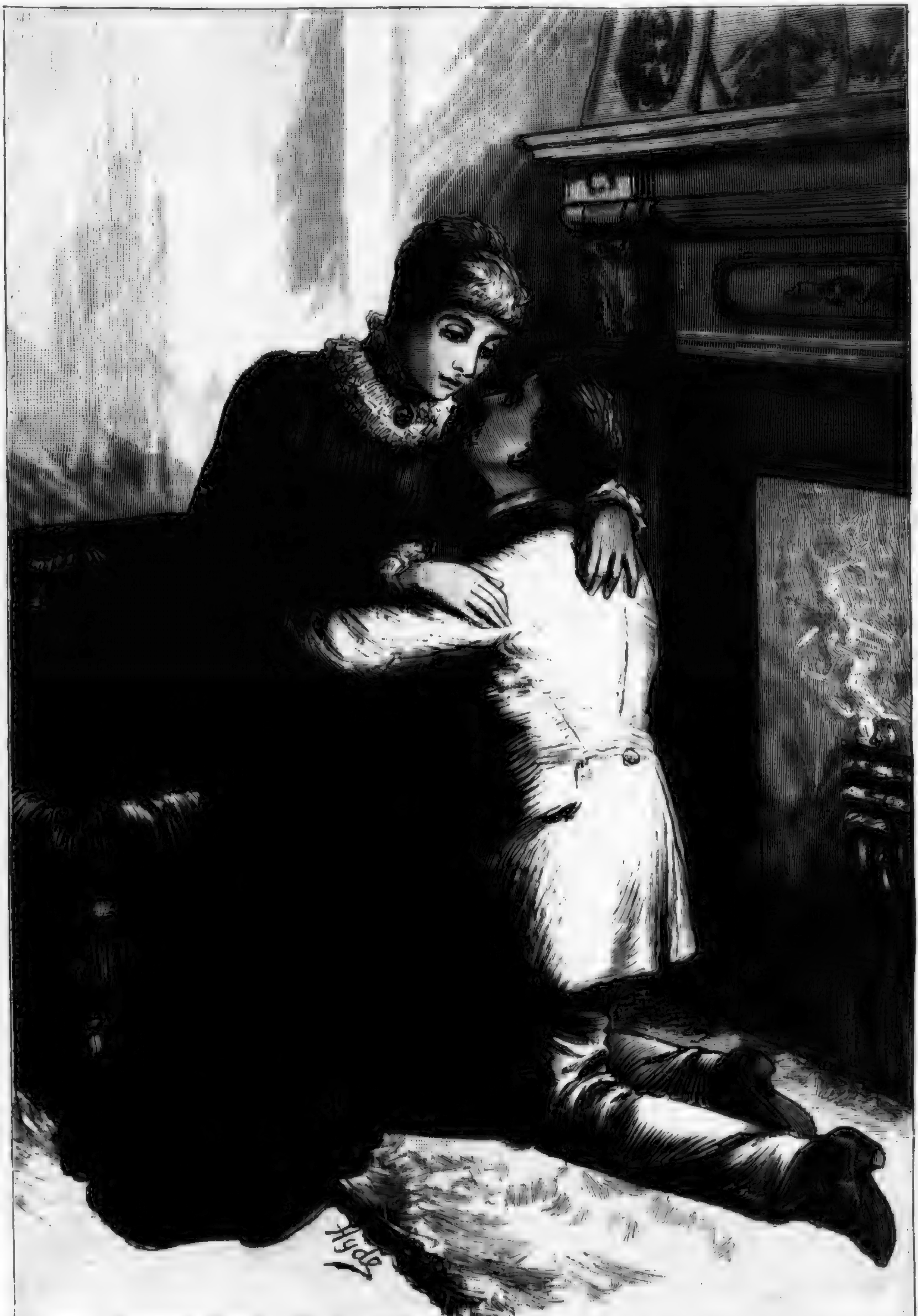
"Well, then, I will tell you. It was the picture of you in this garden. When I had got a short way from it, it seemed to me like an enchanted land, and I concluded to throw myself under its spell, and so returned."

"I am afraid," she answered, "you will find no spell here. The days of spells are over, are they not?"

He paused, looked at her with a long, fixed look, and, by way of answer, said, simply, "No." Then he led her on to talk about herself, which he only had the power to beguile her into doing.

"How lonely you *must* have been!" he said, very tenderly. "I am so proud that you will let me be your friend. We *should* be friends, for till I came here it seemed to me I was the loneliest man on God's earth. I want you to understand that I am your real friend, bound to execute unquestioningly any service which you may choose to impose. Tell me, tell me," he pleaded, "that you feel this!"

"I do," she said, in a low voice; and they ratified the bond with a long, a very long, hand-clasp, after which they were silent, as people mostly are when they have taken the first step over the confines of friendship.



MISS FRENCH.—"'YOU HAVE MADE ME VERY HAPPY. OH, AGNES! CAN YOU CARE FOR ME IN THE WAY I WANT YOU TO CARE? WILL YOU SAVE ME?' HE HAD TAKEN HER HAND AND KNELT DOWN BESIDE HER."—SEE PAGE 734.

In an adjoining garden children were romping, and from an overlooking window were being admonished by nurse or mother to take care not to spoil their clothes. From the other side came the sound of carpets being chastised in a most capable way.

At length Frederick Payne broke the silence with:

"What a splendid day it is! Does it not seem to have in it the brightness and serenity of a glorious old age—an old age which need not blush for its youth? How many of us, I wonder," he added, "will be able to feel that when the time comes?"

"Some of us—many of us, I hope," she answered, gently.

"*You* are safe," he rejoined, with something like despair in tone and look. "*You* will never do anything of which you need repent!"

"Indeed you know me very little. I have already done many things for which I am sorry, and shall, I dare say, do many more."

At this juncture Jane came to inform them that the luncheon was on the table.

After this interview, a change came over Mr. Payne. He became restless, at times moody, and would frequently absent himself from the family circle.

"What had she done," thought poor Agnes, "so to change him?"

One day, about the middle of December, he announced his intention of passing a week with some friends in Yorkshire.

It was with a sore heart and a boding of ill that Agnes watched his hansom depart.

His face, she noticed, had a strangely careworn look.

It was a cold, raw day; she went to her fireless bedroom, and there, under rugs and shawls, cowered against the wall and wept bitterest tears for the friend who had just left her, to return within a week—the friend who seemed to her so changed.

How would the dreary week pass without him?

But it did pass, and wore round to the blissful day of his return.

Yes, there was to be no disappointment!

At a little before seven o'clock his well-known knock was heard at the street-door, and he came in, bringing in also a little of the fog from out-of-doors.

The careworn look with which he had departed was replaced by one of animation. He seemed pleased to get back, and said it was like coming home.

During dinner he talked little, but looked at rest.

In the evening Agnes was sitting by herself in the drawing-room in a low chair in front of the fire, her fair small hands clasped upon her lap, when the door opened and closed, and Mr. Payne was by her side.

"Thinking?" he asked, standing close to her chair and bending over her.

"Yes," in a tone scarcely above a whisper.

"Thinking of what?"

"Must I really tell you?"

"Yes, I think you must."

"Well, then, I was thinking—how very, very glad I was that you had come back."

She blushed as she said it.

"Thank you for telling me," he said, in a tone of reverence. "You have made me very happy! Agnes, could you make me happier still? Oh, Agnes! can you care for me in the way I want you to care? Will you save me? Will you be my own?"

He had taken her hand and knelt down beside her.

"Do you think I should really make you happy?" she asked, and her voice thrilled with strong emotion.

"Happy!" he echoed. "Supremely happy!—happy as no other woman ever could have done!"

"Then I am yours," she said, with hushed awe in her voice—"yours for all your life."

And very willingly did she suffer herself to be drawn within the shelter of his arms.

She was resting with her head leant upon his shoulder when he said:

"Agnes—Agnes, would it grieve you to leave England—Europe—and make with me my home in the New World, with which I have not the sad associations, the bitter memories, that haunt me here?"

"No, dear, that would not grieve me. I would go anywhere with you, being happiest where you were happiest."

"Bless you, my sweetheart!" he answered, kissing her lips, which quivered under his with an exquisite delight. "Do you know," he said, "that you have taken me wholly on trust?"

"I never thought of doing anything else," was the low reply.

Just then, hearing Jane's voice approaching the door, they separated; and so terminated Miss French's first experience of a genuine love scene.

Mrs. French was very glad to have her daughter engaged to a man whom they all respected and liked as well as they did Mr. Payne.

The marriage was arranged to take place when the new year should be a couple of months old.

Love came late, yet came at last with full hands! What a wonderful land of romance has life now become for Agnes!

If just to love was so sweet, to yield homage as naturally as flowers yield their scent, what was it to the sweetness of loving and being beloved?

Strive to hide it as you may, if you have anything on your mind, you cannot conceal it from those who know you at all intimately; and it is clear to his sisters and mother that, on a particular evening in early February, there is something troubling Tom French's mind.

He smiles not. He forgets to make even an occasional attempt to do so.

His future brother-in-law tells his best stories, but Tom appreciates them not. Like a true Englishman, he eats and drinks stolidly. Only when the ladies are retiring, he asks his mother to see him alone for a few minutes.

When they are closeted together, he begins rather awkwardly, having taken up his position on the hearth-rug:

"On my way home this evening I called in at the James's. I gave them the news of Aggie's engagement, and described Payne and what he had told us of himself and his people. When I got up to go, James detained me and took me into his study. He wished to speak about Payne, whom he seemed able to identify. His words were, that we ought to be warned against him; that he was a dissolute gambler and adventurer; that some friends of theirs with whom he had got himself acquainted actually met him at Brighton, accompanied by a woman whom he introduced as his wife."

At this, Mrs. French, who was of all women the most conventional, could not repress a little scream.

"Now," resumed her son, "what are we to do?"

"It must be sifted," replied Mrs. French. "Before doing anything, Agnes must be told. She is the right person to speak to him. Heaven grant that there is some mistake!" she added.

The two lovers were sitting alone, absorbed in each other, and perfectly ignorant of the bolt about to be launched at them, when the servant appeared to say that Mrs. French desired that Miss French would come to her at once.

Agnes hoped her mother was not ill, and the servant thought she was not.

Agnes rose reluctantly and left her lover, smiling at his entreaties that she would not be absent long.

In less than a quarter of an hour she returned, but how changed from the Agnes who had left him!

Her cheeks were flushed with indignation, her eyes ablaze, her lips trembling so that she could scarcely stand. He sprang up, exclaiming:

"Agnes, my darling, what has happened? Speak to me!"

Then she cried: "Some wicked people have been slandering you, saying the basest things about you; and to their shame—to their black, bitter shame—my mother and brother would have you refute the charges. I will never forgive them for it—never!"

She would have thrown herself into his arms, but he restrained her.

"Let me hear what the charges are," he said, quietly.

"You shall, then," she said, with proud defiance. "That you were an adventurer, a gambler, a ruiner of women—even that you were married. Do you think it will be worth your while to refute them? Why don't you laugh?" she asked.

But, indeed, his face wore a grave, not to say melancholy, expression.

He made her sit down, and then spoke, standing before her:

"Agnes, I cannot laugh these accusations to scorn, because they are, in some measure, true."

He paused. She turned deadly pale, and he continued:

"I am not a 'ruiner of women,' but there is a class of women—of which you happily know not—of whom I once saw too much. In your presence I hate to mention such things, but once, when I was at Brighton, when in company with a woman of this class, meeting some chance acquaintance, I gave her for the moment my name, to avoid anything more awkward, and thought no more of the affair from that day to this. For the rest, life was rather flat, and I gambled, sometimes for the sake of excitement, and lost quite as often as I won. I squandered, in fact, a considerable fortune. A year ago I came into the possession of a much smaller one—still one on which I could adequately maintain a wife. I determined to change my life, quit my old haunts—yes, the very neighborhood of them—and to make my home with some quiet family. As if by fate, it came to pass that my steps were directed to this house, where I met the love which, could I have kept it, would have saved me."

Here she interrupted him, crying, passionately:

"But, my darling! my darling! you *have* kept it, and it *shall* save you! I am yours, my very dearest, my very own, my all! and nothing, *nothing* shall ever part us!"

And with a laugh, which defied fate itself, she flung herself upon his heart, clasping her firm arms about his neck.

He strained her to him, calling her his noble, loyal, unshakable love!

Then mother and brother and Jane were sent for and proudly confronted.

Mrs. French preached a little sermon, to which Miss Jane added a few remarks, and then the affair seemed at an end.

But the grave look of preoccupation did not pass from the features of Tom French, and the next day he again repaired to the house of Mr. James, who, by-the-way, was a talented lawyer.

Doctors' Commons was sought through, but, of course, with no result one way or another.

Then various acquaintances of Mr. James were consulted; at last it was clear that the person who knew most of Mr. Payne was a certain Mr. Briggs.

He had known him while staying in Paris; was of the opinion that Payne led a dissipated life; knew he was very intimate with a very respectable girl of rather common family, by whose rare beauty he seemed to be greatly taken; had heard him say that the girl, in spite of her people, would be worth marrying.

"Did Mr. Briggs know the girl's name?"

"Oh, yes; the girl's name was Claudine Vernay. Did not know whether Payne had married her or not, as he left him behind in Paris, but there was certainly a talk of his marrying her. Should say that Payne was not a man to be over troubled by conscientious scruples of any kind—rather a man who, if he wanted a thing, would get it, by fair means or foul."

In consequence of this information, Mr. French thought it well to pay a hasty visit to Paris.

Meanwhile, the wedding preparations went on cheerfully, although Agnes could not help a strange feeling, at times, as if some unseen power were fighting against her.

But the swift days wore by, until it came to be the eve of the wedding.

"Tom will be back to-night, surely," Agnes said, as she sat by her lover's side, enfolded by his arm.

"It is time, then," he rejoined, "that he was here now. He comes, I suppose, by the Dover mail service?"

"Yes, I believe so. Do you like to think that to-morrow I shall be your wife?"

"What do you think?" Mr. Payne asked, with great tenderness.

"Well, upon the whole, I think you are not sorry!" she answered, archly, and blushing a little. "Hark!"—as they hear a hansom draw up at the gate—"that must be Tom."

In a minute or two Mr. Tom French walks in. But has this most respectable young man been drinking, that his face has such a white, strange look, and that his gait seems so unsteady?

Perchance the wind was strong in crossing the Channel, and he may have been tempted into too many applications to his pocket-flask.

So full is he of something which he has to say that he forgets even to remove his hat.

A man who has scoured Paris as he has done for the last three days, who has slept little, and wellnigh forgotten to eat, may well look ill.

"I have returned from Paris in time," he begins, his voice trembling with combined weakness and excitement. "I went there on a quest, and," he goes on, with something like triumph, "I have found the thing I went to seek, and which proves you to be——"

"A scoundrel," put in Mr. Payne, before the other could articulate the words.

"Yes, most emphatically a scoundrel!" echoed Tom.

"What is this?" cried Agnes, a dazed look in her eyes, her face blanched as by death.

"I will tell you," said Payne, restraining the other man's speech by his own. "Your brother has brought back from Paris a copy of the certificate of my marriage with Claudine Vernay. He has also discovered that she is not dead."

A moan of almost unendurable anguish broke from the poor woman's white lips.

"Hear me," he said, and went on: "I do not attempt to defend my conduct. I married this girl of low origin when I was quite a young man, having been bewitched by her beauty. I soon afterward discovered that she was liable to long fits of insanity. My life was made a burden to me, and worse than wasted, because of this. It was then that I turned, as I never really had done before, to evil courses, in the hope of obtaining by their means excitement and distraction. But when I saw you, Agnes, it seemed to me that you might save my soul. Yes, that so-called Yorkshire visit was made to Paris, where I arranged to pay her people a yearly allowance on condition of their not allowing the marriage to be published. In America, I knew we should be safe. I did wrong, but, God help me! I thought your happiness was at stake as well as mine, and I should have been the only wrongdoer."

She strove to speak, but could not; and Tom cried:

"Now for my terms. Unless you swear to leave this country, to put the Atlantic between us at once, this story shall hunt you out of all decent society."

Payne drew himself up, and looked very contemptuously on the man before him.

"No threats of yours," answered Payne, quietly, "would drive me from this country were I minded to stay here; but I am *not* so minded. Good-by, Agnes. If ever the time comes that you *can*, forgive me."

He left the room, and in a brief space more the house-door closed behind him and his possessions.

And Agnes, what did she do? What could she do but go swiftly to her room and let the horrible truth come burning in through her numbed senses that the dream of her life was in ruins?

Ah, yes, let the tears have way—tears like the very heart's blood! Bury the white face in the white pillow; clinch nails in hands! Bite the pillow, that the sobs of despair may not be heard, poor heart which is breaking for love!

THE EARLY SUMMER DAYS.

Down-stairs, Mrs. French and Jane are offering up devout thanks for the way in which their Agnes has been saved from the lifelong agony which so unblessed a union would have caused—thanks that though her suffering may seem unendurable now, time will heal the wound.

But it was not madness which came to Agnes from that night's vigil—not madness, but a desperate resolution. In the night-watches she argued the case out with herself.

What justice, she demanded, was there in the law which bound this man to an insane wife whom he had ignorantly married, and whom he would never see again. Why should his life be wrecked—*his* life, which she alone could save from destruction?

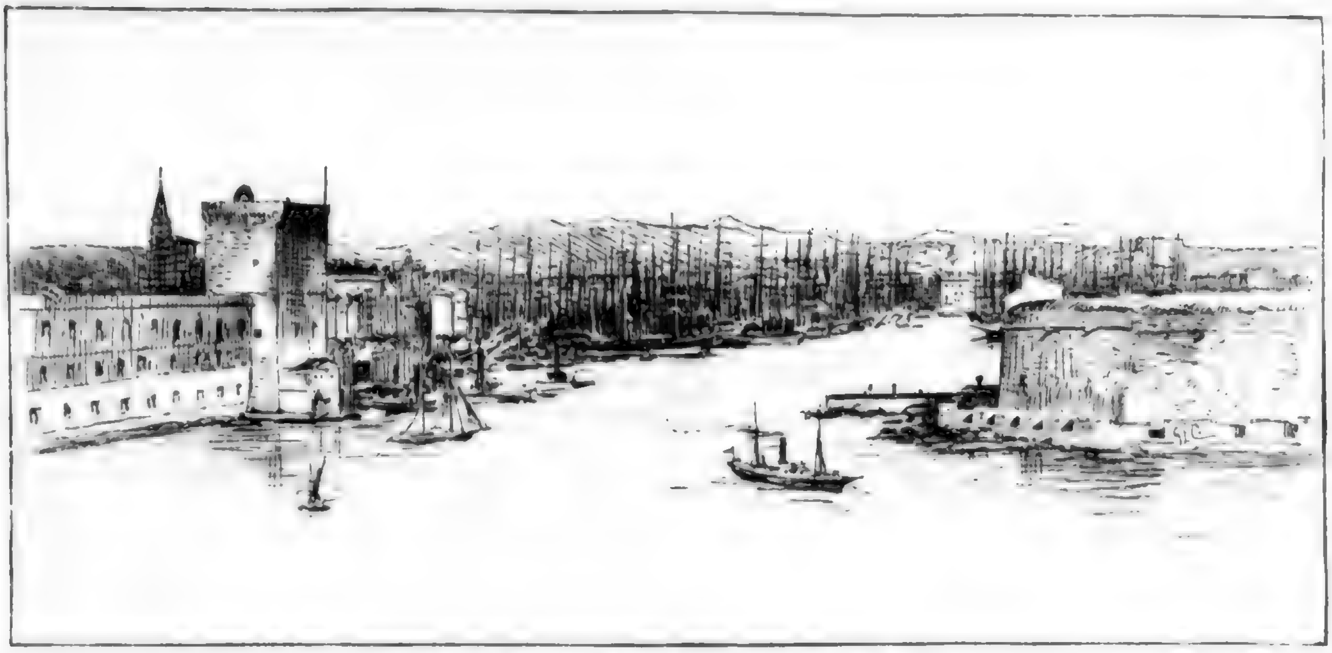
Why must *she*, loving for the first time with all her soul, mind and strength, bear this intolerable blow?

Must she? *Would* she? "No!" she cried, with a sudden resolution. What was all the world to her compared with him? If she must lose her soul, it was her own to lose.

But, no! she would save it—save herself and him! Was it madness or was it blasphemy when she knelt and prayed for help? She called it self-devotion.

In the morning she answered the postman's knock. She received the letter of which she had made sure—a letter from the Euston Hotel—in which her lover wrote her that he—alone—should sail on the next day's steamer; that he should leave for Liverpool on the morning train, and be on his way, indeed, when his letter reached her.

That afternoon he should be sailing away from her, but never away from the memory of her. He cared nothing now for himself—was utterly indifferent as to what became of him; but he prayed her, if there was anything left for him in her heart but hatred, to write him a single line, to meet the steamer at Queenstown, and say that she forgave him.



THE VIEUX PORT AND FORT ST. JEAN, MARSEILLES.

"No, I will write you no line, my darling," she said, proudly, to herself.

That day the household were surprised at her composure, of which they were very proud. Mrs. French and Jane quite gloried in her strength when she said she was going into town to pass the day and the night with her cousin.

Tom had left for his business before she made this plan known, or perhaps his quicker intuitions might have divined her purpose.

As it was, she met with no questioning when she came down-stairs with her dressing-case and her night-clothes in the hand-bag which was her customary companion on such occasions, and left on the lips of her mother and sister the kisses which were to be her last for ever.

Next day the *Bothnia* lay at anchor in Queenstown Harbor, and Frederick Payne was listlessly watching the tender which was bringing the mail from the shore. Would her letter be there? He scarcely dared to hope so.

At last the boat came to a stop, and a few passengers began to come on board. Among them——

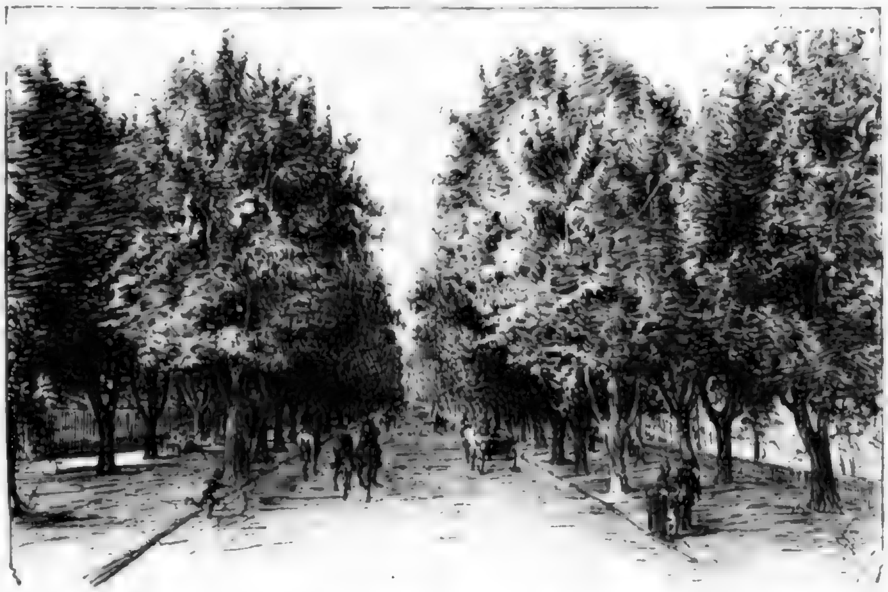
Payne turned away with something that was like a curse on his lips. Was he, then, to be haunted—to see that one woman's shape in every group of women while he lived?

He turned his back, and then, in a moment more, a hand came round his arm.

"I am here," a low, resolute voice said. "And now I have only you for as long as we both shall live."

And Payne cried, in a burst of joy, "Saved, indeed! God be thanked!"

How dared he call on God? I answer not. Did they sail on toward Heaven or Hell? Who shall say? I dare to think that if self-sacrifice for love's sake counts for anything, there have been virtues of less noble root than Agnes French's crime.



LE PRADO, MARSEILLES.

MARSEILLES.

By L. E. C.

As the legend runs, Marseilles, then called Marssalia, sprang, two thousand five hundred years ago, from the union of the Gaulish maiden, daughter of Nann, chief of the Segobriges, with the Phocian Euseun. But many give its foundation to the Phœnicians, dating it as far back as 900 B.C., more than three hundred years before the Phocian invasion.

In 1845, when digging the foundations of the new Cathedral, which touches the remains of the Major, an old Roman temple, was found a stone with a Phœnician inscription in the style of the first ages of lapidary writing. It was a summary of the laws of the vestry of the temple erected in honor of Baal. This inscription is considered sufficient testimony of the sojourn of the Phœnicians on the spot which to-day is covered by Marseilles. Again, in 1863, when cutting the Rue de la République, were discovered figures of gods which, it is said, the Phœnicians of Carthage abandoned when fleeing before the conquering Phocians. Those are precious archæological documents, for they prove that Marseilles existed long before the earliest record of the arrival of the Phocians.

But to go back to the first authentic history of Marseilles. After having constituted a republic, creating a marine, and forming an alliance with the Romans, Marssalia came several times to arms with the neighboring people. Strongly fortified, the town extended her commerce, built several colonies — Nice, Antibes, Hyères, Agde, etc.—but in the war between Cæsar and Pompey she declared her neutrality, thereby drawing on herself the vengeance of Cæsar, who besieged, and finally, notwithstanding its heroic defense, took the town, and confiscated her colonies and a great part of the territories.

Then there grew up two towns, the Roman one on the heights, another at the water's edge. The latter was the Greek town, which remained free, retaining its old institutions, while letters, arts and science continued to flourish.

In the fifth century Marseilles fell into the hands of the Goths, who delivered her in turn to the Franks. Later, she was ravaged by the Saracens, and finally by pirates, who ruined the town, and led into captivity the greater number of the inhabitants.

Marseilles remained nearly desolate until the close of the tenth century, when, under the Vicomtes, she began to gather a busy population within her ancient walls, and to regain some degree of her former opulence. In 1112 the Marseillais repurchased their rights, and again constituted a republic, so that in the Middle Ages the city on the Mediterranean became as free, as independent and as flourishing as before the Roman conquest, her wealth recalling the days when she succeeded Tyre and Carthage as the great commercial centre of the inland waters.

For the Marseillais the reign of peace was short. Again she fell, this time by the sword of Charles of Anjou, who appointed a magistrate to govern in his name. For two centuries Marseilles continued to rise and fall, to struggle for independence. In 1524 the Constable de Bourbon, with a formidable army, besieged the town, but found it stubbornly defended. Twice the cannon of the besiegers effected a breach; twice they were repulsed. To make a trench the Marseillais tore down the Church of St. Cannat, while the siege-guns from without demolished the belfry of the Major and the tower of St. Paul. At last, exhausted by forty days and nights of resistance, the besieged were on the point of laying down their arms, when the women aroused again the courage of the men. Working as no men had done, they in three days dug a countermine and saved the town. It is in memory of this brave devotion that the name of the "Boulevard des Dames" has been given to the street extending from the Quai du Lazaret to the Porte d'Aix. But this victory did not bring a long repose. War followed war, for Marseilles, ever regretful of her ancient rights and freedom, sought to regain them by revolt. Finally, when the Fronde succeeded the civil and religious wars, new disturbances arose within her walls, to quell which Louis XIV. entered the town and united it for ever to France.

Marseilles quickly forgot her troubles and humiliations, for her people turned all their energies to vast commercial enterprises; relieved by gay entertainments in honor of kings and princes, made to draw visitors and spread the fame of her markets.

After May 31st, 1793, Marseilles, like all the southern cities, rose up against the Convention. She was quickly subdued. On Robespierre's fall, she took part in the reaction, and in 1814 saluted the return of the Bourbons. Marseilles was always hostile to Napoleon, whom she accused of ruining her commerce and entailing sufferings on the working population. The news of the disaster of Waterloo was received with joy, and, after trampling the tricolor and nailing in its place the white, the people tried to disarm the garrison; but to the cries of "*Vive le roi!*" the soldiers replied by the *Marseillaise*. The general in command finally retired to Toulon, leaving the town to the Royalists.

Although the reign of Louis Philippe—or, as he liked best to be called, Napoleon of Peace—was an era of prosperity for Marseilles, the Revolution of 1848 met with no serious opposition in the town; the Republic was even accepted with enthusiasm.

But, perhaps, the most marvelous period in the history of Marseilles is that from 1850 to 1870. No city in France, nor even in Europe, has made equal progress in so short a time. Not only has the city been enlarged and embellished, but her commerce extended.

The days of 1870—71 again brought trouble to Marseilles; the fall of the Empire was hailed with acclaim, but before long two parties were formed, which met in open conflict with serious results, ending by the bombardment of the Prefecture by the Fort of Notre-Dame-de-la-Garde, the condemnation of the leaders of the insurrection, and imprisonment in the Château d'If.

To-day the sun sets over a city where the only strife is in the commercial world: a strife which has made Marseilles one of the most important cities of Europe, the first commercial port of France, and of the Mediterranean.

Very little remains of the old Greek, or Phœnician, village—Marseilles's first foundation—much of it having given place to the improvements of the basins and quays. There are no traces of the picturesque to be found; only narrow, dirty, and, one might add, unventilated, streets and alleys, filled with sickening odors, where the pavements are never dry, for the high and gloomy houses, begrimed with smoke, exclude every ray of sunshine; spots where one can well imagine grim death for ever hovering. But a few minutes will take us out on the terrace of the Major (the new Cathedral) amongst fresh breezes and in sight of animated scenes; for this esplanade overlooks the port with its numerous basins, docks and quays, filled with steamers, tugs and tenders; coming and going, loading and unloading, with all the accompanying movement and bustle, and voices that vociferate in every living language. The port covers a surface of 112 *hectares*, with a measurement of quays which amount to about 9,000 *mètres*. Works to improve and enlarge the port are constantly going on, for it now proves too small for the enormous maritime movement. The Phocians of to-day, like their ancestors, are striving hard to elevate the fortunes of Marseilles. The Vieux Port, which commences at Fort St. Jean, runs into the town a distance of nearly a kilometer; and, excepting the steam-tenders and frigates, this basin is exclusively filled with sailing-vessels, gay with bright colors and manned by sailors of every variety of costume. Products from all parts of the world, piled on the piers and docks, make it the most picturesque part of Marseilles. Leaving the forest of masts and rigging at the Vieux Port, we enter the new town. And what a different picture it presents, with its fine streets! Stores are brilliant with the latest novelties from Paris; broad *boulevards*, with rows of handsome houses, and well-shaded *allées*, are gay with flowers, music and sunshine, and the countless stream of people that pass and repass; but above all is the Cannebière, the street of which the Marseillais are so justly proud.

Here are situated the principal *cafés;* richly and tastefully decorated, they contribute not a little to the gay aspect of this part of the city; on the sidewalks, which are extremely wide, are placed chairs and tables. Here, protected by an awning, one can sit, Winter or Summer, sipping coffee or *liqueur*, reading the latest telegrams from Paris or New York; or in watching the cosmopolitan throng, whose dresses represent every province of France, of Italy and Spain, as well as the burnoosed Arab of Africa, and the fezed Greek of Asia.

The guide-book says Marseilles can be visited in two days. Two days might be sufficient to hurry through the streets, to traverse the *boulevards*, to follow the great arteries that divide the city, and visit the numerous public buildings and magnificent churches that recall every saint's and holy sinner's name; but two days of sightseeing and fatigue will scarcely leave a memory of the *dolce far niente* of southern life, the seductive open-air existence of Marseilles, whose streets are never empty; for at night the city lights replace the day, while the promenaders seem never to weary. It is the witching hour for the working class, particularly of the pretty *ouvrières*, those little working butterflies who have been shut up all day in some factory or workshop. They now seem to revel in the brightness of the night, the crowd and the endless movement. And later, when the night is far advanced and the streets are deserted, a burst of song in deep, rich tones will vibrate through the air, generally an operatic selection. It is but a band of young Marseillais of the working class returning home, who probably have had no musical education, yet sing with an innate knowledge of harmony. This great gift of song is the dower of the southern people. It will come forth uncalled; they cannot suppress it—it is stronger than they.

In all ages the glories of the south have been sung, this land filled with sunny perfumes, orange-trees and groves of pine; but who has ever depicted it when the *mistrál*, that northwest wind, coming across the hills, brings the cold from the snow-capped peaks of Switzerland, chilling one to the very bone, and sometimes coming with such force as to sweep clear the streets of those "on pleasure bent"? But, like the old proverb, "it is an ill wind that blows nobody good," the *mistrál*, which enjoys such a terrible renown, makes ample amends for its rough behavior, for it is the great sanitary friend of Marseilles, drying the muddy streets and clearing the overcharged atmosphere.

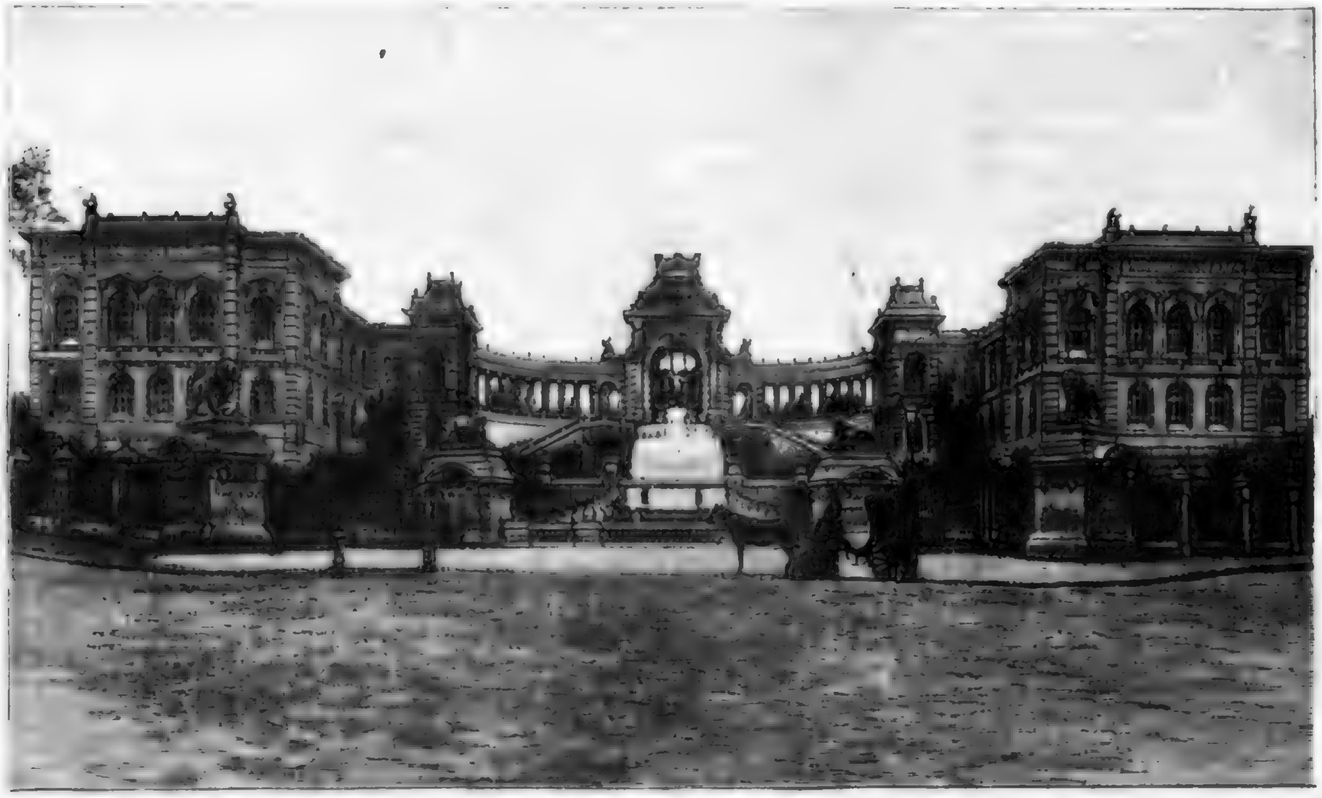
The great avenues which divide the city into four parts are composed of streets, *allées* and *boulevards;* the one from east to west, commences with the Cannebière at the Vieux Port and runs through the Allée de Meilhan, the most charming promenade in the city, where, every morning, the flower market is held amid the triple rows of trees. One's choice can range from the palm or date tree of the Jardin d'Essai, Algiers, to the modest but more beautiful bouquets of field flowers. This market knows no "dull season"; Winter and Summer it is thronged. A military band plays here Sunday afternoons, and sometimes during the week. One morning, while sitting here, I witnessed a scene which contrasted strangely with its bright surroundings. It was the funeral *cortége* of a member of the Order of White Penitents. It came slowly up the Allée des Capucines, which forms a triangle with the Allée Meilhan. Following the hearse came a host of friends and relatives. In front were the members of the fraternity. They wore their dress of sackcloth; but, while thus giving themselves as sinners to the world, concealed their identity behind their masks. There was something weird in the appearance of those stalwart men disguised in penitential garb, who are mourning away their lives for past follies or pleasures, until earth shall be laid away with earth, and the spirit be at rest. But the procession passed, and with it the momentary hush that it imposed. To follow *toujours droit* is the Boulevard de la Madeleine, which terminates at the Jardin Zoölogique.

We have now traversed the great artery that divides Marseilles into two equal parts. The Jardin is small but the zoölogical collection is curious. It is composed principally of birds and amphibious animals. A very high flight of steps leads to another garden, or, rather, a beautiful *parterre*, which belongs to the Palais de Longchamp. This museum, designed by Bartholdi, is considered one of the most graceful specimens of modern architecture. One side of the building is devoted to painting and statuary. It contains some fine old pictures of the French, Italian, Spanish and Flemish schools. The other side is a museum of natural history. These galleries seem to be as much appreciated by the Marseillais as by strangers. In the centre, and joined to the other buildings by the colonnade, is the Château d'Eau, through which flow the waters of the Durance. These waters, which Marseilles needed and waited for so many years, cost the city 60,000,000 francs to introduce.

The other artery, that crosses the city from north to south, commences in the marine quarter of the town, the Faubourg d'Arene, passes under the Arc de Triomphe, descends the narrow Rue d'Aix to the Cours Belzunce, named after the bishop who, during the terrible epidemic of 1720, so nobly devoted himself to the sufferers. It is a fine, well-planted promenade, but as it is near the old town, it is frequented principally by the lower class, and by street venders of every description. Here you can buy almost everything.

We are now at the Prado, a magnificent drive, skirted by pretty villas and gardens, and well-shaded walks extending to the sea, where it meets the Corniche. Paris might well envy Marseilles the Prado, and especially the Corniche—this sinuous route along the tideless sea, a route that mounts and winds along the mountains, following every curve without ever losing sight of the water. Here, in Summer, come fresh breezes; in Winter, the sun's warmest caresses; and how beautiful is this little bay or cove of Endoume, closed on one side by the Isles of Pomègue and Ratoneau, and sheltered on the other by the last spurs of the Alps, which are then lost in the Mediterranean.

Returning to the city, the Corniche terminates at the Creek of the Catalans. This was formerly a little port almost exclusively frequented by a colony of Spanish fishermen, who lived in the old, abandoned hospital buildings. To-day all that has disappeared, and in its place are the baths, a large hotel, and a casino. But the lovers of Alexandre Dumas will always people this spot with his creation of "Monte Cristo." From the Catalans it is a pleasant sail to the old fort and prison on the Isle of If, in whose dungeons Dumas makes *Edmond Dantes* and the *Abbé Faria* suffer for years all the tortures of a cruel captivity. To our old boatman, as to a great many other Marseillais, these prisoners of fiction were more vivid realities than Mirabeau, Desmasures, and other famous men who were really imprisoned in this fortress. We descended to the dungeons; there were no prisoners, and the four bare walls of the dark cells could tell no history of the past. Since the war of 1871 it has not been used as a prison, and at that time, after the capture of the Prefecture by the Fort of Notre-Dame-de-la-Garde,



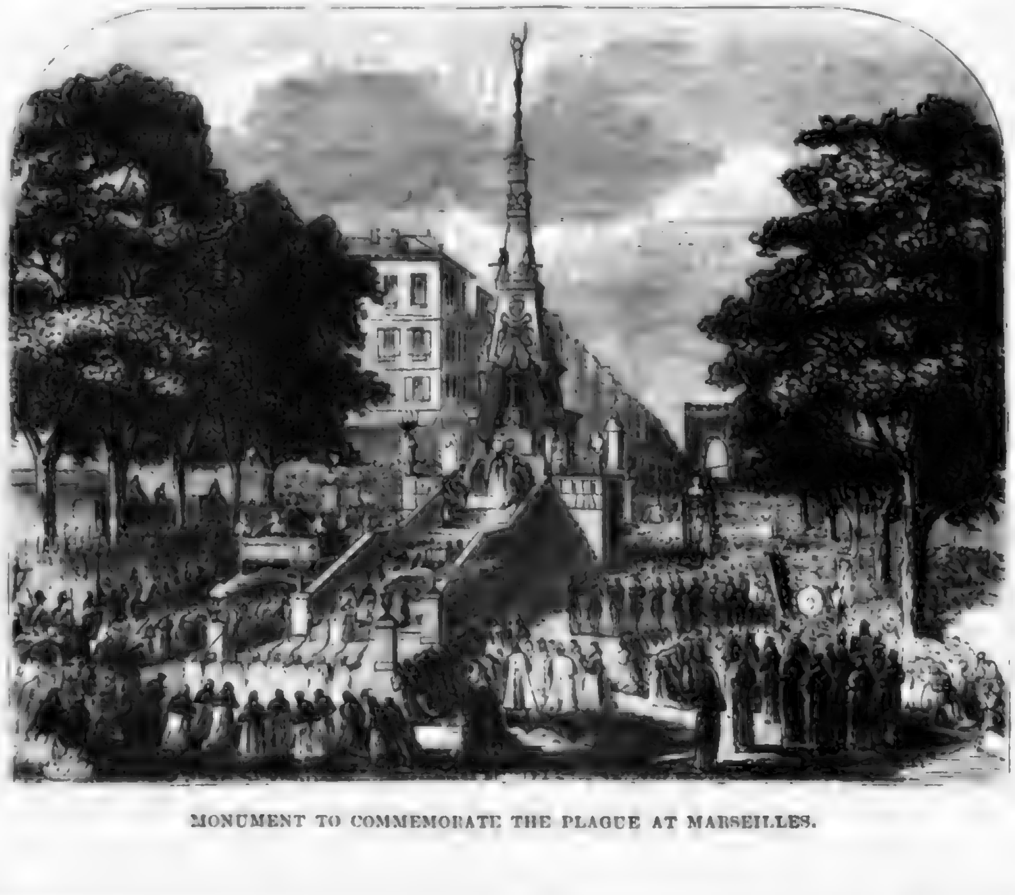
THE PALACE OF LONGCHAMP.

some of the insurrectionists were placed here under guard of a frigate.

There is very little to interest you when you reach the island; the Château is much more picturesque at a distance. One of the six lighthouses of the Bay of Marseilles looms up at the eastern end of the island, and the barracks cluster under the fort. But from the ramparts the view is very beautiful. You can see Marseilles rising in terraces from the sea against a background of vivid green. The hillsides cluster with charming villas; clumps of the dark Italian pine shade the summits; lower down are the pale-olive and the gray tints of the wild thyme and sage. The boatman warned us to cut our visit short, unless we wished to spend the night on the island, for a squall was coming up and we had a good bit of water to cross. Having no desire to make the acquaintance of any ghostly visitants that may haunt the Château d'If, we hastily followed the boatman's advice. From a blue, placid surface, the water had become gray and choppy, and our little skiff danced merrily (some thought too much so) on its way to the landing at the end of the Vieux Port. It was one of those storms that come up so suddenly in the Mediterranean. It passed as quickly as it had come, and the next morning the sea was as blue and calm as though it had never learned to ruffle its surface.

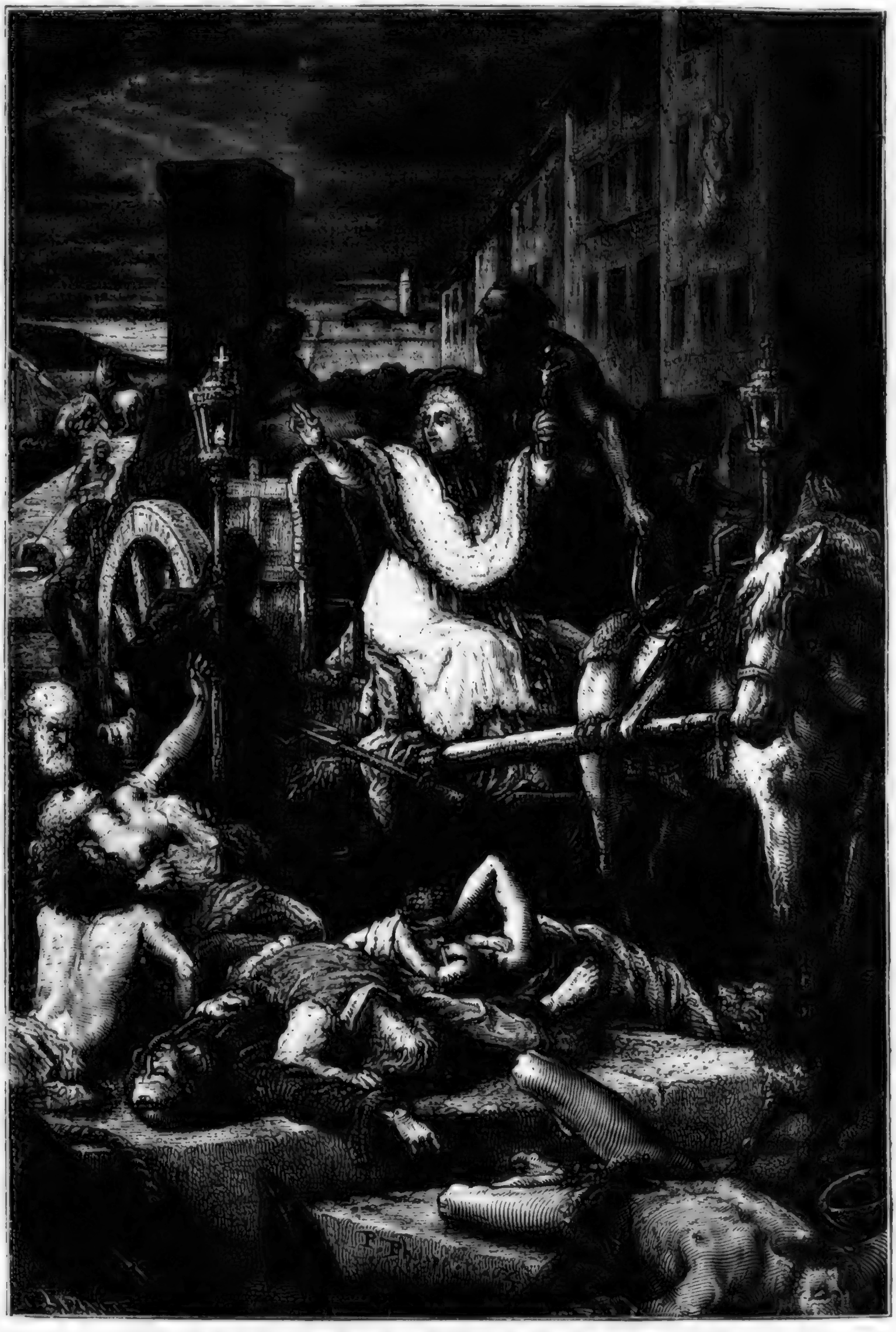
On the north side, the city rises gradually until it meets the Colline, which is crowned by the Basilica of Notre-Dame-de-la-Garde. For good pedestrians, the climb is easy from the Allée de Pierre Puget, and preferable to the carriage road. Along the steps leading to the summit are always a number of beggars, blind or maimed, who, in the name of Notre-Dame, appeal to your charity, and—be it said, by-the-way—they seem to gain quite a comfortable living from the charitable world who come to visit the shrine. Even bright-eyed, fair-haired children run to you.

Notwithstanding the complete transformation from a little chapel to a magnificent Byzantine-Roman edifice, the church still savors of the Middle Ages, rising as it does from



MONUMENT TO COMMEMORATE THE PLAGUE AT MARSEILLES.

the centre of the fort. To enter, you must cross the drawbridge, where a double flight of steps is flanked by towers. The interior is of white, red and green marbles, and is considered as one of the most beautiful shrines in France. For two centuries Notre-Dame-de-la-Garde has enjoyed a high reputation. The walls are covered with *ex votos* of all kinds, which, if not works of high art, touch one more deeply by their representation of simple hearts and earnest faith. Visitors come at all hours, and not a priest passes through Marseilles without coming to celebrate Mass. Beneath the chapel is the marble crypt, where you grope your way, guided by the dim, religious light of a few tapers burning at the altar, offerings of the devotees to Notre-Dame. The scene is weird, and one cannot help feeling how strange is this place, where peace and war go hand-in-hand; where



BELZUNCE, "MARSEILLES'S GOOD BISHOP," VISITING THE PLAGUE-STRICKEN.

forgiveness was preached while prisoners languished in the fortress without, or "Peace on earth, good-will to men" was sung while the cannons thundered over the city.

From the Terrace of Notre-Dame you look down on Marseilles from a height of 480 feet; and what a magnificent panorama is unfolded! Not a curve of the bay, not a movement of a boat, not an outline of the mountains, can be hidden from view; and the great city is growing and spreading and creeping up the wall of hills that inclose it, while at its feet the shining waters of the bay stretch away till blue meets blue. To-day a hundred white-winged boats lie becalmed, but we are so high above the level of everyday life that we do not catch the boatsman's song nor hear the hum of the busy streets. In the distance are the Islands of Pomègue and Ratoneau, which, connected by a pier, form the port of Frioul, the lazaretto of Marseilles. Scarcely a Summer passes that the incoming or outgoing vessels are not quarantined. The sounds of a steam-whistle from the Basin de la Joliette announce that a steamer is going out. It is the *Rapide*, which in twenty-eight hours will anchor in the Bay of Algiers. Steamer follows steamer. From our heights we wish them *bon voyage*, but we do not remain to watch them far out on their journey, for the sun is already sinking behind the hills of the Aygalades, touching the peaks of Marsillaveire and La Cardiole with a tender light, while the first shadows of evening are creeping across the city, and we wish to hold the last memory of Marseilles shrouded in a golden light, for to-morrow we would have to say:

> "Adio, adio,
> Dolce memorie d'un tempo felice.

It is with such peaceful scenes as I have described that this century is setting. The next will rise, probably, to see Marseilles the greatest commercial port of the world, for it is London only does she regard as her superior.

A HERO OF HUMBLE LIFE.

A touching story comes from Essex, in England. A poor girl who died in the Brompton Hospital for Consumption expressed a wish to be buried at Little Horkesley, some fifty miles from London. Her mother and stepfather were poor, and could not afford to carry out her wish in the ordinary way. So the man, though he happened to be ill and weak at the time, first made the coffin, and then wheeled the body down to its destination on a hand-cart. It took him three days to reach the Essex village. On the fourth day he saw the girl buried, and her new-made grave decked with "flowers from the kitchen-garden and the meadow," and then his task was done. The local paper got wind of it, and so the tale of quiet heroism came out. Then, of course, Joseph Ball had to be interviewed, and to help to make something for the papers out of a deed which, beyond doubt, in the doing of it, he thought the most simple and natural thing in the world. He took his little boy of ten with him, to give a lift at the hills. On the level road the boy had his lift in the hand-cart, with the corpse. At one of the places where they stopped some village Bumble wanted to interfere, on the plea that he was a detective. The passage in which this incident is related would not have been unworthy of Bunyan. "We had a bother, and he would have forced open the coffin; but my Master is always stronger than the Devil, and he gave me strength to struggle with the man, and put him out of the house." The inspector of police, who afterward appeared on the scene, showed more common sense, and, after taking the amateur undertaker's name and address, let him go on his way. The story is a perfect bit of quiet beauty as it stands, and we dread to mar it with a superfluous word. If a great genius took it in hand, he might make it imperishable. The poor have a way of doing these things for one another without knowing that anything remarkable has been done. The last thing the poor cabinetmaker thought of, we may be sure, was that his walking funeral of fifty miles would get into print.

A BUNCH OF JESSAMINE.

By Ivy.

A maiden fair and sweet I saw;
She stood beside a cottage-door;
And in her simple dress she wore
A bunch of jessamine.

Love at first sight my bosom stirred;
I whispered many a tender word;
And from her breast to mine transferred
The bunch of jessamine.

We quarreled, and away I went
To foreign lands—long years I spent:
Love conquered—to my love I sent
A bunch of jessamine.

Then I returned to her once more:
Her wedding-dress my darling wore:
And for her bridal bouquet bore
A bunch of jessamine.

MY TERRIBLE WEDDING-DAY.

At the house of my dear old friend and patron, Dr. Grey, I first met Edgar Harrington.

We fell in love with each other at first sight.

About two months before my tale commences, Mr. Harrington had come from the south of England to Leascar as assistant-engineer to the new line of railway in process of construction along the coast, a rival line to that which already connected our small seaside village with the large commercial City of N——.

I, Léonie Sylvestre, was at this time nineteen. My mother—an Englishwoman—died at my birth. My father—a French professor of music, many years resident in Leascar—had been dead about twelve months, and I, having a good voice and considerable knowledge of music, maintained myself by giving lessons to the principal inhabitants of this small northeast coast watering-place.

I hated teaching, however, and lacked patience for the drudgery entailed; therefore, when Mr. Harrington asked me to become his wife, even had I loved him less, I believe I could have married him.

"Miss Sylvestre—Léonie, I must walk home with you to-night," Mr. Harrington whispered, as he turned a page of my music on one memorable evening at a whist and musical party given by Dr. Grey.

His tones and looks caused my heart to beat loud with hope, for they told me more plainly than his words had ever done that he loved me.

Making, therefore, some excuse to my usual escort from these weekly gatherings, I dismissed her, Edgar and I walking alone together for almost the first time in our lives.

"Léonie, do you love me? Do you love me well enough to follow me to the world's end?" he asked, in an agitated voice, the moment we were outside of Dr. Grey's gate.

"Must I follow you?"

A wave of gladness seemed to sweep over me as I raised my eyes to his in the November moonlight.

"No, my darling," was his answer. "Go with me, I should have said. And you will—I read it in your face. God bless you for that! Yesterday I dared not have asked you such a question, for I was a poor man then; to-day my prospects have brightened. I received a letter this morning offering me an appointment in India which will make a rich man of me. But, if I accept the post, I am bound in honor to leave England on Wednesday next. Will you—can you trust your life's happiness to my keeping?"

I answered at my heart's dictation, "Yes."

Then Edgar gave me to understand that he had no relations in the world, and we rejoiced mutually that we were thus completely arbiters of our own fate. No one had a right to mar our plans.

"A clever, rising young fellow in his profession, doubtless," said Dr. Grey to me, when he had heartily congratulated me on my engagement, "and a gentleman all over. But he has no head for whist."

Whist being the doctor's favorite recreation, he was accustomed to make it rather a test point of a man's ability. My answer was inevitable.

"I do not care for whist, doctor."

"And you do care for Edgar Harrington? Then marry him and be happy. I make only one proviso, and that is I must myself give the bride away."

Little enough time was there for preparations, but Edgar undertook to make all necessary arrangements, even to the ordering of my India outfit, which was to be ready on our arrival in London.

On Saturday I said my last Good-by to my lover—so soon to be my husband—when he told me it would be impossible to see me again until we met in church on Monday morning. But the certainty that on Monday we two were to be made one for ever caused me to think lightly of the few hours' separation.

Lightly! Ah, how little did I dream of the terrible catastrophe destined to happen in that interim!

As it will be necessary, later in my story, for you to have some idea of Edgar's personal appearance, I will endeavor to describe him here.

In figure slight and agile, he was rather under than above the medium height; his complexion a clear olive, with eyes that were deep-set, dark, expressive, and a nose in outline almost Grecian; a heavy, drooping, dark mustache entirely concealed his mouth.

His manner, naturally retiring, in company almost approached shyness; but at all times he had a quiet way of deferring to the opinions or prejudices of those with whom he talked, which showed itself in strong contrast to the rough, more rugged manners of the north-country men.

* * * * *

I rose early on Monday morning—long before daylight—and was ready in my traveling-dress when Dr. Grey called for me in his carriage.

I remember leaning on his arm as I walked up the aisle of the little country church. I remember seeing, as in a dream, in the early and still misty morning light, a solitary figure standing just outside the altar-rails, next whom I took my place. The service at once commenced, and proceeded to the close.

Will any married woman who has read thus far try and remember if, during the ceremony, she looked at the face of the man to whom she was being united? I believe most women would tell me they never raised their eyes.

Anyhow, this was my case. The ring was on my finger, the blessing given. I was led to the vestry on the bridegroom's arm.

A timepiece chiming as we entered gave warning that it was later than we expected. Dr. Grey jocularly hurried us forward to sign our names.

Edgar wrote his, and placed the pen between my fingers.

After writing my old signature for the last time, I looked up at my husband, then stared bewildered, startled at the change I saw in him.

At the first glance I scarcely recognized him, the lower part of his face being completely altered. His dark mustache—the admiration of all the girls in Leascar—had disappeared.

A deep flush spread itself over his countenance as his eyes met mine. He bit his under lip and looked away.

When the last farewells to the few kind friends who saw us off at Leascar Station had been spoken, and the train had started for N——, an uncomfortable feeling of embarrassment crept over me on finding myself alone with Edgar.

He would have taken my hand, but involuntarily I drew back; then, seeing his look of chagrined surprise, I suffered him to kiss me, but could not repress a slight shiver as he did so.

"Why do you shrink from me, Léonie?" he asked, reproachfully.

"For the silliest reason in the world, when put into words," I answered, quite happy and laughing now, with a sudden, strange revulsion. "Only because the man I promised to marry had a mustache, and you have none. What unreasoning, foolish creatures we are! But it changes your face so completely that I scarcely knew you."

"You are quite sure you have no other reason?" he inquired, with more earnestness, apparently, than the question needed.

"Quite sure. What other reason could I have? But you had no right to make such a change in your appearance without my leave, Edgar—the very day of our marriage! Why did you do it?" I asked, playfully, all the time looking at him intently, and trying to learn his face over again, and, as it were, get used to it.

"I will tell my darling all about it some day—when we are far away upon the sea. Would we were there now!" he added, fervently. And I noticed that his lips trembled nervously after he had spoken.

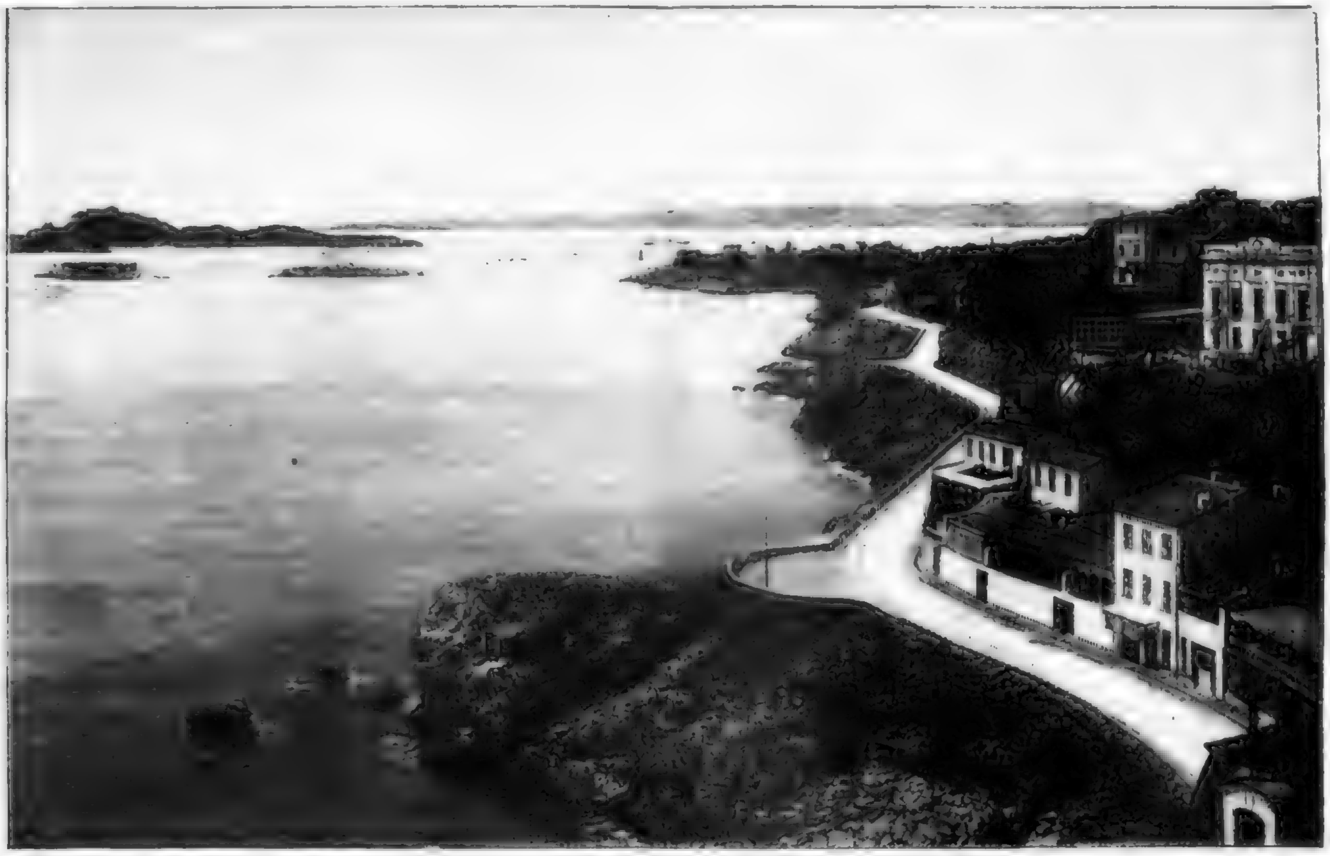
In less than half an hour we reached N——. There we had barely time to take our seats in the ten o'clock express for London. It was not possible to have a compartment to ourselves.

An old gentleman, white-headed, spectacled, with the best-tempered looking face I almost ever saw, occupied that which we entered.

He was enveloped in rugs, and studying his newspaper with the deepest attention. Except by a swift, expressive glance from a pair of deep-set, small black eyes, he did not appear to notice our intrusion.

Stocks and shares, parliamentary debates, or what?—for it was not a comic paper he was reading—I wondered vaguely, as I watched the ruddy, jovial face.

Edgar spoke to me in whispers from time to time, but the consciousness of being a bride and the fear of being recognized as one by our fellow-traveler made me reluctant to respond.



MARSEILLES.—LA CORNICHE. SEE PAGE 741.

Shortly before arriving at York the old gentleman coughed, took off his spectacles, and, leaning forward, with a pleasant smile, offered me his newspaper.

I was about to take it when Edgar interposed by reaching out his hand. The old man looked surprised.

"Ha! I believe I have another."

And, with a twinkle in his eyes, opening his bag, he took one out and held it toward me.

It was impossible to resist a mischievous glance at Edgar, as, settling myself in my corner, I turned over the large sheet preparatory to reading it.

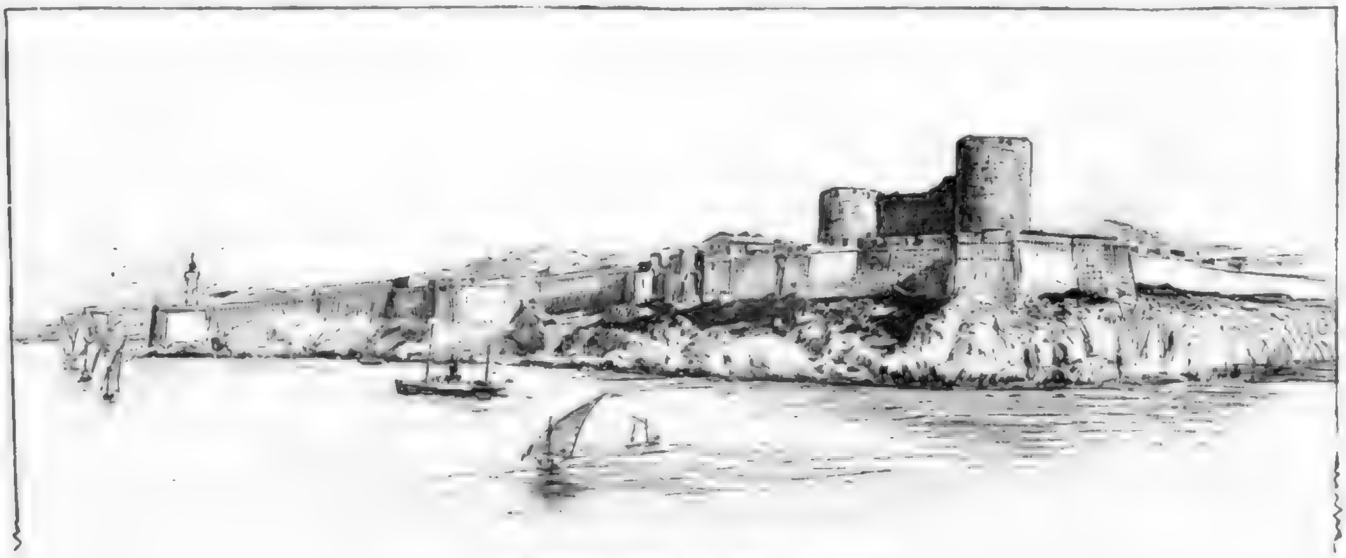
But again my newly made husband interposed. Again he took the paper from me.

"Léonie," he said, authoritatively, "don't read in the train, please. I ask you not."

Too bad of Edgar! Was it because I could not talk with him in whispers that he sought to punish me? But the words so lately spoken, "Love, honor and obey," came to my mind, and I quietly yielded.

We lunched at York. Afterward, as I stood alone by the book-stall, our fellow-traveler came up to me.

"Choosing a novel, my dear?" he asked, in the fatherly way that old men sometimes adopt even to a stranger, and which, somehow, one rather likes to hear. "Take my advice—*don't*. Look here," he added, pointing with his walking-stick to a conspicuous white placard, whereon large black letters announced the latest news; "save the money you were about to spend on a novel, and buy a penny paper instead. Can any novel hold out such promises as those? Why, that alone," he went on—arresting his stick at the words, "HORRIBLE DISCOVERY! *A lady supposed to have been murdered in a railway-carriage! The murderer at large!*"—"that alone is sufficient sensation for a whole journey. A three-volume romance lies hidden under those few words. But the truth will out. Sooner or later the British public will know all about it. Did you ever read 'Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts'?"



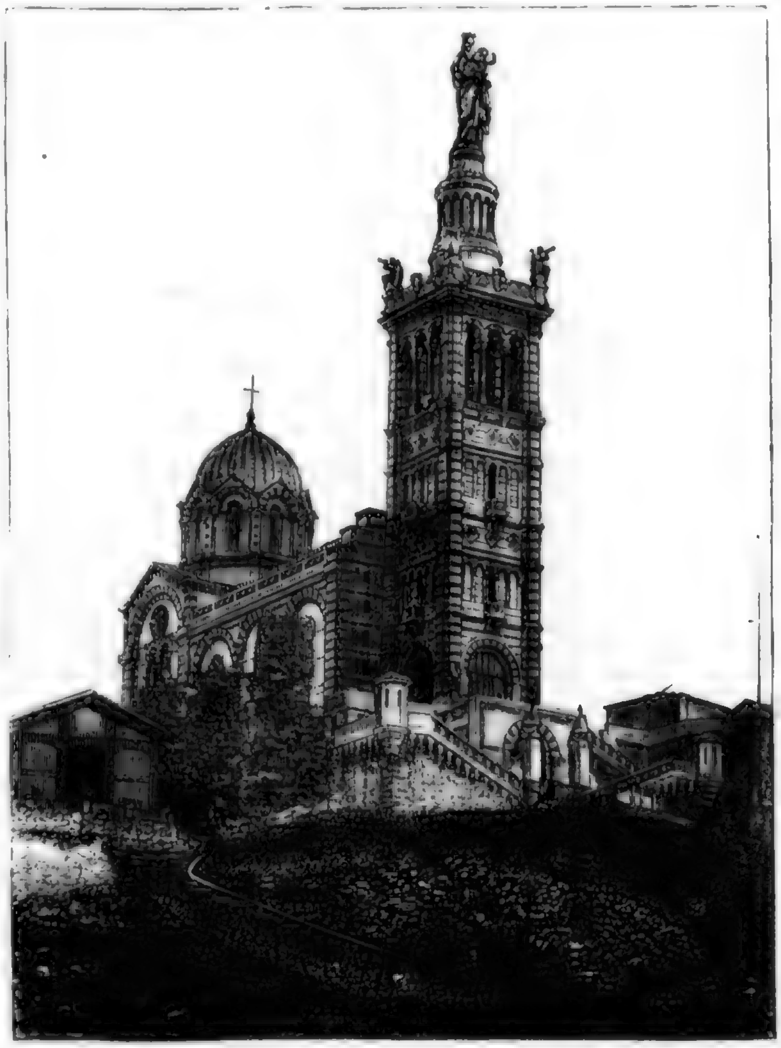
MARSEILLES. LE CHATEAU D'IF.

STREET RAILWAY AND QUAYS OF MARSEILLES.—SEE PAGE 741.

"No!" I answered, looking at him in wonder, and feeling half amused, half surprised at being so addressed by a a stranger.

"I was quite a young fellow, quite, when I first read it," he went on, "but it made such an impression on me that I took to studying murder from that day. Don't be alarmed. I only took to *studying* it, I tell you; and when I want a little relaxation for my mind I study it now. There's nothing better calculated to take one out of oneself than to enter heart and soul into a downright, regular, atrocious murder case. Bless you, there's not one taken place these fifty years that I haven't followed with absorbing interest, and I know more about them than judge and jury and all the rest of them put together—not omitting the murderer himself, mayhap. Ha!" he exclaimed, "the London papers! Now, then, for 'further particulars.'"

And he turned to select some newly placed upon the stall.



NOTRE-DAME-DE-LA-GARDE, MARSEILLES.

"Léonie! What are you doing there? I thought I had lost you. Come!" cried Edgar, more impatiently than I had ever heard him speak, as he dragged me toward the carriage. What could have come over him?

I had abundant food for thought for some time after this. The subject of it—Edgar. It was not his appearance only that was changed. It was himself. He was irritable. He looked harassed, worried, ill. The important post he had accepted no doubt brought anxieties, and held responsibilities which weighed on him, and as yet he had had no chance to explain the nature of them to me. But, in the meanwhile, could he not put them from him for a little space? Was it not rather hard on me that he should be so taken up with them to-day—our wedding-day?

"Bless me! bless me!" ejaculated our fellow-traveler, presently, laying down his paper, and then turning his beaming countenance full upon me.

"I hope you have found the supposed murder case a real one, and as thrilling as you expected, sir?" I asked, with interest.

"I anticipate it will prove the best mental distraction I have had for years," he answered, emphatically. "As your husband objects to your reading in the train, young lady, I will tell you the facts as far as they have come to light. On Saturday, when the late train from the north arrived in London, a lady was found in a first-class carriage, dead, under more than suspicious circumstances. The murderer——"

"Murderer? How do you know she was murdered?" interrupted Edgar, excitedly.

"I do not know it. As yet no one knows it. I am only telling what the newspapers say. But I'll take care I know a good deal more before I am many hours older. In the meanwhile, with your leave, I will relate——"

"But you have not my leave. On the contrary, I request you will not mention such—an unpleasant subject before—my wife."

How unlike all I had ever seen or heard of Edgar!

"Dear me! I'm exceedingly sorry, I'm sure. You don't like murders?"

"Certainly not. I hate them."

Whereon the old man settled himself into his corner to sleep, a placid smile upon his good-natured face, and when I was sure of being unobserved I crept closer to Edgar, and slipped my hand in his.

"I wish we were at our journey's end. I wish we were far, far upon the sea!" I whispered, hoping thus to soothe him.

"How fervently I wish it, Heaven only knows," he answered, in the same low tones, drawing me to him; and I trembled as I looked up into his anxious face.

Suddenly a terrible, scarcely defined fear assailed me.

"Edgar," I whispered, "you are surely not afraid that anything will—will—part us now?"

"Would you allow anything to part us, Léonie?" he inquired, sadly.

"No power on earth!" I answered. And though he did not speak, I knew that he believed me.

At about a quarter to five o'clock the train thundered into the railway station at King's Cross.

The afternoon had been unusually dark and gloomy. A dense fog was setting in. The lamps were lighted.

Our fellow-traveler, rousing from his long slumber, collected his papers and placed them in his traveling-bag. As he closed the lid, he took hold of a label attached and turned it over, thus exposing the address. Without the least desire to do so, I could not help seeing what was written. It was this: "Septimus Goodering-ham, Charing Cross Hotel."

The hotel we were going to ourselves. He threw his rug over his arm, took up his bag, then looking round at us, raised his hat and smiled. The next moment he was lost in the crowd.

"Any luggage, sir?" asked a porter, as Edgar helped me out of the carriage.

"Yes. Darling, stay here a moment while I go and see to it."

So saying, my husband went off with the porter toward the luggage-van, and I was left standing under the full glare of a gaslamp, alone.

The moments lengthened into minutes, and with every minute the crowd grew less. Close by where I stood, cab after cab, laden with boxes, drove off in turn.

After what appeared an age, at length I saw three persons coming quickly toward me. The middle one was Edgar. Plainly enough I could see three faces in the gaslight. My husband's was pale and drawn, and as he came quite near I noticed a nervous twitching of the lips; though, in spite of it, he tried to smile.

"Darling," he said, with an unsteady voice, but quite loud enough to reach his companion—"darling, I cannot go with you. This—this—person"—indicating one of the men—"will accompany you to the Charing Cross Hotel, where I telegraphed for rooms this morning. In an hour or two I hope to join you. You may be sure the business must be imperative that takes me from you."

"Oh, Edgar! Business—now?"

"Don't make it harder for me, Léonie!"

And, the sorrowful, pleading tone awed me instantly into quiet acquiescence.

The two men must have heard each word, but both kept their eyes averted, and the peculiar stolidity on the countenance of the one seemed to reflect itself on that of the other.

With a silent hand-clasp, Edgar and I parted, and I was driven off in a cab as fast as the crowded state of the London streets permitted.

On reaching Charing Cross Hotel, the man whom Edgar had sent with me on the box only waited to see the luggage in and to know the number of the apartments allotted to us—I saw him enter it in his pocket-book—and then, without a word to me, he departed.

I was shown into a handsome suite of rooms on the first floor. Numerous candles lighted up the pretty sitting-room, a bright fire burned in the grate, near which was a small round dining-table, laden with fruit and flowers, and covers laid for two. The quantity of lovely flowers made the air heavy with perfume.

Restless and feverish, I alternately paced the rooms or stood listening for the slightest sound that might herald my husband's coming. All at once my glance fell on a heap of newspapers lying on a side-table, and the sight of them recalled an incident of our journey.

I would follow our fellow-traveler's advice, and seek distraction for my mind in reading of the murder which had so engrossed him. What I wanted was easy enough to find! It occupied a conspicuous place in the first paper I took up. The heading was in large type, as though it were the most important topic of the day.

It is needless, and would be tedious, to give here the whole of the newspaper account. It will be sufficient for my purpose if I retain the style of the original, condensing it as much as possible, as follows:

> "When the last train from the north reached London on Saturday night, a lady was discovered in a first-class carriage, dead. On examining the compartment there seemed abundant evidence of a struggle having taken place. A doctor—a surgeon from one of the London hospitals, whose name, for certain reasons, I withhold—gave it as his opinion that death had been caused by strangulation. That robbery had been the incentive to the terrible crime seemed only too apparent from the fact that some sovereigns and silver were scattered on the floor, also that a broken watch-chain hung from the lady's pocket, whence the watch appeared to have been violently wrenched. There was no clew to the unfortunate lady's identity. Her appearance and dress were both minutely described. The latest accounts stated that the police believed themselves on the track of the dastardly perpetrator of the crime."

How was it that, although I read this so attentively, and can even now recall every word, it yet failed at the time to produce the effect I coveted? It was powerless to make me forget, even for a moment, my own forlorn position—a deserted bride.

When I had finished reading I looked at the timepiece. It was nearly ten o'clock.

At this moment a man was ushered in by the waiter. I recognized him at once as the same who had come on the cab from the station.

The newspaper was still lying spread out before me on the table. Resting my hands upon it, I looked at the intruder.

"Do you come from Mr. Harrington?" I asked.

"I do, ma'am."

"You have brought me a message?"

"A note."

So saying he strode forward and laid a folded slip of paper before me. A small key fell from it as I opened it. These words were scrawled in pencil:

> "DEAREST: Inclosed is the key of my portmanteau. The bearer has my instructions. E. H."

"I'm here to open the gentleman's portmanteau, ma'am; and the sooner you show it me the quicker things will get done."

"But we have not been out of England," I began, some vague old memories of Custom House duties flitting through my mind. "The portmanteau is in there," I added; for, after all, had I not proof this man was sent by Edgar?

Scarcely had I spoken when he dragged the portmanteau in from the adjoining bedroom, and commenced a most careful examination of the contents.

How it chafed me to see those coarse, rough hands turning over my husband's things—things which to me, his wife, would have been sacred!

Was Edgar compelled by the business which had called him away to stay all night? This interpretation of the affair occurred to me at seeing two or three articles of dress—after undergoing a strangely close scrutiny—placed on one side.

Something fell from the waistcoat-pocket as the man was folding it. He picked it up, looked at it eagerly, and there burst from him a sudden, uncontrollable cry of surprise.

"What is that?"

"Nothing," he answered, awkwardly, and thrust it into his own pocket.

"I insist on you showing me what you have got there. It belongs to my husband and not to you, I conclude. Show it instantly," I said, for I felt certain, now, this man was insolently exceeding his prerogative.

"If you insist, of course I will. But, my dear lady, I'll take upon me to say your husband would rather I did not."

"I order you."

Somewhat reluctantly, it seemed, he drew out his hand, opened it, and showed a watch—a small gold watch. On the back was a monogram in brilliants. To the swivel hung about an inch of slender broken chain. Only a watch—an inch of broken chain.

I saw it as it lay there in his open palm. I close my eyes and see it now, and feel again the cruel pang that shot through my heart as the story of the murder I had just read suddenly stood out before me like a living picture painted in flames of fire.

From the pretty jeweled toy I looked into the face of the man. My eyes were opened then, and I knew him to be a policeman.

For the moment I was myself a murderess in thought, wishing I could kill him where he stood.

'And he—Mr. Harrington—my husband—is accused of——"

I paused.

"Of murder. It's an ugly word, but you would have it, ma'am. The gentleman said as how you knew nothing, and need not know till morning."

"But he is innocent!" I cried, in agony. "He could not do this thing—never—never!"

"Oh, if you can prove an *alibi*, he's safe enough," returned the man, in tones that expressed more than doubt.

Alas! I had not seen Edgar from parting with him on Saturday afternoon until that—Monday—morning.

What was there I could do or say to help him?

"But where is he? Surely they will accept bail?"

"Bail! Evidence against him far too strong for that," he answered, looking with exultant satisfaction at the bundle of clothes he held in his arms. "Accused's at the ——— Police-station, where he'll stay right enough till morning. Can't waste no more time here. Good-night, ma'am."

And, carrying with him the "evidence," he left me alone in my misery.

I sank upon the floor, overwhelmed for a moment by the horror of it. The next I sprang to my feet, seized with a sudden subtle inspiration.

Summoning the waiter, I said to him, as collectedly as I could:

"There is an old gentleman here called Gooderingham—Mr. Septimus Gooderingham. I wish to see him immediately."

He assured me that among so many people no attention was paid to names of casual comers. If I knew the gentleman's number; he——

"Find me his number, and this is yours."

So saying, I laid a golden bribe upon the table. The waiter was not long in earning his reward.

The gentleman's number was 470, but he was out.

How should I know when he returned? Could I trust to any one in this huge hotel to tell me? No; I would go to his room myself and wait. There was little difficulty in carrying out my project.

Wrapping myself in my large, warm traveling-cloak, and putting on my bonnet, I went up the staircase to No. 470. The key was in the door.

Not the slightest idea have I how long I sat there in the cold and darkness; but at last I heard the handle turn and Mr. Gooderingham came in.

Never shall I forget the look of unutterable dismay that overspread his cheery face as, raising the candle he carried in his hand, he allowed the light to fall upon me. Before he could speak I grasped him by the arm, and, looking at him steadily, said, in so calm a voice it seemed to me as though another, not I, were speaking:

"My husband has been arrested—charged with that dreadful crime you were reading of. He is innocent—I know that he is innocent. We were only married this morning. Mr. Gooderingham, something tells me that you can save him."

Some strange instinct—most surely it was not reason—caused me to believe this man could save Edgar.

So firm was the belief that it gave me a fictitious strength, and when I had related every detail that was known to me, I asked:

"Now that you know all, what will you do?"

"But I don't know all," returned Mr. Gooderingham. "I only know one side yet, and that very imperfectly; and I say that, as far as circumstantial evidence goes, it is enough to hang your husband, or any other man. But now I will work up the other side, of course."

"To prove my husband's innocence?"

"No, young lady; to prove the truth."

Was I disappointed with this answer? No. My faith in Edgar's innocence was complete. To know the truth would prove it.

Mr. Gooderingham sat for some moments silent, lost in thought. Presently he asked:

"By-the-by, you said there was a diamond monogram upon the watch?"

"Yes."

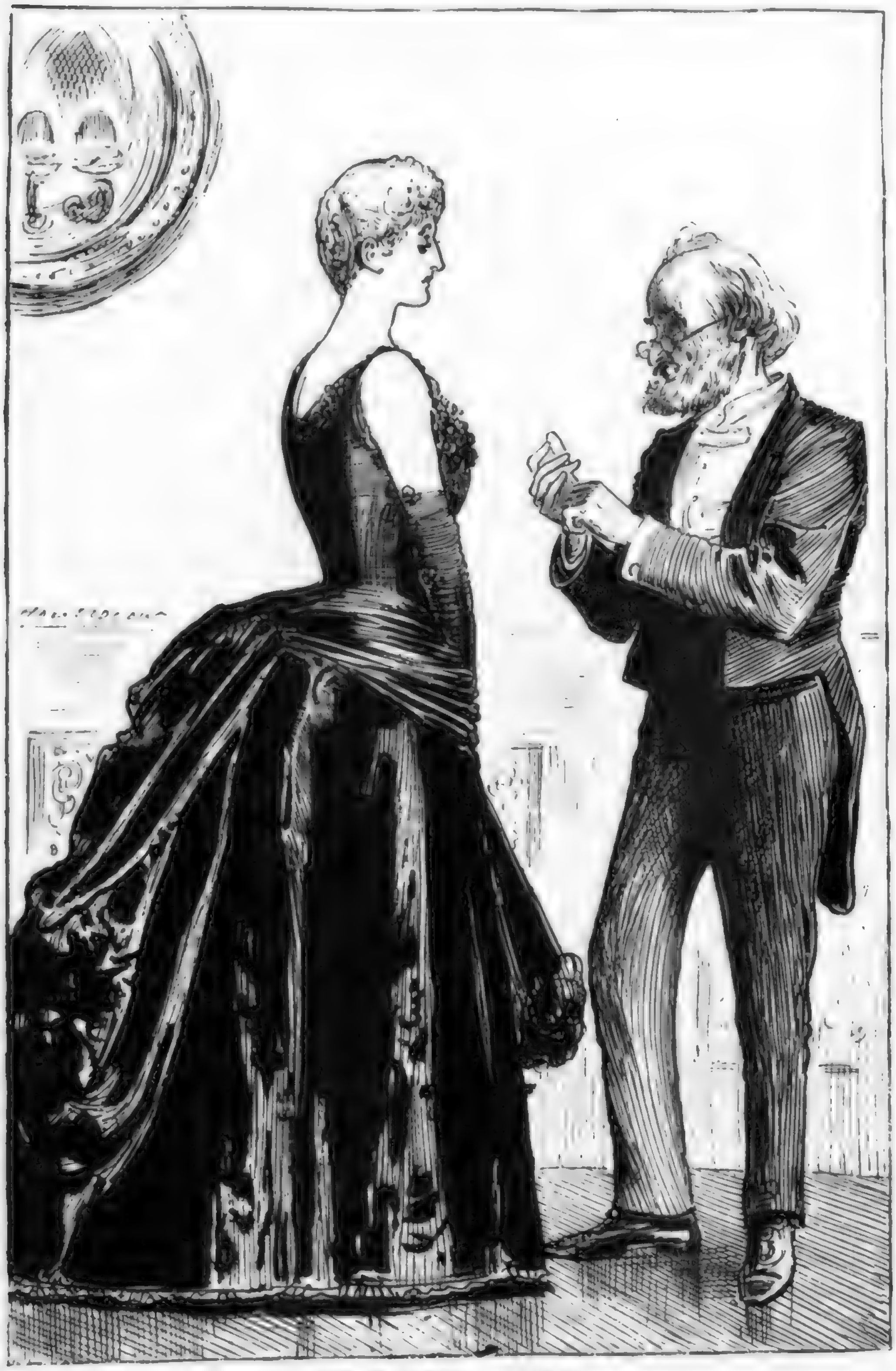
Again for a few seconds he looked thoughtful, as though his mind were occupied by other matters than the case in point. There was a pained, far-away look in his eyes.

"I suppose these fancy watches are pretty common now," he continued, more as though speaking his thoughts aloud than addressing himself to me. "I didn't think so once, and imagined I had chosen a present quite unique when I presented one such as you describe to a lady. Poor thing, she was very proud of it then! Dear me! dear me! it is only like the other day that she—— Were you able to make out the letters, or was it one of those undecipherable monograms that may stand for anything?" he asked, as though a new channel for thought were opened out.

"The letters were quite plain. They were "M. G.'"

If I had suddenly accused him of the murder, he could scarcely have started more visibly.

"What!" he cried, bending forward and grasping spasmodically both arms of the chair. "Not 'M. G.' in Roman letters, on a dark-blue ground? Don't tell me that! Don't—don't!"



THOSE AWFUL GLOVES.

Professor Greisbach—"SO YOU DECLINES TO TANZE MID ME, MEES MILDRED. ACH! I GUESS ZE REASONS VY. HIMMEL! I KNOW I SHOULD MAKE APOLOGIZE. I AM VUN VERY GREAT ZMOKER, AND YOU LOAFE NOT ZE AROMA OF TABAC."

Miss Mildred—"ON THE CONTRARY, PROFESSOR, I LIKE THE SMELL OF SMOKE. 'ONLY MANLY SCENT,' AND ALL THAT SORT OF THING. DO A CIGARETTE MYSELF OFTEN."

Professor G.—"THEN VY YOU NOT TANZE MID ME, MEES MILDRED?"

Miss M. (with a sweet, sad glance at the professor's cleaned gloves)—"WELL—PARDON ME, PROFESSOR: BUT I CANNOT SUBMIT TO BEING BENZINED FOR THE REST OF THE EVENING."

"But it is the truth, Mr. Gooderingham. You have described the watch exactly. Those two letters stood out clearly on a ground of dark-blue enamel. But you have discovered a clew. Tell me—for pity's sake, tell me——" He jumped up, seized his hat, and was rushing from the room. Vainly I sought to bar his passage.

"Useless to detain me. I can't explain. In the morning I will tell you all I know. It may be all a mistake, but—dear! dear! it's coming perilously near home."

With these enigmatical words, he left me and hurried down the stairs. Then slowly and sadly I sought my room, where, sitting down beside the window, I kept my lonely vigil. When midnight struck, I knew my wedding-day was ended.

As the gray dawn brightened, the fog and smoke to some extent dispersed, and the November sun, like a great red ball of fire, rose higher and higher in the heavens. Was it an augury that my darkest hour was past?

Some time after noon, a messenger brought me a tiny, twisted note. It contained these words, written in pencil, hurriedly, in Edgar's hand:

> "All is well. In an hour, or less, I shall be with you."

But the reaction was too much. I flung myself upon the bed and sobbed aloud.

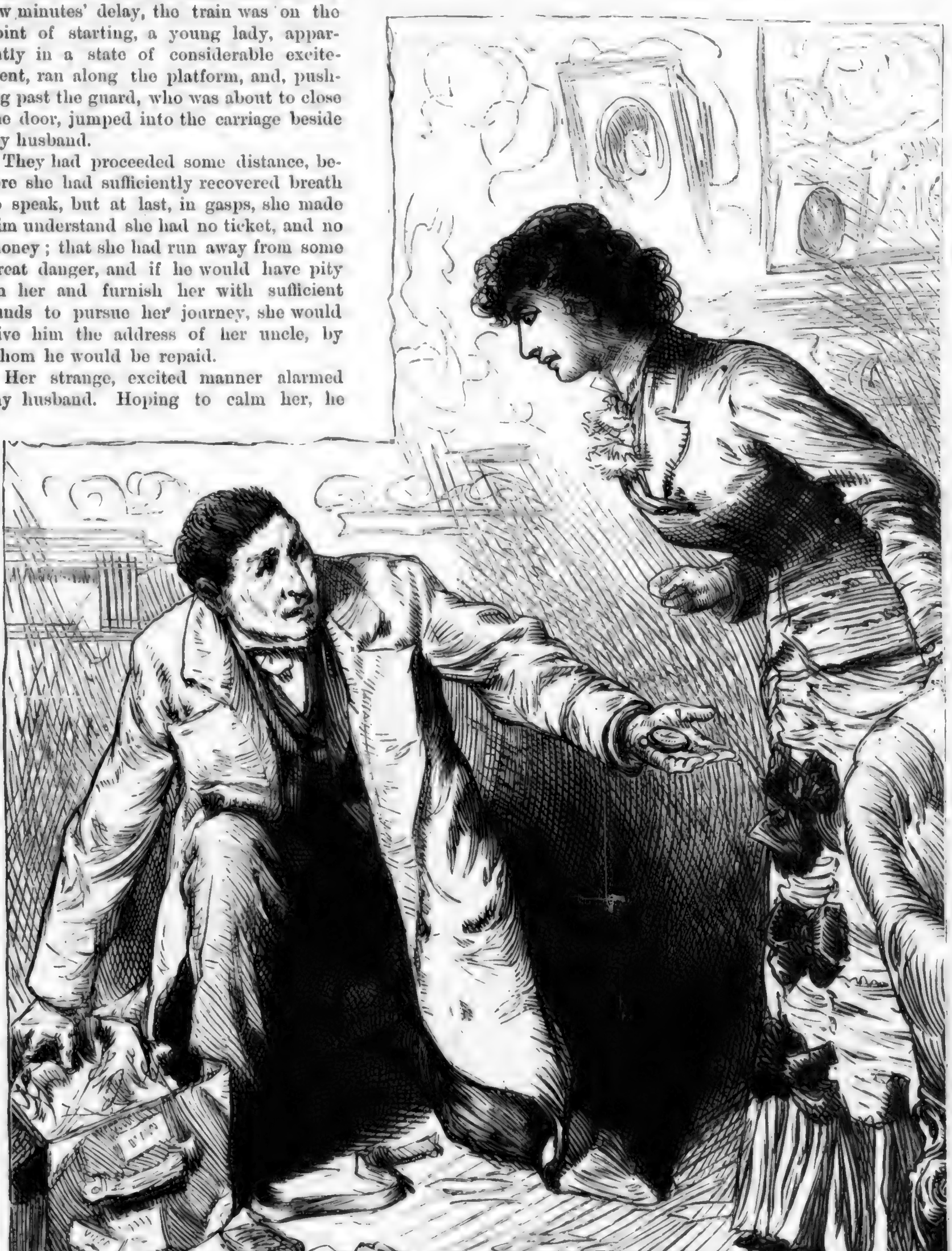
A short half-hour more, and I was in Edgar's arms, laughing and crying alternately at the strange joy of it, and in my newly found happiness forgetting to inquire, and scarce caring to know, how it had come about. But after a little time I knew, and, as briefly as possible, I will relate it:

When Edgar reached N——, after parting with me on Saturday afternoon, he found a telegram awaiting him from the firm of engineers who had given him the Indian appointment. It stated that the head of the firm was obliged, unexpectedly, to start to Paris next day, and desired Edgar, if possible, to meet him in London first, to receive his final instructions. There was just time to save the four o'clock express to town, and Edgar left by it, judging it best not to inform me of his sudden and unexpected departure. He traveled alone from York to Peterborough.

At the last-named station, when, after a few minutes' delay, the train was on the point of starting, a young lady, apparently in a state of considerable excitement, ran along the platform, and, pushing past the guard, who was about to close the door, jumped into the carriage beside my husband.

They had proceeded some distance, before she had sufficiently recovered breath to speak, but at last, in gasps, she made him understand she had no ticket, and no money; that she had run away from some great danger, and if he would have pity on her and furnish her with sufficient funds to pursue her journey, she would give him the address of her uncle, by whom he would be repaid.

Her strange, excited manner alarmed my husband. Hoping to calm her, he



MY TERRIBLE WEDDING-DAY.—"HE DREW OUT HIS HAND, OPENED IT, AND SHOWED A WATCH—A SMALL, GOLD WATCH. ON THE BACK WAS A MONOGRAM IN BRILLIANTS."—SEE PAGE 746.

handed her his purse, requesting her to take what money she required. He saw her help herself to gold and silver. Then, with the money and purse still in her hand, she took out her watch and tried apparently to detach it from her chain.

Too impatient to effect this properly, she tore it off by sheer force, breaking at the same time the slender, plain chain of Indian gold to which it was fastened. Then, placing the watch, together with the purse, in Edgar's hand, she said :

"Take that to Uncle Septimus; he will recognize it, and repay you. I particularly want him to have the watch. His address——"

She never spoke again, but, with a stifled cry, fell forward on the floor of the carriage, struggling and writhing in mortal agony. Edgar, guessing this to be either some paroxysm of madness or some sort of fit, grappled with her with all his might, but his utmost natural strength was slight compared with that of frenzy. How long the dreadful struggle lasted he could not guess. At last she lay quite still, but when thus enabled to relax his hold life had fled. He raised her, placed her on the seat, and then the awkwardness of his own position occurred to him for the first time.

The fact of a lady being found dead in the train would necessitate an inquiry, and he, Edgar, as the only person cognizant of the circumstances of her death, would be required to attend such inquiry. This would inevitably cause delay, and delay to Edgar at this particular juncture of his life meant certain ruin to all his prospects; the one stipulation regarding his Indian appointment being that he must start on Wednesday without fail.

This last thought decided him. He determined that, voluntarily, he would say nothing of the terrible tragedy he had witnessed. He entirely forgot the watch which, in his haste to render assistance to the poor girl, he had hurriedly put into his pocket. He forgot the money that had fallen to the ground when she was first seized; but with a sad feeling at his heart, and a conscience that all the time upbraided him sorely, he removed, as far as he was able, the traces of the encounter from his clothes and person.

The instant the train reached King's Cross, at 10:40, he gave up his ticket, and was out of the station probably before many of the passengers had even left their carriages.

He next went into a restaurant, and there the idea occurred to him that the removal of his mustache might aid in frustrating any attempt to identify him as the traveling companion of the unfortunate girl.

The interview with his employer was accomplished satisfactorily, and he left London again for the north by the 1:42 train on Sunday morning.

Having made the return journey without recognition, he hoped all would now be well. It was not until he saw the newspaper account of the affair, on his way to Leascar, on Monday morning, that he realized the horror of the situation, and then, when too late, deeply regretted the part he had taken. There appeared nothing for it now but to let events take their natural course. There was still the chance he might be able to leave England without discovery. He would risk that chance; and, if fate favored him, he would write a detailed account of the whole sad story and send it to the newspapers.

Fate did not favor him. He was seen and recognized at Peterborough, and a telegram to Scotland Yard caused two detectives in plain clothes to be in waiting at King's Cross.

When told of the charge laid against him, poor Edgar contented himself with simply asserting his innocence, and professed his entire readiness to go to ——— Police Station and explain everything before the proper authorities.

Now for the part Mr. Gooderingham played in the affair. Late as it was when he left me, he managed to gain access to the room where the body of the poor girl lay, and at once identified it as that of his niece and only living relation.

She had been subject to epileptic fits since childhood, and, owing to their increased severity, had been placed by her uncle, within the last few months, under the care of a doctor in Huntingdonshire, who gave particular attention to such cases.

During his temporary absence, and by means which need not be detailed here, she managed to escape from the custody of those who had charge of her.

"And now," said Edgar, when he had told me this, "thanks solely, I believe, to the wonderful chance that threw Mr. Septimus Gooderingham across our path, my character is not only completely cleared from the horrible charge, but, what I had scarcely dared to hope, we can sail for India on Wednesday without let or hindrance."

"But does Mr. Gooderingham blame you, Edgar, for—for——?" I inquired, anxiously, though I could not conclude the sentence.

"He seemed fully to understand my reasons for acting as I did," answered my husband, "and was even kind enough to say he thought that, under such very exceptional circumstances, many a man would have done the same. It was an error in judgment."

* * * * * *

Shortly after our arrival in India I received a letter from my old friend Dr. Grey. Commenting on Edgar's very narrow escape of being tried for murder, he added this most characteristic remark :

"It is my firm conviction—and I have not studied humanity more than half a century for nothing—that no man would have placed himself by his own act in such a predicament as Harrington did, if he had had a head for *whist.*"

Ah, well, we are very happy now! But I may safely say that never throughout all our lives to come shall we commemorate with anything approaching rejoicing the anniversary of our terrible wedding-day.

HUNGER.

By Robert Wilson.

The recent examples of men like Dr. Tanner, Merlatti and others, who have subsisted for a long period without food, resisting the sensation of hunger, makes it worth while to examine what hunger is, and what causes it.

Is it not Mr. Carlyle who somewhere says that the two great moving powers of society are Hunger and the Policeman? Hunger impels people to eat. The Policeman forces them to work for their food, instead of stealing it. Thus, if we probe all human endeavor to the bottom, we shall find lying there an empty stomach. Although no small amount of very pretty writing has been expended on the "dignity of toil," and the "noble desire to be up and doing" that animates the natural man, it may fairly enough be doubted if such coruscations of rhetoric are based on any solid realities in human nature. Man does not toil because he thinks it noble to do so. The truth is, rather, that he looks on labor as a sort of curse, which must be patiently borne, because it is one of the essential conditions of bare existence. Even so hard a worker as the late Mr. Thackeray declared that the worst defect he was born with was a strong disposition to easy-going indolence. The gentle "Elia," too, though a most industrious toiler, in some of his quaintest verses has put on record his natural hatred of work; indeed, he goes so far as to suggest it must have been one of the social nuisances invented by the devil. If all men were equally honest, we might find it generally accepted as an ultimate fact that man is naturally a lazy animal, averse to toil in every shape or form, loving, above most things, indolence as a delightful mode of human enjoyment. And what adds strength to this opinion is the curious fact, pointedly elucidated by the late Mr. Thomas Henry Buckle, that civilization, the directest product of toil, usually appears soonest in regions where man has either to endure hunger or work in order to procure food. In the exuberant bounty of Nature may be found one of the primary causes of hopeless barbarism; simply because man is naturally lazy and uninventive when not spurred up by the sharp sting of famine. Place him in an environment where abundance of food comes to him without exertion, where a genial climate renders toiling with ax and spade unnecessary, and then, so far from working, he will be found sitting contentedly under the nearest tree, idly dreaming his life away in the sunshine. But he cannot do this in regions where subsistence has to be procured at the cost of labor; that is to say, in places which we are wont to call centres of civilization. There most men—we might say all men—work, some honestly and some dishonestly. If it be asked, What is it that engenders such an unnatural but beneficial practice?—what is it, in other words, that is the cause of that whereof civilization is the most direct and conspicuous product?—the answer is, Hunger. Now, we will ask the reader, what is hunger, and what are its causes?

Everybody knows by personal experience what the preliminary manifestations of hunger are like. On the other hand, very few people capable of giving accurate and graphic literary expression to their sensations have any empirical knowledge of the sterner realities of hunger, when it develops into fierce starvation. The sensation experienced in the region of the stomach when one gets hungry is sharp, keen, but at the same time far from painful or unpleasant. It suggests not so much that one wants food, as that it would be enjoyed vastly if it could be got. Assuming that food is withheld, then we may say this sensation disappears in a varying time, and it gives place to a very different one. The feeling of keen appetite is replaced by a strange sense of stomachic vacuity, emptiness or "sinking," to use popular terms, and this again gradually grows into absolute and clearly defined pain. The inner surface of the healthy hungry stomach is of a paler tint than that which distinguishes the organ after the introduction of food, or whilst digestion is going on. Then the minute blood-vessels of the organ become injected with blood, and the tint of the surface changes from a light pink to a deep, bright red. It is not easy to describe in words the sort of pain that hunger causes at this stage of abstinence from food, because it is scarcely possible to describe adequately in words any of the sensations connected with the "vegetative life" of man, or any of those set up by the working of the mechanism of nutrition. But, perhaps, the best way to realize the feeling of pain produced by prolonged hunger is to keep in view the fact that a sharp blow on the stomach will at any time cause the most acute agony, and to try and think what that suffering would be if, instead of having one's stomach struck, one had it clutched by two great red-hot iron hands, which kept on, hour after hour, tearing it into shreds and tatters. When this condition is reached, the human body may be fitly likened to the pelican in the ancient legend, that tore away its own vitals to feed its offspring. The frame of a man in an advanced stage of hunger preys upon its tissues in order to keep its organs in life. It is in the position of the struggling trader who "makes the two ends meet" by feeding his business not on profits, but on that to which it owes its very being—his capital and stock-in-trade. There are no very well-marked physical appearances characteristic of this stage of hunger, for noticeable emaciation has not yet set in. A vulpine gleam there may be in the feverish eye, but beyond that, and the generally dejected and morose expression of the features, there is scarcely anything very peculiar in the visage of the starving man.

On the march, however, one can almost always tell when this stage of hunger has appeared, by the sudden collapse of animal spirits to which the most good-natured of those suffering are subject, and by the sombre cloud of dull, desperate sulkiness that is flung like a pall over each man's heart, in virtue whereof attached comrades begin to eye each other savagely, as if they were deadly enemies. Then it comes to pass, when the moment of keenest agony is reached, that the starving man begins to eye his companion with the wolf-glare of a beast of prey. His pangs become paroxysmal. During their greatest intensity there springs up within him a fierce impulse to slay his neighbor, that he may feed on his flesh and slake his thirst with his blood. This terrible prompting to cannibalism, it may be noted, is, however, rare, save in cases of famine from shipwreck.

Although it is customary to regard it as a common feature of starvation, and to make thrilling statements of the frequency with which even mothers will, under the goad of hunger, kill and eat their children, and though startling assertions to this effect have been made by historians of great sieges, yet it ought to be said that as a general rule well-authenticated cases of cannibalism amongst civilized people will be found to occur only at sea. They are very rarely found on land. And what is more curious still, whenever famished shipwrecked men set foot on shore, no matter how desolate and barren may be their rock of refuge, they seem as if by magic at once to banish from their minds the very idea of anthropophagy or man-eating, and that, too, though they might have been resignedly contemplating it as an imperative necessity a few hours before.

In the case of Ensign Prenties, of the Eighty-fourth Regiment, and his companions, who were wrecked on the barren island of Cape Breton in 1780, the difference between famine on shore and on sea is curiously exemplified. Prenties records that they were able to endure the most fearful pangs of hunger without ever so much as a thought of resorting to cannibalism for relief, so long, however, and only so long, as they kept on land. But when they took to their boats—and it was not once merely that they experienced this—in order to escape from their rock-bound prison, though they were not a whit worse off for food than they were on land, yet the moment they put out to sea, with one accord they began to think of killing and eating one of their number. On the other hand, when they found their attempt to escape futile, and put back to shore, whenever they landed, the horrid idea of cannibalism seemed to vanish. The old Hellenic myth tells us that Antæus, fighting with Hercules, as often as he was beaten to the ground was filled

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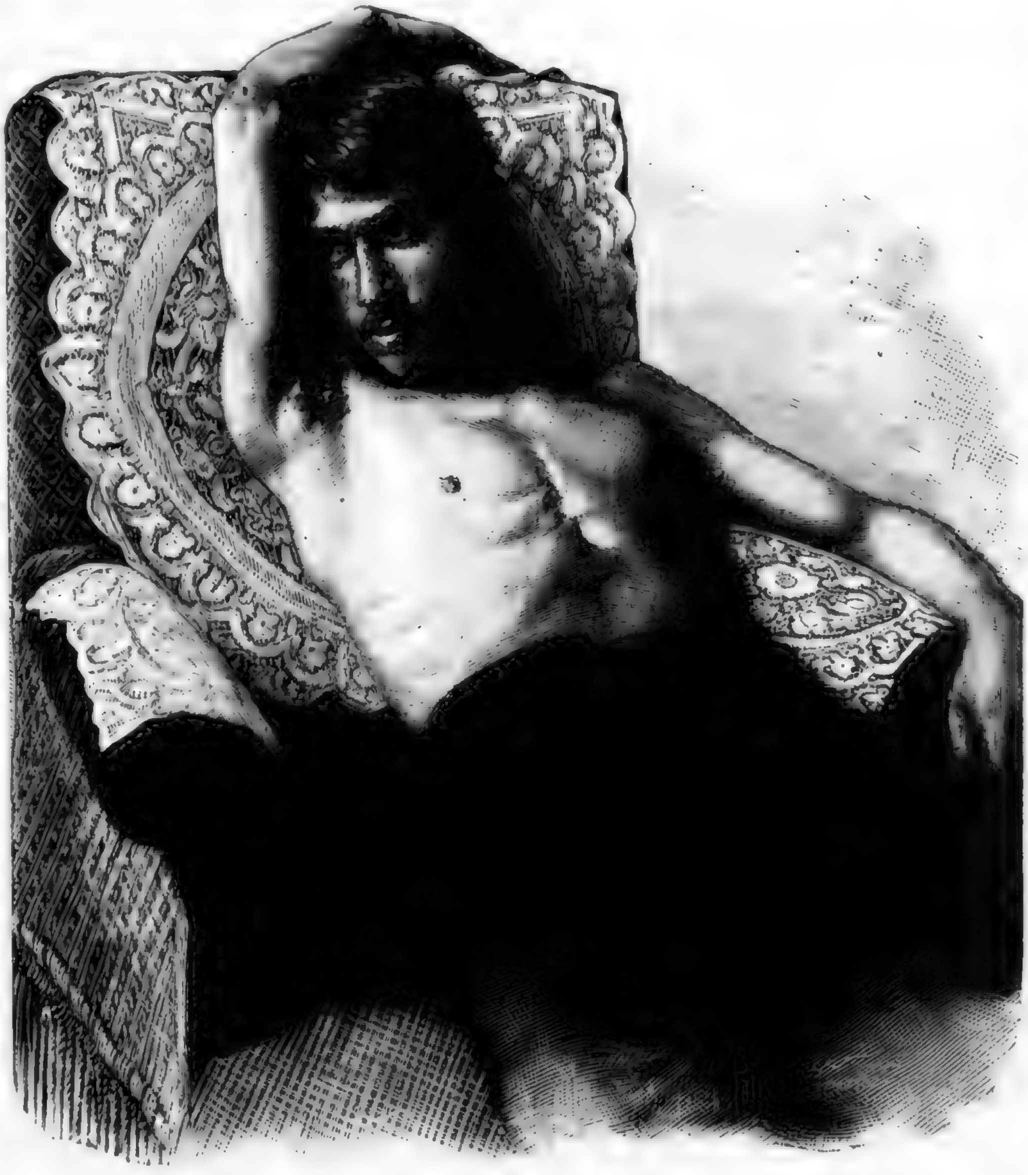
with new strength through contact with his mother Earth.

To the fanciful it might seem as if contact with *terra firma* had a not very dissimilar moral influence on the famishing mariner, filling him with fresh vigor of will to resist unnatural appetites bred of hunger-pangs. But perhaps the more rational explanation may be found in the hypothesis that whilst starving men are voyaging about in an open boat, exposure to the keen sea air probably sharpens their appetite for food, and so materially increases the agony of starvation that their natural loathing for human flesh is overcome.

TEMPTING MORSELS.

After this period in the progress of starvation is passed, even competent medical writers used to assure us, the mind of the victim gave way under the torture of bodily sensation and the anguish of frenzied thoughts. A careful study of cases of starvation in which faithful record of the sensations experienced has been kept leads us to very different conclusions. There is no "anguish" felt in the ultimate stages of starvation. After or about the fifth or sixth day, the pain of hunger gradually ceases to be felt, and the sharp edge of craving becomes dulled. Emaciation sets in, the eyes sink in the sockets, their pupils are dilated, and a ghastly glare is emitted from between their unclosed and motionless lids. The skin is wrinkled, and of a dirty yellowish hue—indicating failure of the circulation of the blood in the capillaries, or minute, hairlike blood-vessels of the skin. The cheeks fall close to the jaws, the lips lie thin and tremulous over bloodless gums, and the quaking limbs are scarcely capable of voluntary motion. After this, feeling becomes partially benumbed, the senses as messengers of intelligence play the victim false. There is no pain, and the mind lapses into a state of incoherence and sleepless delirium. Such are the more salient phenomena of starvation ere it culminates in the last torpor of death.



MERLATTI, ON THE FORTY-FIFTH DAY OF HIS FAST.—SEE PAGE 751.

Now, if this description be carefully scanned, two facts must stand forth as very noteworthy. The starving man, it will be observed, begins to lose flesh before he loses brain-power. In spite of the enfeebling action of inanition, he is tortured by sleeplessness; indeed, so far from his brain becoming torpid, it develops an abnormal amount of activity and excitability, as evidenced by delirious raving. In short, ere the painless stage of hunger is reached, bodily emaciation has preceded derangement of the nervous system, and the brain, so far from ceasing to work, is in a state of abnormally exalted activity. Now, this is somewhat singular. We should expect that, as the nervous system is the most delicate and complex, in point of minute structure, in the body, it would suffer first from emaciation, or the suspension of nutrition—that it would show signs of wasting before the rest of the frame began to waste. Yet, that the contrary is the case may be proved otherwise than by merely noting that emaciation precedes nervous derangement in the starving man.

If, for example, any animal be starved to death—and the cruel experiment has been made more than once—it will be found that whilst it has lost only two per cent. of the nerve and brain tissue, more than forty times as much of its fat, and more than twenty times as much of its muscle or flesh, have gone. Indeed, though the fat is the tissue that breaks up soonest, that portion of it in the brain-substance is scarcely affected by starvation. We may thus arrive at a very simple explanation of what is otherwise strange—the curious sleeplessness and abnormal mental activity produced by excessive hunger. They are due to the comparative immunity from waste which the brain and nerve-tissue enjoy during starvation. This structure has no longer to supply nervous energy for carrying on nutritive functions, which are suspended by inanition. Relieved from this task, its liberated power expends itself—partially, at least—in the unnatural exaltation of the nerve-centres, in other words, of brain-action, which results in sleepless delirium. Moreover, the very relief from the duty of supplying nerve-force to the organs of nutrition slackens the speed, if it does not altogether stop it, at which the nerve-tissues would otherwise, in the ordinary course, wear and waste.

One of the most remarkable effects of hunger is that which it has on the blood. In the blood-liquor there are floating large numbers of minute disks, colored and colorless, which act as carriers of nutrition to the tissues. There are also held in solution and suspension certain substances, the products of disintegrated structures, which are always being removed. Now, hunger diminishes the quantity of blood-disk, but increases the quantity of waste products in the blood. Clearly, this double action, diminishing the nutritive element of the blood, and increasing the products of disintegration in it, cannot go on for ever. It must have a limit. This leads us to ask, When does starvation pass the boundary-line of life? The point at which starvation becomes fatal is a shifting one. Much depends on the rate at which the tissues of the body break down. That rate, again, must vary in proportion with the stillness or activity of the starved body. Every movement must be made at the cost of a certain amount of destruction of substence; and if the body could be kept absolutely still, abstinence from food might be prolonged for an enormous length of time. The miraculous power of fasting ascribed to hysterical devotees is thus explicable. Where these people are not sheer impostors, it is usually found that the fasting person is bedridden—is kept lying in a state of profound rest, not even being able to speak. It will be also found that the waste of tissue in such a case is reduced to the quantity broken down in those chemical actions which generate animal heat, and to that wasted by the scarcely perceptible pulsations of the heart, and the minimized respiration whereby, no matter to how slight an extent, the blood exchanges oxygen from the air for carbonic acid, the product of worn-out tissue. That this minimized waste goes on and must go on as long as the fasting person retains a spark of life is a self-evident fact, just as much as it is an obvious truth that if we keep a machine going —no matter how feebly—it must in some degree wear away, no matter how imperceptibly. We can therefore infer that the infinitesimal waste of tissue in a "fasting" *religieuse* is replaced by an infinitesimal amount of nutriment administered at intervals, either openly or surreptitiously, or that, if this source of supply be carefully cut off, as was done in the case of the famous Welsh fasting girl, death results whenever the cumulative amount of the waste reaches a certain point. Now, how far can the body waste away without dying? Whenever the body of a starving man or animal loses two-fifths of its substance, it loses life also. No amount of incantation or modern miracle-mongering will enable the fasting devotee to live after he loses forty per cent. of his weight. Of course the semblance of a miracle may be manifested by prolonging the time during which this waste is endured. Though a week's starvation will kill a man, yet it will take nearly half a year (161 days) to starve a reptile to death. If the human being be reduced to that state of absolute quiescence which most closely simulates the sluggish vitality of a frog, a miraculous amount of very respectable fasting may be spread over half a year. The administration of liquids—even of pure water—will more than double the length of a starving man's life. But it matters not whether the abstinence from food be complete, or partial, whether it be tempered with the administration of liquids or not, there is no escaping this inevitable doom—that whenever, be it sooner or later, hunger robs the living body of two-fifths of its substance, it robs it of life also.

Passing by many interesting points connected with abstinence from food—such, for instance, as hibernation —we hasten to say a word on what is rather an obscure question. What is the cause of the sensation of hunger? The popular instinct, of course, answers, Want of food; and no doubt that is the explanation that lies nearest the investigator. Food has been called the fuel of life—though it would be more correct to say that the fuel of life is that whereof food is the raw material—to wit, the tissues of the body themselves. But, without over-subtle refining, it is very apparent that if we withhold that which builds up its fuel, the fire of life will soon be quenched. Hunger is the first warning signal given to let us know that the body's store of fuel needs replenishing; and in this sense it may be said that the want of food causes the pain of hunger. But if want of food causes the hunger-pang, it is strange that the administration of substances that are not food will dispel it. For example, chewing or smoking tobacco, eating lumps of clay, as do some South American Indians and other tribes, will remove the painful sensation of hunger, quite as effectually—for the time, at least—as a hearty meal.

Probably this fact led observers to seek in the physical effects of mere emptiness of the stomach a satisfactory explanation of the pain of hunger. When there was no food in the stomach for the acrid gastric juice to act on, that secretion was, according to some, poured out on the coats of the organ itself, and by corroding them it was thought to produce the pain of hunger. The only difficulty about this simple theory was, that when the stomach has no food in it, the gastric juice, as a matter of fact, is not poured out at all. Food must be present, acting as a stimulus, ere the flow of the secretion be provoked. But it was said by other physiologists that though the gastric juice was not poured out when the stomach was empty, yet it was accumulated in the little secreting-pits or follicles that dot the walls of the cavity. There being no food to summon it forth, it kept on accumulating in these minute pits till it swelled them out to an extent that made them pinch the ultimate ramifications of the gastric nerves, thus causing acute pain. This theory would be very plausible if the gastric pits were covered with water-tight lids which were shut when the stomach was empty, but which flew open when it was filled with food; this, however, is not the case. The mouths of the gastric pits or follicles are perfectly open. Whenever gastric juice accumulates in them, there is nothing whatever to prevent it from running out. Like all fluids, it must move in the direction of the least resistance. It would naturally rather run out at the open orifices of the secreting-pits in which it was formed, than remain in to distend the walls of these pits in a futile attempt to escape at the wrong or closed end of them.

Perhaps the oddest belief about the cause of hunger-pangs is one which is to this day the most popular. According to this view, when the stomach is empty its walls fall together, and their surfaces, grinding over each other, produce extreme pain. A very simple experiment will suffice to dispose of this theory. If a starving man be taken, and liquid food, say milk, be injected into his veins, he ceases to feel the pain of hunger. Yet nothing has been put into his stomach. That cavity is as empty after the experiment as it was before it. Its surfaces must be "grinding over each other" as grimly as ever; yet the pain this process was supposed to cause has vanished.

No explanation yet examined is satisfactory, and the facts elicited are rather conflicting. Swallowing other things than food will dispel the pain of hunger. That pain may also be made to disappear without swallowing anything at all. The local application of certain substances to the stomach, and the introduction of fluid food into the veins or the general blood-circuit, have seemingly the same remedial effect. It will not do to fly to the common refuge of the perplexed biologist, and say the mystery is due to some derangement of "the nervous system." Hunger, even when it develops into starvation, has, as we have seen, scarcely any marked effect on nerve-tissue. Besides, if the pneumogastric nerves which supply the stomach be cut—that is, if the nervous system of the stomach be practically eliminated from the field altogether, it is found that the sensation of hunger continues just as if nothing had happened. By a process of exhaustion we are driven to conclude that as the seat of hunger is undoubtedly the stomach, the cause of the hunger-pain must be sought for in some peculiar modification suffered by the tissue of the organ itself. We are also forced to conclude that this modification must be so peculiar that it can be corrected by direct local and indirect general applications—by a bolus of clay as well as by the injection of milk into the veins. Now, the only modification apparent in a hungry stomach which could by any chance satisfy these conditions is its extreme bloodlessness. Whatever hurries the circulation of blood in a fasting stomach, it is noticed, relieves the pain of hunger. The direct application of a bolus to the stomach, acting as a mechanical stimulant, may have this effect. On the other hand, the injection of fluid food into the veins may correct that general alteration which, as we have seen, fasting produces in the blood, and which, carrying a feeble and depreciated supply of nutrient fluid to the tissue of the stomach, produces in it that specific modification which manifests itself in the local sensations of hunger. The theory of hunger may be thus formulated. Fasting produces a general change in the organism as a whole. This again brings about a specific change in a particular part of the organism—the stomach—of which the pain of hunger is the local symptom. Direct applications, such as a bolus of food, or even of clay, temporarily relieve this local feeling of pain by neutralizing the specific local changes to which that feeling owes its origin. Indirect applications, again, such as the injection of milk into the blood, correct the general alteration of the system produced by want of food. By doing so, they correct those local gastric changes produced by the general effect of fasting in the system—changes which render the local manifestations of hunger possible.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Flames Three Hundred and Fifty Feet High.—Not long ago (telegraphs the St. Petersburg correspondent of the London *Times*), the town of Baku was threatened with partial destruction by the sudden outburst of a natural naphtha fountain, which swamped a number of buildings, and for some days was quite unmanageable. Now a volcano of earth and hot mud has broken out about ten miles from the town on the Lok Batan, close to the Ponta Railway Station, and on the night of January 15th the inhabitants of Baku were alarmed by a shock like that of an explosion, which made all their window-frames tremble violently, whilst toward the southwest the sky was illuminated by an intense light, as of some terrible conflagration. A similar phenomenon occurred on the following night. It was soon discovered that an eruption from Lok Batan had taken place, and the following information was furnished by the railway officials at Ponta Station. "Quite suddenly, at eleven o'clock at night, the noise of an explosion was heard, and the summit of Lok Batan shot up an enormous column of fire, some 350 feet high. The whole country was instantly lit up brighter than day, and the heat could be felt at nearly a mile from the crater. There was scarcely any wind, so that the column continued to ascend quite vertically, carrying with it, as could be seen, large dark substances, which appeared to fall again into the volcano. This lasted, with short intervals of subsidence, all through the night and the following twenty-four hours, but luckily the matters ejected did not reach the railway-station. The volume of muddy liquid thrown out is estimated at half a million cubic *sojenes*—the Russian *sojene* equaling seven feet—and has spread itself over more than a square mile to a depth of from seven feet to fourteen feet."

Lightning.—Recent investigations in Germany show that the frequency of thunderstorms had no relation to the danger from lightning. The number of destructive lightnings depended in large part on the way in which the houses were roofed. The number was considerably greater in the case of soft than of hard roofs. In the case of churches the danger from lightning was thirty-nine times, in the case of windmills, fifty-two times, as great as in the case of houses having hard roofs. In regard to the cause of the different degrees of danger from lightning in the different districts, investigation indicated two points as determinative: first, the way in which the ground was built upon, and second, the geological nature of the ground. Whilst in the west, which was very liable to destructive strokes of lightning, the farmsteads were detached and scattered over the whole land, in the east and south they were grouped together into villages, and the danger from lightning was always considerably less for larger collections of houses than for scattered houses forming the only prominent objects throughout wide spaces. In point of fact, the danger from lightning was everywhere considerably less for towns than for rural districts. With reference to the geological bearings of the question, the danger from lightning was least for calcareous sand and greatest for clay.

The Decline of the Birth-rate in France.—Between 1770 and 1780 there were 380 births for every 10,000 of the population, this number has gradually fallen to 235 for the present decade, and is thus lower than that of Switzerland, which had been assumed to have the lowest birth-rate in Europe, and less than half that of Russia. The population of France has reached a stationary point, its annual increase of 80,000 admitting of no comparison with the hundreds of thousands, and even millions, annually added to the populations of Germany, Russia, the United States, and the British Empire, while, moreover, this slight increase is solely to be referred to the constantly increased immigration into France of foreigners, who now constitute one million of the population, and who predominate so largely at some points as to have actually reduced the French language to a secondary place in such districts.

The introduction of the electric light is not always, apparently, an unmixed benefit. Some time ago electric lights were placed in front of the Treasury and other public buildings in Washington, and a fine and striking effect is said to have been produced. Unfortunately, however, spiders discovered that game is plentiful in the vicinity of the new lights, and that they may there ply their craft successfully both day and night. In consequence, as Mr. G. Thompson writes to *Science*, their webs are so thick and numerous that portions of the architectural ornamentation are no longer visible, and when the webs are torn down by the wind, or fall from decay, the refuse gives a dingy and dirty appearance to everything it comes in contact with.

The sugar consumed in the United States amounts to about one-fourth of all the sugar reported from the places of principal production, and it is said that within twenty-five years the country will require as much as the present supply of the cane-sugar of commerce, and nearly as much as the present production of beet-sugar.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

Why is a novelist an unnatural phenomenon? Because his tale comes out of his head.

Tell not a man permanently sick that he will be a *picture* of health, when you see he hasn't the *frame* for it.

"They tell me you have had some money left you," said Brown. "Yes, replied Fogg, sadly, "it left me long ago."

"Wilt have me, Sarah?" said a young man to a modest girl. "No, John," said the girl; "but you may have me if you will."

"Time works wonders," said a young man of twenty-seven, when he returned home and found his elder sister only eighteen.

A scientist now declares that the tip of the nose is the home of the soul. It has certainly often shown where departed spirits have gone.

A shrewd confectioner has taught his parrot to say "Pretty creature" to every lady who enters his shop, and his business is rapidly increasing.

What is the difference between a honeycomb and a honeymoon? A honeycomb consists of a number of small "cells," and a honeymoon is one great "sell."

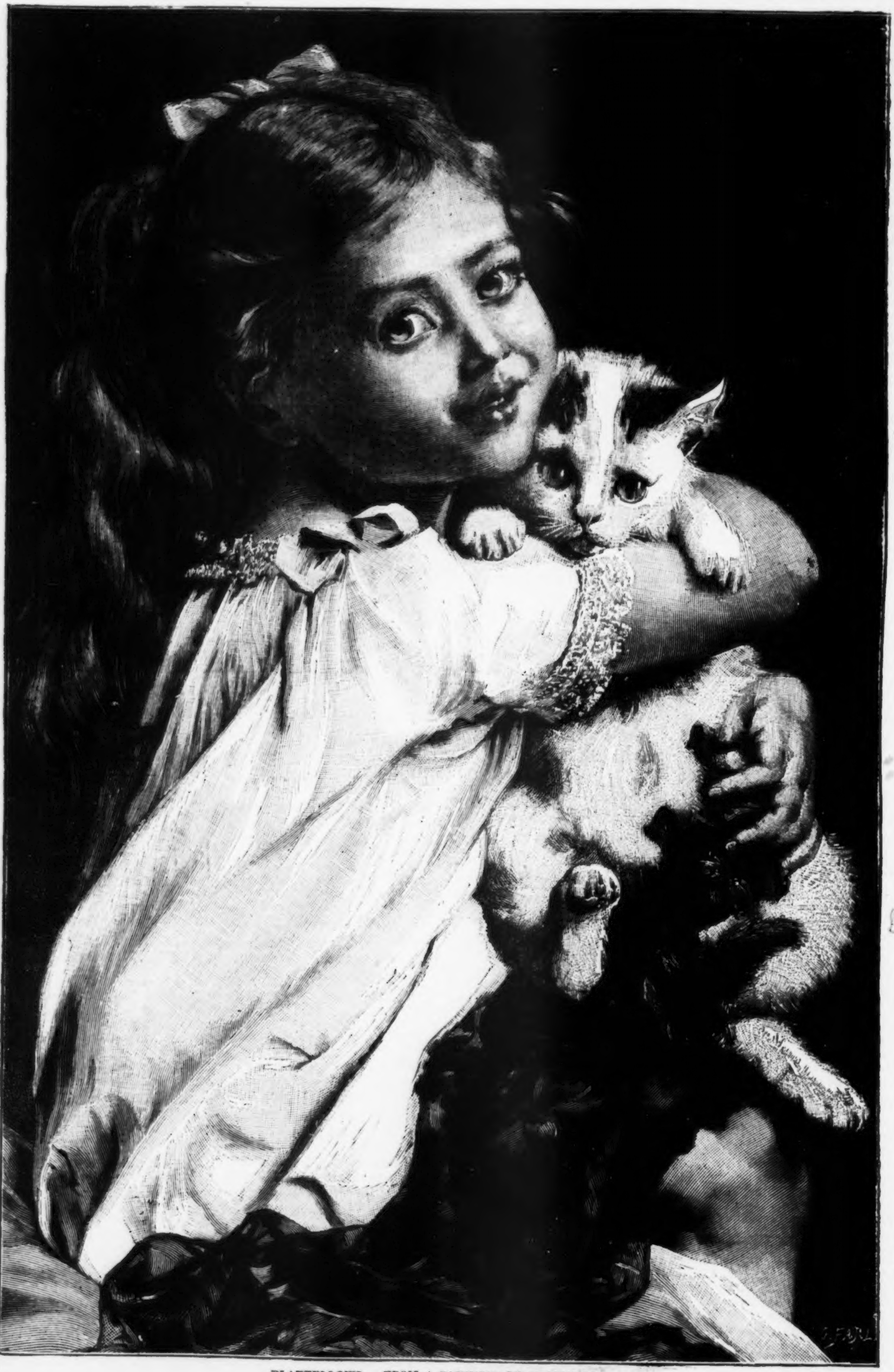
A gentleman the other day asked a friend who is noted for her ready wit, "What is the first aid to the injured?" Without hesitation she replied, "An apology, is it not?"

"How can I find out all about the young lady to whom I am engaged?" asked a prospective Benedict. "The simplest way would be to marry her," answered his friend.

Professor (to student, who appears in class with a black eye)—"Ha! Liquor?" *Student*—"No. Water." *Professor*—"Water?" *Student*—"Yes, frozen water. Slipped on the ice and fell."

Curran, one day, when the judge was shaking his head, said, addressing the jury: "Gentlemen, don't be convinced by the learned judge shaking his head, for there's nothing in it."

German Countess—"Baron, will you give me a photograph of yourself?" *Baron*—"Certainly, madame; you flatter me by asking for it." *Countess* (after the baron's departure, to her waiting-maid)—"Here, Claire, put this picture in your album, where you can study the features closely. Whenever the original of it calls, tell him I am out."



PLAYFELLOWS.—FROM A PAINTING BY E. MUNIER.